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LIVES OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY

A BOOK OF COMPARATIVE BIOGRAPHY

EDITED BY

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NEW YORK CITY



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PREFACE

That biography has of late attained great popularity is an interesting fact, but not a fact that need surprise us if we consider the close relation between biography and that preëminent best-seller, the novel. Creative biography, whether of to-day or of yesterday, in its grouping of events for emphasis and in its imaginative depicting of character, makes the very same appeal as does fiction. Hence, once the initial step is taken, young people find ready enjoyment in reading the lives of real men and women. The difficulty for teachers lies often in directing that initial step. The wrong book for the boy or girl at a particular time may result in a permanent distaste. For this reason, a volume of excerpts from well-written biographies of widely different types is an almost indispensable means of developing a taste which shall lead to self-directed reading.

The special value of presenting such excerpts in pairs, for comparative study, is bound up in the purpose of biographical reading. That purpose is certainly not accumulation of facts about persons selected more or less at random; nor is it primarily appreciation of style. Rather is it the development of a tendency to observe and to meditate on human character and human affairs. Such meditation is strongly induced by the presentation of two lives similar in certain striking aspects, yet widely separated by time and circumstance. Plutarch, the greatest exemplar of the comparative method in biography, was no doubt as well aware as is the modern psychologist, that judgment is based upon comparison. Fancy, too, is winged, with comparisons; witness the poetic quality of simile and metaphor.

In part, therefore, my hope for the usefulness of this book is founded on the psychological principles which it represents. In

P R E F A C E

part, however, such hope grows out of class-room experience. I have seen high-school students enter into a new world of enjoyment in biography; and I have found comparison an invaluable aid in the teaching of every sort of literature. Moreover I must acknowledge my indebtedness to certain able young members of the "High Six" (11B) English class in the Julia Richman High School in the spring of 1930, for authoritative advice in making the selection of excerpts.

Besides the help thus afforded by students, I wish to acknowledge that of Miss Mary Ellen Sheahan, reference librarian in the 67th Street Branch of the New York Public Library; of Claude G. Leland, Superintendent of Libraries in the New York Public Schools; and of those courteous, patient and often unappreciated assistants in the reference room of the New York Public Library, who made possible the examination of the hundreds of biographies considered for excerpts or reading lists.

R. K. K.

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INTRODUCTION

THE VALUE OF COMPARATIVE BIOGRAPHY

To live more abundantly is the instinctive wish of every human being. In the effort toward this goal is involved the desire to experience not merely our own individual life, but, through imagination, the life of others as well. In this instinctive desire is rooted the never failing interest of biography.

When you read the gossipy items about the motion picture stars, the personal column of the local paper, or the reporter's version of the family affairs of a great aviator, you are manifesting this universal interest. But when instead of the petty incidents in the news column you choose the stirring achievements of great men, so well told as to have a place in literature, you are indeed broadening and deepening the channel of your own life current.

Comparison Involved in judgment. Usually, underlying your pleasure in such reading is your unconscious comparison of the person described with yourself. You identify him with yourself, but you also feel the superiority or the inferiority of your own talents and circumstances. For never do we pass judgment, that we do not in some degree exercise the power of comparison.

"That is not probable," you say, and thereby compare the event with your own experience.

"Was that right?" you question, setting the action side by side with some moral standard of your own.

Comparing Others' Lives. Now because our own experience is very limited and our standards are subject to prejudice, our power of judgment may be greatly strengthened if, in-

stead of comparing others with ourselves only, we consciously set side by side two lives into which we have imaginatively entered. Like a rolling snowball then our experience of life grows; we constantly add to our own inner being and gather knowledge of mankind that may guide us in many human relations.

The plan of this book is intended to promote such comparison, to give opportunity not merely for enjoying a series of mental pictures of men and women who have led interesting lives, but for bringing each life into relation with another that in some way it resembles. The presence of a fundamental *resemblance* is of course essential to valuable comparison. We do not compare elephants with pears and apples with mastodons. No sooner are these four words uttered than we rearrange them, pairing like with like. But comparison is the placing of two things side by side for the detection of *contrast* as well as resemblance. The interest of biographical comparison is enhanced by bringing together two persons whose careers or characters present noticeable similarities in the midst of wide divergence of circumstances.

History Vivified by Biography. Moreover, the comparison of persons of widely separated eras gives emphasis to certain secondary yet important values in biographical reading. Not only may we become acquainted with individuals, but we may also learn to appreciate the distinct social atmosphere of an historical period, its ways of thinking and doing, its ardors and its prejudices. Through Disraeli and Napoleon, Victorian England and revolutionary France become real to us. Again, we may, through such reading, come into touch with great movements of history not confined to one era alone. The stories of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale awake us to the changes in the forms of warfare and to the widening of woman's sphere; the inventions of Robert Fulton and the Wright brothers suggest the whole emergence of our mechan-

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ical age. And here again our thought is stimulated by our effort to compare two units.

TYPES OF BIOGRAPHY

Obviously, to afford true mental stimulus it is necessary that the biographies themselves should possess life. No mere synopsis of facts can claim a place as literature.

Ancient Character Delineation. An excellent example of success in telling a life story is the Old Testament narrative concerning David. Interwoven though it is with other historical matter, the account sets forth a developing personality in the midst of a stirring career, and it holds perennial interest. Plutarch, writing in Greek toward the end of the first century, achieved immortality by his graphic delineation of characters famous in history. To enhance the effect he adopted the method which this book illustrates, pairing a Greek with a Roman in each instance. Like the Old Testament writers, he emphasized the moral aspects of life.

Renaissance Anecdote. Lighter and more anecdotal in character are many of the biographies called forth by the intellectual and artistic achievements of the Italian Renaissance. Benvenuto Cellini, the great Florentine artist and goldsmith, became a pioneer in autobiography, telling his story with consummate vigor and picturesqueness. Vasari, through racy incident, made real to all posterity the persons whom he celebrated in his *Lives of the Artists*, written in the sixteenth century, when the great era was drawing to a close.

First English Memoirs. At about the same time, English biography was evolving, two of the earliest memoirs being that of Sir Thomas More by his son-in-law, William Roper, and that of Cardinal Wolsey by George Cavendish. Such memoirs had as their chief purpose the celebrating of the noble qualities or high achievements of their subjects, a pur-

pose which, as time went on, tended to reduce the value of many English biographies as either history or literature. Not reality but high-sounding phrase and indiscriminate praise too often characterized such works.

Later Realistic Biography. Notable as marking a reaction against this type of writing were Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Johnson never hesitated to call a spade a spade; he investigated facts and represented them as faithfully as he was able; he endeavored, though with the limitations of a strongly opinionated mind, to set forth a just criticism of each man and his works. Later biographers, in the main, follow this excellent example, but their methods are otherwise as varied as are the styles in realistic fiction.

Thus Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, while amassing conversational transcriptions and illustrative anecdotes to reveal his idol's greatness, describes also the grotesque eccentricities which marred that idol. Minute circumstantial detail is his special forte.

Modern Variations. Of quite a different sort is the portraiture of Emil Ludwig and E. F. Benson, as represented in this volume. Writing about persons of an age remote from their own, they follow outward facts as they find them, depicting them as vividly as possible with a view to centering attention on the personality they are presenting, and supply imaginatively what they believe to have been the thoughts and emotions of the man at crucial junctures. Irving anticipated much of this method in his *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, but he was less exclusively the portrait artist. He had something of the historian's interest in the flow of a broad current of events.

Maurois, who avows himself to be a portrait painter, gives us a background for his picture of Disraeli which throws the features into relief. The portrait would miss much of its effect were not Victorian England also shown. Mr. Hamil-

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ton also makes much of conditions in the America of the Revolution, but for the presentation resorts less to his own imaginative painting than does Maurois and more to quotation from letter and document. Strachey, in his eagerness to renounce the hero worship of the past, is as bold as Johnson and more simply direct in expression, so that his work has the sharp emphasis of a line drawing.

It is evident that in the field of reminiscence, there is room for infinite variety. This type of writing, especially in the hands of such an author as William Winter, has peculiar charm in its informality. As for the reminiscence of autobiography, its value and its variety are of course wrapped up in the one personality, that of the author-subject.

In Conclusion. We are fortunate in the fact that so many talented authors have of late been drawn to biography as a mode of expression. To know their work is to know much that is best in twentieth-century writing. Moreover, they stand not as rivals to the great biographers of the past, but rather as those who redirect us to them, kindling our interest anew in half-forgotten friends. May this book prove to be for many a reader an introduction to writers present and past whose further acquaintance he will wish to pursue.

TWO BUILDERS OF AMERICA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

ANDREW CARNEGIE

America prides herself upon her self-made men, even more upon the men who have made America. From the world over for four centuries there have been coming to our shores courageous and ambitious souls, who have here found opportunity. Others, born here, by setting out to "seek their fortunes" have succeeded in rising by their own efforts from poverty and obscurity to wealth and influence. Benjamin Franklin, most of whose life was passed in the colonial period, and Andrew Carnegie, who shared in America's great industrial expansion of the nineteenth century, both represent the type of self-made citizen who richly fulfills his obligation to the country of his opportunity. That each tells his own story gives special interest to the records of their lives.



COLONIAL PRINTER AND AMERICAN PATRIOT

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *

None of the other founders of the American nation contributed in more varied ways to the public welfare than did Benjamin Franklin. Young people perhaps think of him first in connection with his experiments with electricity or his publication of *Poor Richard's Almanack*. His practical application of scientific experiment to matters of comfort and convenience—his invention, for instance, of the Franklin stove—and his devising of methods of civic betterment place him among America's public benefactors. In political life also he served faithfully and efficiently as a member of the colonial legislature of Pennsylvania, as deputy postmaster-general for America, and, in the difficult days during and immediately after the American Revolution, as minister to France. It was largely through his efforts that this country received the aid of France in securing independence.

Though Boston was his birthplace, Philadelphia was the city where he began his career as a printer and where his outstanding successes were achieved.—EDITOR.

* From the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*.

MY elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and farther was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dip-

ping mould and the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit; though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt-marsh that bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold

them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections*; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's *Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of DeFoe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's, called *Essays to do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*.

It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore, I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method of the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the print-

ing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it.

Having worked for some time as apprentice to his elder brother, he set out to seek his fortune independently in New York.—ERROR.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratified them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquilla Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of

Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surf on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surf so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and, in the meantime, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leak'd thro' to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but, the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, and the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I staid all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions

ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; whereupon I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf,

near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labour and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

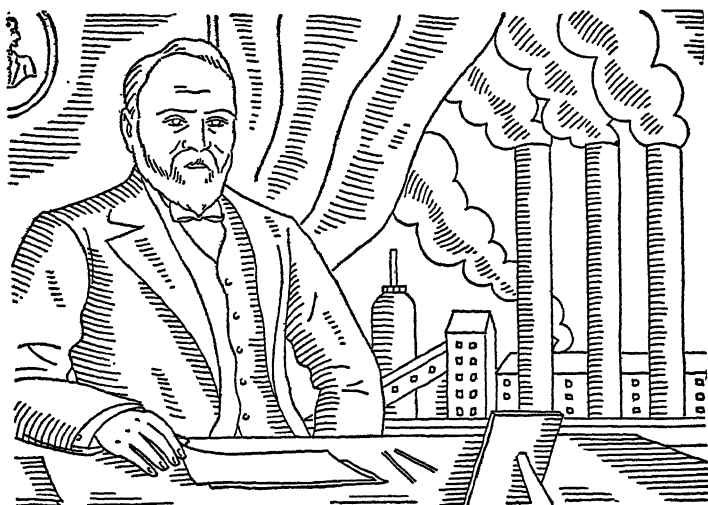
By the time he was twenty-seven, Franklin was the master of his own printing establishment and in the next few years he succeeded in a variety of private and public enterprises.—EDITOR.

About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province, and that soon to be sunk. The wealthy inhabitants oppos'd any addition, being against all paper currency, from an apprehension that it would depreciate, as it had done in New England, to the prejudice of all creditors. We had discuss'd this point in our Junto, where I was on the side of an addition, being persuaded that the first small sum struck in 1723 had done much good by increasing the trade, employment, and number of inhabitants in the province, since I now saw all the old houses inhabited, and many new ones building: whereas I remembered well, that when I first walk'd about the streets of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I saw most of the houses in Walnut Street, between Second and Front Streets, with bills on their doors, "To be let"; and many likewise in Chestnut Street

and other streets, which made me then think the inhabitants of the city were deserting it one after another.

Our debates possess'd me so fully of the subject, that I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled *The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency*. It was well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it, for it increas'd and strengthen'd the clamor for more money, and they happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slacken'd, and the point was carried by a majority in the House. My friends there, who conceiv'd I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very profitable job and a great help to me. This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtain'd a charter, the company being increased to one hundred: this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges.



FROM IMMIGRANT TO INDUSTRIAL MAGNATE

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE *

Andrew Carnegie, famous as an American manufacturer and philanthropist, was born in 1835 in Dunfermline, Scotland. His father was a weaver. As the introduction and perfecting of machinery in that industry reduced the opportunities for workers, the family migrated to America when Andrew was thirteen. This change marked the end of his formal education, but as he had been an apt and diligent pupil he had already a good foundation in the elementary subjects as well as Latin and algebra. Moreover, he had acquired a love of good reading that was the foundation of his self-education.—EDITOR.

ON the morning of the day we started from beloved Dunfermline, in the omnibus that ran upon the coal railroad to Charleston, I remember that I stood with tearful eyes looking out of the window until Dunfermline vanished from view, the

* From the *Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie*. Copyright, 1920, by Louise Whitfield Carnegie. Reprinted by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

last structure to fade being the grand and sacred old Abbey. During my first fourteen years of absence my thought was almost daily, as it was that morning, "When shall I see you again?" Few days passed in which I did not see in my mind's eye the talismanic letters on the Abbey tower—"King Robert The Bruce." All my recollections of childhood, all I knew of fairyland, clustered around the old Abbey and its curfew bell, which tolled at eight o'clock every evening and was the signal for me to run to bed before it stopped.

We sailed from the Broomielaw of Glasgow in the 800-ton sailing ship *Wiscasset*. During the seven weeks of the voyage, I came to know the sailors quite well, learned the names of the ropes, and was able to direct the passengers to answer the call of the boatswain, for the ship being undermanned, the aid of the passengers was urgently required. In consequence I was invited by the sailors to participate on Sundays in the one delicacy of the sailors' mess, plum duff. I left the ship with sincere regret.

The arrival at New York was bewildering. I had been taken to see the Queen at Edinburgh, but that was the extent of my travels before emigrating. Glasgow we had not time to see before we sailed. New York was the first great hive of human industry among the inhabitants of which I had mingled, and the bustle and excitement of it overwhelmed me. The incident of our stay in New York which impressed me most occurred while I was walking through Bowling Green at Castle Garden. I was caught up in the arms of one of the *Wiscasset* sailors, Robert Barryman, who was decked out in regular Jack-ashore fashion, with blue jacket and white trousers. I thought him the most beautiful man I had ever seen.

He took me to a refreshment stand and ordered a glass of sarsaparilla for me, which I drank with as much relish as if it were the nectar of the gods. To this day nothing that I have

ever seen of the kind rivals the image which remains in my mind of the gorgeousness of the highly ornamented brass vessel out of which that nectar came foaming. Often as I have passed the identical spot I see standing there the old woman's sarsaparilla stand, and I marvel what became of the dear old sailor. I have tried to trace him, but in vain, hoping that if found he might be enjoying a ripe old age, and that it might be in my power to add to the pleasure of his declining years. He was my ideal Tom Bowling, and when that fine old song is sung I always see as the "form of manly beauty" my dear old friend Barryman. Alas! ere this he's gone aloft. Well; by his kindness on the voyage he made one boy his devoted friend and admirer.

My father was induced by emigration agents in New York to take the Erie Canal by way of Buffalo and Lake Erie to Cleveland, and thence down the canal to Beaver—a journey which then lasted three weeks, and is made to-day by rail in ten hours. There was no railway communication then with Pittsburgh, nor indeed with any western town. The Erie Railway was under construction and we saw gangs of men at work upon it as we traveled. Nothing comes amiss to youth, and I look back upon my three weeks as a passenger upon the canal boat with unalloyed pleasure.

Our friends in Pittsburgh had been anxiously waiting to hear from us, and in their warm and affectionate greeting all our troubles were forgotten. We took up our residence with them in Allegheny City. A brother of my Uncle Hogan had built a small weaver's shop at the back end of a lot in Rebecca Street. This had a second story in which there were two rooms, and it was in these (free of rent, for my Aunt Aitken owned them) that my parents began housekeeping. My uncle soon gave up weaving and my father took his place and began

making tablecloths, which he had not only to weave, but afterwards, acting as his own merchant, to travel and sell, as no dealers could be found to take them in quantity. He was compelled to market them himself, selling from door to door. The returns were meager in the extreme.

As usual, my mother came to the rescue. There was no keeping her down. In her youth she had learned to bind shoes in her father's business for pin money, and the skill then acquired was now turned to account for the benefit of the family. Mr. Henry Phipps, was, like my grandfather, a master shoemaker. He was our neighbor in Allegheny City. Work was obtained from him, and in addition to attending to her household duties—for, of course, we had no servant—this wonderful woman, my mother, earned four dollars a week by binding shoes. Midnight would often find her at work. In the intervals during the day and evening, when household cares would permit, and my young brother sat at her knee threading needles and waxing the thread for her, she recited to him, as she had to me, the gems of Scottish minstrelsy which she seemed to have by heart, or told him tales which failed not to contain a moral.

This is where the children of honest poverty have the most precious of all advantages over those of wealth. The mother, nurse, cook, governess, teacher, saint, all in one; the father, exemplar, guide, counselor, and friend! Thus were my brother and I brought up. What has the child of millionaire or nobleman that counts compared to such a heritage?

While the family were living in Allegheny City, Andrew worked in a cotton factory, and later in the neighboring city of Pittsburgh as telegraph clerk. From that position he rose to be telegraph operator.—EDITOR.

The incident in my messenger life which at once lifted me to the seventh heaven, occurred one Saturday evening when Colonel Glass was paying the boys their month's wages. We

stood in a row before the counter, and Mr. Glass paid each one in turn. I was at the head and reached out my hand for the first eleven and a quarter dollars as they were pushed out by Mr. Glass. To my surprise he pushed them past me and paid the next boy. I thought it was a mistake, for I had heretofore been paid first, but it followed in turn with each of the other boys. My heart began to sink within me. Disgrace seemed coming. What had I done or not done? I was about to be told that there was no more work for me. I was to disgrace the family. That was the keenest pang of all. When all had been paid and the boys were gone, Mr. Glass took me behind the counter and said that I was worth more than the other boys, and he had resolved to pay me thirteen and a half dollars a month.

My head swam; I doubted whether I had heard him correctly. He counted out the money. I don't know whether I thanked him; I don't believe I did. I took it and made one bound for the door and scarcely stopped until I got home. I remember distinctly running or rather bounding from end to end of the bridge across the Allegheny River—inside on the wagon track because the foot walk was too narrow. It was Saturday night. I handed over to mother, who was the treasurer of the family, the eleven dollars and a quarter and said nothing about the remaining two dollars and a quarter in my pocket—worth more to me then than all the millions I have made since.

After gaining experience as a telegraph operator, Andrew was employed in that capacity by the Pennsylvania Railroad.—EDITOR.

One morning I reached the office and found that a serious accident on the Eastern Division had delayed the express passenger train westward, and that the passenger train eastward was proceeding with a flagman in advance at every curve. The

freight trains in both directions were all standing still upon the sidings. Mr. Scott was not to be found. Finally I could not resist the temptation to plunge in, take the responsibility, give "train orders," and set matters going. "Death or Westminster Abbey," flashed across my mind. I knew it was dismissal, disgrace, perhaps criminal punishment for me if I erred. On the other hand, I could bring in the wearied freight-train men who had lain out all night. I could set everything in motion. I knew I could. I had often done it in writing Mr. Scott's orders. I knew just what to do, and so I began. I gave the orders in his name, started every train, sat at the instrument watching every tick, carried the trains along from station to station, took extra precautions, and had everything running smoothly when Mr. Scott at last reached the office. He had heard of the delays. His first words were:

"Well! How are matters?"

He came to my side quickly, grasped his pencil and began to write his orders.

I had then to speak, and timidly said:

"Mr. Scott, I could not find you anywhere and I gave these orders in your name early this morning."

"Are they going all right? Where is the Eastern Express?"

I showed him the messages and gave him the position of every train on the line—freights, ballast trains, everything—showed him the answers of the various conductors, the latest reports at the stations where the various trains had passed. All was right. He looked in my face for a second. I scarcely dared look in his. I did not know what was going to happen. He did not say one word, but again looked carefully over all that had taken place. Still he said nothing. After a little he moved away from my desk to his own, and that was the end of it. He was afraid to approve what I had done, yet he had not censured me. If it came out all right, it was all right; if it came out all wrong, the responsibility was mine. So it stood, but I noticed

that he came in very regularly and in good time for some mornings after that.

Of course I never spoke to any one about it. None of the trainmen knew that Mr. Scott had not personally given the orders. I had almost made up my mind that if the like occurred again, I would not repeat my proceeding of that morning unless I was authorized to do so. I was feeling rather distressed about what I had done until I heard from Mr. Franciscus, who was then in charge of the freighting department at Pittsburgh, that Mr. Scott, the evening after the memorable morning, had said to him:

"Do you know what that little white-haired Scotch devil of mine did?"

"No."

"I'm blamed if he didn't run every train on the division in my name without the slightest authority."

"And did he do it all right?" asked Franciscus.

"Oh, yes, all right."

This satisfied me. Of course I had my cue for the next occasion, and went boldly in. From that date it was very seldom that Mr. Scott gave a train order.

Through working for the Pennsylvania Railroad, Carnegie came to realize the immense importance of iron and steel for America's industrial expansion. He entered upon the manufacture of steel rails, an enterprise which led to the founding of the United States Steel Corporation. The vast fortune which he amassed he regarded as a responsibility requiring him to dispense large sums for the public benefit. Among his gifts for educational and philanthropic purposes, the libraries erected in cities throughout English-speaking countries have made his name familiar to young people of to-day.—EDITOR.

I had not failed to notice the growth of the Bessemer process. If this proved successful I knew that iron was destined to give

place to steel; that the Iron Age would pass away and the Steel Age take its place.

The question of a substitute for iron rails upon the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading lines had become a very serious one. Upon certain curves at Pittsburgh, on the road connecting the Pennsylvania with the Fort Wayne, I had seen new iron rails placed every six weeks or two months. Before the Bessemer process was known I had called President Thomson's attention to the efforts of Mr. Dodds in England, who had carbonized the heads of iron rails with good results. I went to England and obtained control of the Dodds patents and recommended President Thomson to appropriate twenty thousand dollars for experiments at Pittsburgh, which he did. We built a furnace on our grounds at the upper mill and treated several hundred tons of rails for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and with remarkably good results as compared with iron rails. These were the first hard-headed rails used in America. We placed them on some of the sharpest curves and their superior service far more than compensated for the advance made by Mr. Thomson. Had the Bessemer process not been successfully developed, I verily believe that we should ultimately have been able to improve the Dodds process sufficiently to make its adoption general. But there was nothing to be compared with the solid steel article which the Bessemer process produced.

My first distribution was to the men in the mills. The following letter will explain the gift:

New York, N. Y., March 12, 1901

I make this first use of surplus wealth, four millions of first mortgage 5% bonds, upon retiring from business, as an acknowledgment of the deep debt which I owe to the workmen who have contributed so greatly to my success. It is designed to relieve

ANDREW CARNEGIE

those who may suffer from accidents, and provide small pensions for those needing help in old age.

In addition I give one million dollars of such bonds, the proceeds thereof to be used to maintain the libraries and halls I have built for our workmen.

TWO NATIONAL LEADERS

ALCIBIADES

NAPOLEON

No more fascinating problem confronts the student of human nature than that of the mental processes of a conqueror. How far is he actuated by love of glory, by love of power, by patriotism? Every reader of Shakespeare's JULIUS CÆSAR has seen how one great imaginative writer has dealt with such a theme. Here we have the treatment by twentieth-century authors of two conquerors, separated from each other by two thousand years. With history as a background the hero's mind has been imaginatively explored. Two careers and two characters similar in certain points and widely different in others are seen through the eyes of two present-day thinkers.



THE GOLDEN YOUTH OF GREECE

BY E. F. BENSON *

The brilliant politician and general, Alcibiades, won both fame and infamy in Athens in the period of its splendor, during the fifth century B.C. His father having been killed in war, he was brought up by his kinsman, Pericles, that great statesman who had made Athens the mistress of the seas and crowned her Acropolis with the temples whose beauty is still the wonder of the world. Perhaps it was partly in revolt against the extreme seriousness and disinterested patriotism of his great foster father that Alcibiades early embarked on a career of self-glorification.

—EDITOR.

ALCIBIADES had returned with his messmate from Potidæa in B.C. 430, and proceeded to astonish, shock and enchant the citizens of Athens. He was the tallest and handsomest of the golden youth, he had a charm which few

* From *The Life of Alcibiades*. Reprinted by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

could resist even when he scandalized them most, he was of noble birth (and the democracy loved that), he was immensely wealthy and open-handed with his riches, he had received the prize for valour in action, and with impulsive generosity he had begged that it should be bestowed on Socrates, to whom it was really due. Brave and witty, wealthy and beautiful, he was possessed of all the qualities which attracted, and he pressed them all into the service of his unbounded ambitions and love of popularity.

He became at once the most marked young man in Athens, just as he had been the most adored boy; whatever he did was the cause of gossip, and he seems to have done a great deal. It fed his vanity that tongues should wag about him, and one day he thought of a pleasing device which should make them wag the more under the excuse of stilling them. He owned a very magnificent dog, which had cost him £280, and the dog had a splendid tail. To the consternation of Athens, it appeared one morning with no tail at all, for its master had cut it off. But when his friends remonstrated with him and told him that all Athens was furious with him for this mutilation of the beautiful, he only laughed and said, "That is just what I did it for; I want Athens to chatter away about this, so that they shan't say anything worse about me." And so, according to plan, they talked the more about him.

Then, again, he lisped when he spoke, and Aristophanes made a joke about his lisp in his play, "The Wasps." He appeared in a new cut of shoe, and the shoe was called the "Alcibiades," and the golden youth of Athens all ordered "Alcibiades" from their shoemakers, and lisped when they spoke. His horse-breeding establishment was the most famous in Greece, so too his equipment of racing chariots. He had an eye for chariots; he was once on a visit to Argos, where a friend of his knew there was a very fine state-chariot for

sale, and commissioned him to buy it for him. Alcibiades admired the chariot too, so he bought it and raced with it himself. And his stud was that of a sporting millionaire; a few years later, at the Olympic games of B.C. 420, he sent in seven entries for the chariot race, a larger number than any king or commoner had ever run before, and three of them finished first, second and either third or fourth. This was an absolutely unique record, and was duly celebrated by the poet Euripides in an impassioned ode. Far beyond Athens went the tale of his splendour, and at the games that year the Ephesians sent him a magnificent tent to house him, and Chios sent him forage for his horses and herds of cattle for his sacrifices, and Lesbos sent him barrels of wine for his hospitalities. Insatiable of distinction and popularity, this was all much to his mind, but it was not to him an end in itself, but only the picturesque setting for his more solid ambitions. He wanted to be on the lips of men, not merely for his shoe or his dog's docked tail, or even for the bluest of blue ribands on the turf, but as the wielder of the destinies of Athens. The rest were decorations, pretty, and also calling attention to himself.

It was soon after the death of Pericles that Alcibiades made his entry into public life and began to speak with that attractive lisp in the Assembly, and took a definite side in politics. His first recorded appearance in the House was thoroughly characteristic. An appeal for money to meet the expenses of the war was being made, and private citizens were asked for patriotic contributions; one after another they announced what they would give, and their promises were hailed with applause, for the Athenian, like everybody else, was pleased with the generosity of other people. Alcibiades was passing outside while this was going on, and it so happened that, being a patron of cock-fighting and quail-fighting (sport forbidden but winked at by the State), he was carrying a

champion quail under his cloak. He asked a bystander what the cheering was about, and being told the reason of it, went into the Assembly, and, mounting the platform from which the donors announced their gifts, named his own contribution. He was always open-handed with money, and we may suppose that his promise was a generous one, for the crowd shouted with joy at his munificence. As he bowed his acknowledgments, he forgot about the quail, and the bird, perhaps already fitted with spurs for its combat, flew out from underneath his cloak. Instantly the business before the House was suspended, and the Assembly, with even louder shouts of delight, resolved itself into an harmonious committee to catch Alcibiades' quail. A sea captain, by name Antiochus, secured it, and took it back to its owner. After this sporting interlude, the Assembly, much refreshed, went on with the affairs of state. No more vivid little scene for our realization of how this idol of Athens was worshipped by his contemporaries can be imagined. The cream of it lies in the fact that it was improper to be the owner of a fighting quail; it was almost as if some youthful member of the House of Commons, after his maiden speech, dropped a small roulette-board which bowled away along the floor, while the entire House sprang from their seats to retrieve it for him. But this young member was Alcibiades, and the whole House of Commons jumped up, with roars of delighted laughter, to restore his contraband bird to him.

While very young, Alcibiades became one of the political leaders of Athens. Against her great rival, Sparta; with whom a peace treaty had been negotiated by an older statesman, Nicias, Alcibiades arranged an alliance of other Greek States, and he helped to establish even more firmly the Athenian supremacy over the Ægean islands.—EDITOR.

THE SICILIAN EXPEDITION

There came to Athens in the year B.C. 416 a body of delegates from the city of Egesta in Sicily, bringing with them some expatriated citizens of Leontini. They appealed for help in the crisis that threatened their very existence, for Egesta had quarrelled with her neighbour Selinus, and Selinus had called in the aid of Syracuse. Syracuse was the largest and most powerful town in Sicily, and she would have been delighted to swallow and assimilate Egesta. Indeed, Egesta was doomed unless the Mistress of the Seas came to her aid.

Now Athens cared no more for the sad plight of Egesta in itself than she cared for the sad plight of Melos, where the blockade was now in progress, and the envoys from Egesta were quite aware of that. But they were very sound diplomats (as well as the most remarkable liars, as was subsequently manifest), for they went to the right person and they said the right thing. They did not go to Nicias, who would instantly have turned down any idea of Athens interfering in Sicilian affairs and have brought all his diviners to demonstrate that it was against the will of Heaven, but they went to Alcibiades, and based their appeal, not on his sense of compassion for them, but on far more promising arguments. . . . "Consider," they said, "what is going on in Sicily. Syracuse, that colony of Corinth, friend of Sparta and foe of Athens, is swallowing up Sicily. She has already gulped down Leontini (once allied to Athens), as these poor exiles whom we have brought with us will testify, and, unless help is sent to us, Syracuse will gulp us down also, and soon Sicily will be completely in her power; it will be a Dorian federation. Indeed, if she is allowed to go on like this, the day will not be far off when Syracuse will join up with Sparta, and send to Greece troops and triremes for the overthrow of Athens herself. Would it not be far wiser for the Mistress of the Seas to intervene now, and

crush, as she so easily can, the growing might of Syracuse? Eggesta, with her enormous wealth, of which we can furnish proof, will gladly pay the expenses of such an expedition."

We can imagine how Alcibiades' eye gleamed as he heard this, and as the vision of Athens, mistress not only of the Ægean but also of a new western Empire in Sicily, brightened in his imagination. Now that Melos' fate was sealed, there was no room for further expansion of Athens in the Ægean; she had no more to conquer.

The idea of the conquest of Sicily (with himself as prime mover in it) soared like flame, and it was, too, in harmony with the policy framed by Themistocles, and applied by Pericles, which had now passed into his portfolio as head of the imperialistic war party. For Sicily was an island of maritime towns: Syracuse, Megara, Heraclea, Gela, Camarina were all on the coast, and their position almost predestined them to become the allies (subjects) of Athens. A golden dream, indeed, and behind it glimmered a huge further splendour. Once Sicily was annexed there was Carthage to follow, there were the coasts of Libya, there was the whole of the Mediterranean sea-board. All should be set in the diadem of Athens, and it should be he, Alcibiades, who gave her an Empire, so infinitely greater than was hers now. . . . For immediate consideration, it was pleasant to know that Eggesta would furnish the costs of this expedition for her succour; thus there would be no money to be voted.

He set about the business of interesting the citizens in this project with all his skill and subtlety. It must not at present be brought before the Assembly, for there was Nicias to be reckoned with, who would certainly oppose it, and possibly the Assembly might reject it, if they were unprepared for it. It must first be rumoured and discussed—everything was done by talk in Athens—at the barbers' shops, and in the marketplace, and at dinner parties. People must be inoculated with

the idea, they must have repeated little doses of it; they must be fed, too, with the accounts of Sicily's immense wealth, and begin to smoulder with the dream in which he blazed, of Athens queen of the great sea as far as the borders of the known world to the West, where stood the Pillars of Hercules. At once he set about this infection; he talked and he made others talk, and presently Athens was thinking of nothing else than Sicily. The Ephebes would sit on the sand at their training-camp at Munychia and draw maps of Sicily there, and the older men traced in the blown dust before their shop doors the chart of her coasts, and those who had been to her cities showed with their sticks the shape of her harbours. And then they went on to speak of what Athens would do next when Sicily was hers. There was Carthage, there was Libya; away into the sunset would stretch her imperial dominions. Even the soberer and staid men who were of Nicias' party got intoxicated with the heady beverage of her new glories: it was like vintage time, when the fumes rose thick from the must and wine was in the very air. She of the violet crown of mountains would soon be crowned with the violet sea that washed the shores of the world.

After debate in the Assembly, and the sending of delegates to Eggesta to investigate, it was concluded to launch the expedition. Joint command was given to three generals: the elderly Nicias, who hated the war, Lamachus, and Alcibiades. Meanwhile Alcibiades had been charged with two acts of outrageous blasphemy, one of them involving a travesty of those Eleusinian Mysteries which were the sacred symbol of Athenian religion and citizenship. He had denied the charge and demanded immediate trial, but instead the trial was postponed until he should return from the Sicilian expedition.—*ERROR.*

Androcles could hardly advocate in person the postponement of the trial, for he had brought the charge himself, and he therefore suborned other spokesmen to represent to the

Assembly that the expedition was now ready to sail, but that it could not start without the Generals in command of it, and a long and disastrous delay would be therefore caused if the trial took place now. Let Alcibiades stand his trial when the war was over, or, if it was unduly prolonged, some future date could be appointed for which he would be recalled. The laws of Athens would not change in the interval.

Alcibiades strongly protested, for he correctly saw the intention behind this, namely, that in his absence his enemies could work up a more bitter feeling against him and fabricate fresh evidence. The accusation had been made, and in common justice he demanded to be allowed to clear himself now and take up his command without fear of fresh mischief brewing against him in his absence. But the Assembly decided against him, and he was ordered to start at once. Neither Thucydides nor Plutarch, from whom the above account is mainly compiled, express any view as to his guilt or innocence, but both are agreed that this conspiracy lay behind the accusation, and that his downfall rather than the execution of justice was its object. Athens paid dearly for the decision; it is not too much to say that the disasters of the next five years were the direct consequence of it.

Orders were therefore given for immediate embarkation, and almost the entire population of Athens, citizens and foreigners alike, went down to the Peiræus to speed the departure of the most splendid armament that had ever left Greek shores. All told, the fleet numbered nearly a hundred and forty ships of war, and their captains had lavishly spent their own money in addition to that supplied by the Treasury on the decoration and efficiency of their vessels. Four thousand heavy-armed soldiers, all citizens of Athens, were the main fighting force; there were also three hundred cavalry, and due complement of archers and slingers of allied troops. When

all were aboard, a trumpet proclaimed silence, and prayers for the blessing of the gods were recited by the herald, and the responses were chanted by the entire force and by the huge crowds which lined the piers. Then from the ships rose the great shout of the pæan, or national war cry; libations from gold and silver drinking cups were made on every deck, and the fleet put to sea in single file. Once clear of the harbour, the sails were spread, and with wind and oar they raced across to Ægina. There were many who had been filled with fear and forebodings at the hazards ahead, but so gallant a sight of youth and vigour, so brave a company of triremes, restored their courage. Yet, had they known it, not a single ship out of that supreme Armada would ever come back into the Peiræus again; of the flower of the youth that manned them no more than a few broken fugitives, and of their three Generals one only, round whose head now hung the suspicion of an unspeakable infamy. A Pentecost of calamity had swept over Athens before the crowded quays welcomed home him who had brought incredible disaster on her, but whom she was to hail with heroic honours as the only man who could save her.

The orders for the fleet were to sail to Corcyra, where victualling ships would be gathered to join her, and from Corcyra three vessels would be sent on ahead to notify Eggesta that the Armada was on its way, and to ascertain what sort of reception it might expect from neighbouring cities; the main fleet was then to proceed across the Ionian Sea in three squadrons. But powerful as was this armament, never had there sailed one under so inharmonious a command. Nicias alone was sufficient to damp the spirits of the most eager; he disapproved of the expedition altogether, and had done his best to stop its sailing, and now, instead of making the best of what he had been unable to prevent and inspiring his men with pride and confidence in the great enterprise, he was

full of despondency. As the ships foamed out to sea, he looked back at the dimming shores of Attica, with headshakes and sad glances and copious expressions of regret that the Assembly had not listened to him.

Perhaps Alcibiades looked homeward too, grimly conjecturing what poisonous brew would surely be concocted for him by the enemies whom he had not been permitted to face, and who now, in his absence, were already busy with fresh fabrications. It had been he who, above all others, had been responsible for this voyage, and he believed that the armament might accomplish his design, and return triumphant to Athens bearing to the Virgin Goddess the diadem of a new and splendid Empire. If he returned with it, its victorious general, there was little to fear for himself, for the troops would see to his safety and the citizens acclaim him their hero. But it might be otherwise, for it had been intimated that he might be sent for to stand his trial before the campaign was over; in that case there would be no devoted legions to support him and in his hands no imperial gift. Hitherto every lawlessness and arrogance had been forgiven him, because he had been there in Athens, with his beauty and his wit and his irresistible charm to turn away wrath. But now he was no longer there, his enemies had the field for calumnious sowings to themselves, and the Athenians were fickle folk; had they not turned against Themistocles and Pericles, those two builders of Empire? He had sworn that he was guiltless, and his protest at not being allowed to stand his trial at once makes it probable that he was; but what an opportunity his enemies had now of forging such chains of evidence as would fetter the most innocent! Supposing he were sent for and must go back alone to Athens before the expedition had accomplished anything?

A base was established by the Athenians at Catana, Sicily, and several towns were attached to their cause as a preliminary to the

attack on Syracuse. Then, at the strategic moment, the fickle Athenians at home, influenced by Alcibiades' enemies, decided to recall Alcibiades for immediate trial.—EDITOR.

ALCIBIADES AT SPARTA

Alcibiades, leading the fleet in his flagship, was returning to the harbour at Catana. His policy with regard to the detaching of the allies of Syracuse before the attack on the city itself was bearing fruit. Of these Sicilian cities Catana had joined Athens; so, too, had Sicilian Naxos; and Camerina promised well, though not yet ripe, while Messana, which at his first visit from Rhegium had been lukewarm, was, so he had just heard, rapidly coming round. A party still favoured Syracuse, but the faction in favour of Athens had prospered and was eager to surrender the city to the Athenians. Naxos, Catana, Camerina and Messana, all hostile a few months ago, were detached or wavering from their old allegiance.

But now his own great scheme for the annexation of Sicily was ripening fast; soon, very soon, when Syracuse was isolated, it would be time to make the attack, and then—what news for Athens, and what a home-coming for himself! Syracuse, with none to aid her, must fall, and Sicily must follow, and it was he who would have directed the whole campaign, which would ripen into the doubling and more than doubling of the dominion of the Athenian Empire. The quays at the Peiræus would be thronged again to meet the victorious Armada, as they had been thronged to see it depart, and he would step ashore, lightly carrying Sicily in his hands, as a gift to his adoring citizens. Sicily, with all her wealth and her vast tribute money, would be an Athenian island, and it would be he to whom Athens owed this great gem in her imperial crown.

His vessel rounded the promontory and opened the harbour, and he saw that a Greek ship rode there. He recognized

her at once, for she was very familiar, and indeed he had sailed in her when he took the decree of massacre to Melos last year. But the *Salaminia* could only have come here on one errand, and he knew what that must be. Fear was an emotion to which, as all historians are agreed, Alcibiades was a complete stranger, but we may search history in vain to find a man who was so capable of hate. His own glory and the glory of Athens had been his adoration . . . and now the *Salaminia* had come for him.

Her officers came on board; there was no mistaking his ship, for on the prow was his swaggering shield of gold and ivory, bearing the device of the young God of Love wielding a thunderbolt, which had been so deep an offence to the staid old Puritans of Athens. Their orders were brief; Alcibiades was summoned to return to Athens, in his own ship, to stand his trial for sacrilege. But he was not to be arrested (such were their orders), nor must any violence be used, for fear that open mutiny might break out among the troops; the Mantinean and Argive regiments, for instance, had already sworn that if any harm came to him they would not sail with the expedition at all, and they would no doubt do any bidding of his. Mutiny might be more widespread than that; the whole expedition would flock to the beckon of his finger, for every man knew that in his absence the command would revert to the dilatory, half-hearted Nicias. But he made no such gesture, though it was easily within his power to refuse to obey the summons and to leave the *Salaminia* to remain at Catana or go impotently home, while he pursued the campaign he had planned, which was working well, and would, so he had every reason to believe, give Athens the Empire she sought and himself the very Acropolis for his footstool. The fleet was streaming into the harbour now, following his flagship with the sign of the invincible Eros, and with that at his back he could snap his fingers at the *Salaminia*. Yet he said

he would go, and he shook off, like a man springing lightly from his bed in the morning of a new day, all the golden dreams he had been devising. It seems almost inexplicable that he, the most ambitious and, at that moment, the most powerful man in all Greece, should have done so, for no one could have made him leave the fleet if he had said, "Stand by me, soldiers and sailors of Athens, for the *Salaminia* has come to fetch me home, where they will kill me," and there was only one possible motive that could have made him sacrifice all his dizzy desires for the new passion that burned hotter than they, and it was revenge.

Though Alcibiades instantly professed himself the obedient servant of the sovereign will of the people, he had not the smallest intention of going to Athens at all, but to appear to obey was the only means whereby he could carry out the terrible purpose which he had perhaps already thought over, in case of the *Salaminia's* appearance. He must have smiled to himself when he said he would go and when he saw that the officers of the *Salaminia* believed him; did those slow wits at home think that they had really got him? It was clever of them to use no force, else surely the whole fleet would have risen to protect him, but he was cleverer in yielding. So seemingly sincere was his acquiescence, so joyful even the prospect of being brought to trial and being given his opportunity of proving his innocence, that the bearer of the warrant must have thought him pathetically ignorant of all that had been going on in Athens. So in actual fact he was, but his imagination had vividly pictured it. Their orders, he now understood, were that he should be allowed to sail his own ship home, with others on board who had been implicated by the evidence which had been elaborated during his absence. Quite so; he was ready, but—would they excuse him?—there were a few brief businesses to be done first: he must, for instance, tell his fellow-commanders, Nicias and

Lamachus, of this summons, and we may be sure that to them he was all smiles and certainties for his swift return when cleared from this monstrous accusation; and then he gave to some confidential agent a despatch which must be delivered without delay at Messana. At Messana, he knew, there was a plot to surrender the town to Athens, but there was a strong Syracusan party in the city, at present ignorant of it, and this despatch of his gave them full information. There would be time for them to nip it in the bud, and it would never flower. That was the first and least of the forfeits that Athens paid for sending the *Salaminia* to Catana, and from the moment of its arrival there the history of the Peloponnesian War is the history of Alcibiades.

He made then no melodramatic gesture; the vengeance of a clever man always goes quietly about its work, and never sacrifices its chance by any premature explosion. The officers on the *Salaminia* were no doubt pleased with the tactful way in which they had done their errand; perhaps they had told the poor devil that the feeling in Athens ran high in his favour. Now, once they had left the harbour, they congratulated themselves on having detached him from the fleet, with which there might have been serious trouble, and here he was coming gently and quietly home, all unconscious that Athens was for him nothing more than a butcher's shop. The two ships touched at Thurii, and then a very curious thing happened: Alcibiades, with the others who were coming so willingly back to Athens, disappeared. He was not on his ship, and they could get no news of him in the town; there was no Alcibiades at all. Search was made and search was fruitless, and there was nothing for it but to conclude that he had changed his mind about coming home. A rather dejected *Salaminia* pursued its course across the Ionian Sea, and on its way it doubtless overhauled and passed a trading vessel which had put out from Thurii while search was being made

for Alcibiades, and was now steering for Greece, though most emphatically not for Athens. From its deck Alcibiades watched the great ship sweep by, and presently he stepped ashore at the port of Cyllene in Elis.

At this point there is some discrepancy (though of no great importance) between the various accounts of his movements. Thucydides says that he went straight to Sparta on the invitation of the Government, Plutarch that he went first to Argos and there offered his services to Sparta himself, Cornelius Nepos that he went first to Thebes. In any case, he now learned the sequel to the arrival of the *Salaminia* at Athens, namely, that he, with the others who had escaped from Thurii with him, had been condemned to death, that his property had been confiscated, and that he had been excommunicated. All priests and priestesses were ordered publicly to curse his name, and this curse for his eternal damnation was engraved on lead tablets and stone pillars, by order of the sacred family of Eleusis. When he heard this, he pronounced his own epitaph, which was a model of truth and accuracy; "I will show them that I am alive," he said. He at once proceeded to do so, and (now following Plutarch) he opened negotiations with Sparta, promising, if she would give him safe conduct, to lay his services at her disposal. Greatly had he been her foe during the war (she might remember that little matter of her envoys whom he had checkmated in so pleasing a manner), but even more greatly could he be her friend. Sparta said she would be very glad to see him.

He said that they must excuse him for seeming to instruct them, but he knew the policy of Athens in a way they could not, for it was his creation, and he outlined the objects of her Sicilian expedition. The first of these was to conquer Sicily, and then the Greek settlements in Italy; after that they meant to attempt to subjugate Carthage. Then, with the whole re-

sources of Hellenic Sicily and Italy (possibly Carthage as well) incorporated in their Empire, and with barbarian mercenaries from Iberia, they intended to attack the Peloponnese. They would have built another fleet in Italy, and with this huge Armada, blockading the coast, and raiding cities as it willed, they would crush the Peloponnese into submission, and rule the entire Hellenic world. He could assure them of that, for the scheme was his own.

Now, unless Greece (and especially Sparta) interfered, this imperial programme would certainly be carried out. Syracuse could not stand against the fleet, which was there now, and the conquest of Sicily must inevitably follow on her fall. Then indeed the stormy wind and tempest would burst on Sparta and the other States of Greece. If Greece was to remain free, they must act at once and on two lines.

(1) They must send out to Sicily a force of troops who could man the ships and take the field on arrival. It was most important that they should be commanded by a Spartan general, who would organize the Syracusan troops and give them the practical assurance that Sparta was with them.

(2) They must prosecute the war, not in Sicily alone, but also in Greece, and in particular in Attica, by fortifying and occupying Decelea. (This was a position on high ground between the mountains Pentelicus and Parnes and about equidistant from Athens and the Boeotian frontier.) Athens had always (he could tell them) feared this, and with good reason. With Decelea in permanent occupation of the enemy the whole stock of Attica would fall into their hands; slaves would desert, and the silver mines at Laurium could no longer be worked. Above all, the island allies of Athens would be disaffected when they saw Sparta vigorously prosecuting the war, and they would cease to pay tribute. That, with the cessation of work in the silver mines at Laurium, would mean complete financial ruin.

For two years Alcibiades lived at Sparta, while that power seized the Athenian fleet at Sicily and ravaged Attica outside the city of Athens itself. Later, however, he was false to Sparta also, helped Persia to play into the hands of Athens as against Sparta, and was recalled to Athens for a short period of popularity. That popularity he was soon to lose as the result of a mistake in judgment in his conducting of the fleet, so that he died in exile; but for the moment his treachery was forgotten, his triumph complete.—EDITOR.

THE RETURN TO ATHENS

He must enter (he would not otherwise have been Alcibiades) "terrible as an army with banners," and splendid as on the day when he broke all records at Olympia. But now he came with a nobler crown, for his ships were flashing with the captured shields of enemies and the trophies of victorious actions, and he had on board two hundred of the figure-heads he had lopped from the triremes he had vanquished. All these must be displayed, and he ranged them along the bulwarks of his ship and round his masts, and each was a symbol and sign of a captured vessel of the enemy. He took down his worn and sea-stained sail, and in place of it he put up one that was dyed purple for his pomp of festival. Chrysogenus, lately a victor in the Pythian games, had come out to meet him, and stood, decked in a Persian robe, on the prow of his flagship, blowing his flute to make music for the rowers, and with him was the great tragic actor Callipides, who by gesture and shout controlled their rhythm. Alone and apart from the rest Alcibiades stood on deck, and his ship, leading the fleet, swept round the end of the mole where of late the treacherous fort had been, and the purple sail was furled, and the oars held water, and she slid up to the quayside.

From end to end the quay was a blur of massed faces and

eager eyes, and all were turned to him, like a bed of flowers to the sun. His ship had been seen while yet far off, and the whole of Athens had trooped down to the harbour on the news of it. Ever since it was known that he was on his way home the city had buzzed with his name; there had been no topic except Alcibiades. Some said he was the noblest citizen that Athens had ever reared and had been treated with hideous injustice. He had been condemned without trial, he had been driven into the exile from which he was now returning loaded with imperial gifts for the city which had rejected him. They had sentenced him to a felon's death who had proved himself her saviour, and who had restored to her, when beaten to the dust, her dominion over the seas. None could gainsay that, but some shook their heads and pointed to where the strong walls of Decelea sparkled on the hills beyond the ravaged plain of Attica, for that was his doing too. Others again remembered that this was a strangely inauspicious day for his return, and this feeling was widely spread, for to-day was the celebration of the Plyntria, when the robes were taken from the most holy and venerable statue of Athene to be washed. To-day her image was veiled, and she seemed to hide her face and refuse to look on the return of Alcibiades. But one and all trooped down to the waterside to witness the arrival of Athens' saviour and her most deadly foe. Eight years ago they had crowded the quay to speed his departure in command of the most gallant force that had ever left the Peiræus, and since then Athens had stumbled far into the valley of the shadow of death, but now he shined on them, a great light in their darkness.

The ship that bore him had come to her moorings; Chryso-genus's flute was silent and the great actor called no more on the rowers, and still that lonely and splendid figure remained motionless on deck, while the buzz of talk ceased, and the huge crowd grew mute and tense. The years of hatred and

exile were over; he was home again with his gift of Empire restored to Athens, but at this supreme hour the memory of the ruinous strokes he had dealt her surged round him and he was afraid. And then he raised his eyes and saw the familiar faces of friends and relations, and the smile leaped to his mouth, and he stretched out his hands to them. At that the roar of welcome broke out and all the quays were laughing and sobbing together because Alcibiades had come home. He sprang ashore, and once more his foot touched Attic soil.

His colleagues, generals and captains who had served with him in this rebuilding of the Empire, followed him, but they passed unnoticed. One will possessed the crowd, to get near Alcibiades to crown him with the wreaths of gold and bronze they had brought for his welcoming, to burn their eyes with the sight of him. A lane was cleared for his passage, a guard kept the throngs back and he went up to the city. The Assembly was summoned, and once more he faced the citizens of Athens on the hill below the Acropolis.

Both in boyhood and youth and maturity he was the most beautiful of men, and he spoke to those with whom the love of beauty was a passion. There was that lisp in his enunciation still and the hesitation before he found the perfect phrase, and he held them in the enchantment of his personality. He told them at once that he had not committed the sacrilege for which he had been condemned and that he had been unjustly treated. But he did not blame anybody; all these sore troubles had come upon him—and he paused for the word, as was his wont—from some “envious genius of his own.” And then the hesitating utterance of that golden voice quickened as he spoke of the broken hopes of their enemies at Sparta who had tried to crush Athens. Their power was shattered, their fleet destroyed, and Athens could lift her bowed head and gaze into the future with courage. He spoke long on this theme, kindling his hearers into the wildest enthusiasm. There were

those who still hated and distrusted him and who remembered the bitter woes he had brought on Athens, but none dared raise a voice against him. Already he had been elected General, but now the Assembly voted him General-in-Chief, with sole and absolute command by land and sea; never yet had Athens given such authority to any of her sons. His property which had been confiscated was restored to him; he had been publicly cursed for sacrilege, and now the Heralds of the Mysteries were bidden to revoke their anathemas, and the lead tablets and the pillars on which the curses were engraved were ceremonially flung into the sea. Alcibiades had made his peace with God and man, and the bitter feud was healed. To the citizens of Athens he seemed to be Victory incarnate, and it was with the honours due to a god rather than a man that they acclaimed him.



THE STERN STUFF OF AMBITION

BY EMIL LUDWIG *

Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Corsica, an island lying between Italy and France, and subject to frequent shifts of domination between the latter country and Genoa. A fierce struggle to secure its independence had been quelled by France just before Napoleon's birth. Since his father was of noble though impoverished Corsican family, Napoleon and his elder brother were accorded the privilege of free education in the Nobles' Schools in France. It was at school in Brienne that Napoleon received his military training, becoming a sub-lieutenant at sixteen. In 1793, when he was twenty-four, he was serving inconspicuously as a captain at Nice and Toulon. The French Revolution had been accomplished, the Bourbons were dethroned, and the young republic was fighting desperately against forces of reaction within and without. Toulon was now actually in the hands of the English.—EDITOR.

* From *Napoleon*, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Copyright, 1926. Reprinted by permission of Horace Liveright.

BEFORE Toulon, preparations are being made to drive out the English. As to how this is to be done, the Convention leaves that to the commander of the forces, originally a painter of pictures, in whom revolutionary enthusiasm is to make up for the lack of technical knowledge of the art of war.

Then it came to pass that young Captain Buonaparte, returning from Avignon whither he had been sent for a consignment of gunpowder, paid a visit to his fellow-countryman Saliceti, who introduced the young artilleryman to the painter-general. After dinner, the dilettantes went for a stroll, and happened upon a 24-pounder, several miles from the sea. They began to boast of all that the gun would do. The expert assured them that, in its present position, it would be useless. He fired four shots to show them that the sea was quite out of range. Dumbfounded, they kept Buonaparte at Toulon, and set him to work.

"At last, one end of the rope is in my hands. Grip and hold fast!" thinks the lonely man with the strong will. With amazing activity, our captain has heavy guns brought from all possible places along the coast. In six weeks, he has more than a hundred pieces of ordnance at his disposal.

Now he will give a display of his talents as military commander. What is his plan? He will mount batteries on the tongue of land which divides the bay into twin harbours, and will thus cut off the hostile fleet from access to the sea. The British commander will not stay to be shot at in a mousehole with no outlet. He will set light to the arsenal and withdraw his forces from the town.

"Fantastical nonsense!" say the amateurs, mockingly. But Buonaparte, who has friends in the Convention, has a complaint lodged there against his chief. He also sends to Paris his scheme for the bombardment of Toulon, many pages of manuscript, containing, in addition, counsel of a more general

nature: "Our fire must always be concentrated. If we can breach the wall, the balance will incline to our side, resistance will be fruitless, the place will be won. To live, we must divide; to strike, we must unite. Victory is impossible without unity of command. Time is everything!" Thus does a captain of twenty-four write to the central authorities.

He has a powerful ally in Paris, the younger Robespierre, who has the reputation of a man of talent, and is not completely overshadowed by his all-powerful brother. "Should you ever need a man of iron for street fighting," said Joseph Robespierre to Maximilien, "a young man, a new man—then it must be this Buonaparte." Indeed, the Corsican adventurer had already been asked whether he would become military guardian of the terrorists, but considerations of caution had led him to decline. Now his plan was approved, and the painter-general was recalled. Who would replace him?

Buonaparte gnashes his teeth. Another dilettante! The new general is a medical man. He spends his time nosing out conspiracies hatched by the nobility—and meanwhile the enemy occupies the precious tongue of land. From Paris there had come State carriages filled with "men of genius," clad in brilliant uniforms, and resolved to end the siege of Toulon, to take the place out of hand. Buonaparte led them to an unprotected battery. When the enemy opened fire, and they looked round vainly for cover, their guide said gravely: "We do without cover, nowadays; we have patriotism instead." This young man with blue-grey eyes is more interested in actions than in intentions. Further complaints, and a new change in command. This time the chief is a tried warrior, who is prompt to appoint Napoleon battalion commander, and to adopt the young artillerist's plan for driving the enemy from the tongue of land.

When, finally, Toulon is stormed (still in accordance with Buonaparte's designs), his horse is shot under him; and he is

wounded in the calf by an English lance—this being his first and almost his last wound. Moreover, it is his first victory, although he is not the official commander; and it is a victory over England. The enemy retreats to the ships, fires the arsenal, and withdraws, all in one night, just as Napoleon had foretold.

Conflagration and death, battle and the terrors of a naval port in which thousands of treasonable burghers are trying to escape the avengers; amid all the fierce passions of this December night, through the reek and the cries, across heaps of corpses, and to the accompaniment of the agonised curses of drowning civilians and the exultant shouts of looting soldiers a new star rises in the firmament—Napoleon's fame.

Rapidly, step by step, by demonstrated ability, Napoleon rose to supreme military and political power in a national crisis which offered remarkable opportunity for such promotion. At the close of his brilliant campaign as commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy, he was negotiating with delegates of the Austrian Emperor, whose dominion in northern Italy he had shaken.
—EDITOR.

How slow these German diplomats are to make up their minds. For weeks we have been at it, discussing matters far on into the night, and still the titled negotiators hesitate to sign the document, though any reasonable man would come to a decision in an hour or two! Throughout, the Austrians are looking over their shoulders at the emperor in Vienna. In the room where the conversations take place, there is an empty throne on which the shadowy Francis is supposed to be sitting beneath the canopy. "Better carry that chair away before we begin," says the commander. "I have never been able to see a raised seat without wanting to sit in it."

His letters to the enigmatical Minister for Foreign Affairs, those fervid preludes, had been nothing more than the solilo-

quies of a man chafing at idleness, to whom weeks spent in thinking about peace seem wasted, even though the peace be one for which Europe has been longing for years. His patience is exhausted, and he assumes a menacing tone: "I have been too lenient with you," he growls to the Austrians. "I might have made the conditions much harsher! You are frittering away my time. I stand before you as the equal in rank of any of your princes. Don't talk to me about congresses. . . . With the means at our disposal, in a couple of years we Frenchmen can conquer the whole of Europe. Not that we want to do so. Our wish is to give our citizens peace, and quickly. . . . You tell me that this, that, and the other are your instructions. If, when the sun is shining, your instructions said that night had fallen, would you insist that it was dark?"

At last, to give them a salutary fright, he bursts into a rage, dashes a vase to the ground, and thus forces them to sign the peace in which every one gets what Napoleon had promised six months before in Leoben.

When Europe learns the news, there will be a sigh of relief. But what is going on in Buonaparte's mind? The day after he has signed at Campo Formio the peace which ends a six-years' war, the peace he has fought for and won, he writes to the Directors, in the most matter-of-fact way: "It is absolutely indispensable to our government that we should speedily overthrow the English monarchy. Unless we succeed in doing this, we can be sure that the corruption and the intrigues of these active islanders will ruin us. The moment is favourable. Let us concentrate our energies upon increasing our navy, so that we may crush England. Then Europe will be at our feet." He issues a manifesto to the navy: "Comrades! Now that we have established peace on land, let us conquer the freedom of the seas. Without your aid, the glory of the French name could be carried only through a corner of the Continent.

With your help, we shall cross the ocean, and the fame of our nation will reach the most distant lands!"

His mind is full of titanic schemes. As he gallops along the causeway of his great deeds, fame vanishes behind him in the dust raised by his charger's thundering hoofs, but fame ever looms in front of him, beckoning from the mirage of his fresh designs. In this spirit he hastens back to Milan, to Montebello, whence he is to give Italy her final orders; for now, carrying the peace treaty, he will go to Paris. In the tone of a prince speaking to his people, Buonaparte issues a proclamation to the newly formed Cisalpine Republic:

"Yours is the first nation in history to win freedom without partisan struggles, without a revolution, and without a blow. We have given you liberty, and you will know how to keep it! . . . Let your minds be full of the sense of your own strength, and of the self-respect proper to the free man. . . . Had the Romans of old used their powers as the French are using their powers to-day, the Roman eagles would still wave above the Capitol, and the human race would have escaped being dishonoured by eighteen centuries of slavery! To consolidate your liberties, and with the sole end of bringing you happiness, I have completed a task such as hitherto has only been performed by ambition and the will-to-power. . . . In a few days I shall leave you. . . . Your happiness and the glory of your republic will always be matters very dear to my heart."

Is this a warrior blowing a trumpet? Is it a poet, into whose mouth the ecstasy of life puts words that are to arouse popular enthusiasm? During these very days, in the company of a diplomat belonging to this very country, he is strolling to and fro in the park of Montebello. His whole nature is straining towards Paris; his companion is a good listener, and a man of ability. Napoleon, in one of those bursts of frankness which genius sometimes allows itself, delivers himself as follows:

"Do you fancy that I have won my triumphs in Italy that

I may help the lawyers of the Directory . . . to achieve greatness? Or can you imagine that I want to stabilise the republic? What a ridiculous notion, a republic with thirty million inhabitants! With our customs! With our failings! France will soon forget these whims. The French need glory and the gratification of their vanity, but they do not understand the elements of freedom. Look at the army! Our victories have restored the French soldier to his true self. I am the idol of the soldiers. If the Directors, for instance, were to try to withdraw my commission, they would soon see who is master of the army.

"The people needs a chief, made resplendent by fame and victory; it does not want theories and governments, the phrases and the oratory of the ideologues. Give the masses a toy! They will play with it, and allow themselves to be led—provided always that the leader is adroit enough to hide his true aims! Here in Italy, it is not necessary for me to be so circumspect. . . . Still, the time is not yet ripe. For the present, it is necessary to yield to the fervour of the moment, so here we shall have two or three republics after the French model. . . . Peace is opposed to my interests. . . . If peace were firmly established, and if I were no longer at the head of the army, I should have to renounce the power and position I have gained, and should have to pay homage to the lawyers in the Luxembourg. If I leave Italy, it is only that I may play the same part in France. But that fruit, likewise, is not yet ripe. Paris is divided. There is a Bourbon party, and I cannot fight on its side. In due time I shall weaken the republicans, but I shall not do so to the advantage of the old dynasty!"

Such are Buonaparte's real plans. What he says is true: "Everything has happened as I foresaw; and I believe that I am the only person in the world who is not surprised. So will it be in the future; I shall make my way whithersoever I will."

A stream of confessions is forcing a way for itself. The

words have come down to us in the memoirs of the man who heard them; of course the speaker would have denied them, had the hearer then ventured to repeat them. But it is true that he is far from being satisfied with what he has hitherto achieved. Seated beside Bourrienne in the carriage in which he is driving away from Italy after a stay of nearly two years, he says: "A few more campaigns like this, and we shall have made a fairly great name for ourselves, a name that will go down to posterity." When his friend interposes that Buonaparte has already secured a notable reputation, the commander laughs him to scorn:

"You flatter me, Bourrienne. If I die to-day, ten centuries hence my record will not occupy more than half a page in universal history!"

Eight years later, in 1804, he had become at first Consul, then Emperor. In the following year he won the great victory of Austerlitz, against Austria and Russia.—EDITOR.

Austria had good reason for taking up arms once more. On the knob of the new king of Italy's sceptre, the lion of Venice was graven. This, and the seizure of Genoa, were urgent warnings to the Habsburg ruler not to venture across the Alps a third time. Francis must be content to fight the matter out on German soil. England was liberal with proffers of money; and the inexhaustible forces of Russia were again available for the coalition, as they had been when it was victorious during Buonaparte's absence in Egypt. The new tsar was determined to overcome Europe's old prejudice against Russia, and, with an exchange of rôles, to draw his sword against the tyrant of the West. The secret of Napoleon's fighting technique had been learned, and this time the engineer should be hoist with his own petard.

But the soldier of genius can evolve new methods of victory. By forced marches he encircles the Austrians before they real-

ise what is afoot, encloses them in an iron ring at Ulm, and compels the capitulation of an army which has not even a chance to fire a shot. "I have attained my end, and have annihilated the Austrian army by simple marches. Now I shall turn against the Russians. They are lost."

The habit of success is making him thrifty of his words. "I had a rough time of it, rougher than necessary," he writes to Josephine; "wet through day after day for a week, and my feet very cold." Among the gold-bedizened marshals, who are for the first time parading their splendours on foreign soil, stands Napoleon to receive the capitulation of Ulm. He wears the uniform of a private soldier, a mantle weather-worn at elbows and skirt, a hat without a cockade. His arms are locked behind. Of the imperial purple there is no sign.

Once more, as on the evening after Marengo, he offers peace, sends an admonitory letter to the defeated Austrian emperor, writing as usual with the frankness which is so annoying to the diplomats of Europe: "You will understand that it is only right and proper if I take advantage of my good luck to impose, as condition of peace, that you should give me guarantees against a fourth coalition with England. . . . Nothing would make me happier than to combine the tranquillity of my people with your friendship, upon which I venture to make a claim, despite the number and strength of my enemies in your entourage." At the same time, he marches on Vienna.

Then, while he is advancing at topmost speed, comes a blow. He learns that two days after his victory on land had come the sea-fight of Trafalgar, when England had almost annihilated the French fleet. Eighteen ships have been lost; Nelson is dead; the French admiral is a prisoner. Is this another disastrous hour, like the one when the news of Aboukir reached him in the desert? Courage! Then the situation was a hundredfold more difficult. We are not now cut off from Paris by the sea; we need no ships. With redoubled

speed he marches on Vienna, which the enemy surrenders without a blow.

But the tidings of Trafalgar have renewed Francis' fixity of purpose, and have made Alexander firmer than ever. Both try to win over Prussia, which hesitates, and protracts negotiations. Napoleon vainly tempts the tsar with the promise of Turkey. In Brünn there is a great game of hide-and-seek, in which each power tries to keep the others in suspense and is disavowed by its own plenipotentiaries. The Emperor is the only ruler who improvises a political idea. Two days before the decisive battle, for which preparations are already being made, he writes to Talleyrand, who is negotiating in Brünn:

"I should have no serious objection to handing over Venice to the elector of Salzburg, and Salzburg to the house of Austria. I shall take Verona . . . for the kingdom of Italy. . . . The elector can call himself king of Venice if he has a fancy that way.

"The electorate of Bavaria would become a monarchy. . . . I will give back the artillery, the magazines, and the fortresses, and they must pay me five millions. . . . To-morrow, I think, we shall have a pretty big battle with the Russians. I have done my utmost to avoid it, for it is only useless bloodshed. I have exchanged a few letters with the tsar, and learn from what he writes that he is a good fellow, with bad counsellors. . . . Write to Paris, but don't say anything about the battle, for that would make my wife anxious. You don't need to worry. I am in a very strong position here, and my only regret is for the almost needless bloodshed which the battle will cost. . . . You write home for me; I have been in camp among my grenadiers for the last four days, and have to write on my knees, so I can't manage many letters."

Such is the Emperor's mood just before the most famous of his victories. While he is studying his maps, noting the name of every Moravian village, the width of every stream,

and the condition of every road, and while he does his best to keep himself warm by the camp-fire, he is thinking of the ministers in Paris who are awaiting his commands, and of his wife who may be anxious. In the same half hour, he drafts a new programme for the partition of four or five States, talks of new crowns, of war indemnities, and of handing over fortresses. Twice his laments for the useless bloodshed light up the written page like the rising sun of one of these December days. Need we be surprised that such a man conquers the legitimate princes, who at this moment are dining in their palaces?

In the evening, when he learned the enemy's movements, he clapped his hands, and, "trembling with joy" (the words are his adjutant's), said: "They are walking into the trap! They are delivering themselves into my hands! By to-morrow evening their army will be annihilated!"

Then he sits down with his staff to supper in a peasant's hut, and, an unusual thing with him, remains at table for some time after his meal, emotioned and musing. He goes on to speak at considerable length concerning the nature of tragedy. From this, he passes to Egypt: "If I had taken Acre, I should have donned a turban, have clad my soldiers in wide Turkish trousers. But only in the utmost need should I have exposed my Frenchmen to serious danger; I should have made of them a corps of immortals, the Holy Battalion. I should have fought the war with the Turks to a finish by the use of Arab, Greek, and Armenian levies. I should have won a great battle at Issus, instead of in Moravia, should have become Emperor of the East, and should have made my way back to Paris through Constantinople." The concluding words, so one who heard the soliloquy tells us, were accompanied with a smile, as if to show his awareness that he was being carried away by a rapturous dream.

But is not the scene we are describing a dream? Must we

really and truly believe that, little more than a century ago, a mortal man, the understudy of a demigod, stormed across modern Europe and remoulded it in accordance with his will? Did it not all happen in the Homeric age, when two princes in single combat would settle the fate of generations? Or perhaps he is a character in a fairy tale, this man in the middle thirties, a little fellow, seated in a wattle-and-dab hut, on an unknown plain. He wears a greasy coat, a clammy shirt; stuffs potatoes and onions into his hungry mouth. Next day, by this one battle, he will renew the glories of Charlemagne, dead a thousand years since. Now, over night, his unbridled imagination wanders across Asiatic deserts, where a stone heap successfully resisted him; dwells on that old frustrated plan; while his errant thoughts follow the wraith of the Macedonian to the Ganges.

Day dawns. A year ago, on the altar steps in Notre Dame, he had crowned himself with the circlet of golden laurels. In a fervent proclamation, he reminds his soldiers of that day, and concludes with the promise that for this once he will keep out of the firing line.

Never before has history recorded such words uttered by a commander. They have always been eager to declare their determination to defy death in the forefront of the battle. Napoleon, whose grenadiers have seen him in twenty fights and regard him as a heavenborn leader, can venture to tell his men that he will reward their valour by being careful of his own safety.

Then the Emperor defeats both his enemies, and makes famous for a thousand years an out-of-the-way spot of which no one had ever heard before—the plain of Austerlitz.

The ten years following saw further successes but at last the turn of fortune. Napoleon, surrounded by his allied enemies, was forced to abdicate and to accept the island of Elba as his

only domain. Yet in less than a year he escaped from Elba and landed, with his little guard of a thousand men, in southern France, to dethrone once more the Bourbon King who had been restored by the Allies. The success was only temporary, for he died a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, but at the time of his return from Elba the French people rallied to his command.
—EDITOR.

NAPOLEON'S RETURN

The mountains are calling, the valleys are echoing, as the procession of a thousand men who landed at Cannes wends its way through one Alpine village after another. An enthusiastic crowd encircles the old guard which has pursued its way along the road of history without jubilation and without sorrow, imperturbable as a rock. The peasants, these sons of the hills, in the selfsame hamlets, had once before seen him, a lean, small, unknown general; in those days he had relieved them from the burden of maintaining an undisciplined soldiery, and had led the troops over the Alps to victory. These mountain folk were the first to see the miracle he wrought; they plumed themselves on the thought that from their villages the Emperor had gone forth. And now, of a sudden, he is among them again! Surely the procession of the thousand will work a spell, and seem to be the march of prophets and saviours?

They come from their mountain fastnesses; women and children bring up the rear; songs against the king are composed and sung; in the lesser towns, the bolder spirits force the city fathers to go forth to meet the newcomer; for more than a hundred miles he encounters none but peasants.

Napoleon had reckoned upon this. He would not face a march through Aix and Avignon, through the monarchical provinces. He preferred to leave his few cannon behind in the snow-covered mountain paths, in order the quicker to reach Dauphiné. Here the peasants had received the most generous distribution of the nobles' lands. They are full of anger now

against king, priest, and émigré, who, after the lapse of twenty-five years, are contesting the peasants' right to hold these lands. Was not the great revolution made to protect the poor? Was it not made by peasants in the country and workmen in the town? The Consul had not taken back anything from them; even the Emperor had only called up their sons; they have never ceased to look upon him as one of themselves, for their minds moved slowly and their hearts were constant. Now, the king had come back again, and forthwith the nobles had begun to squabble over the fields the peasant had tilled.

The souls of the countryfolk were heavy at the change of fortune. Fifteen years ago the mood had been similar when Napoleon, returning from Egypt in his little ship, had landed, and the whole of southern France had hailed him as a saviour. What can have happened in the last ten months, to make these people receive with every token of joy the man whom they had so recently execrated? True, he had passed through another part of the country at that time; and the national misfortune had needed a scapegoat. His disfavour among the folk had been as brief as his defeat. But belief in him lasted as long as the years of his glory.

What will the first troops we meet do? He himself, when he took leave, had urged them to serve the fatherland. And the fatherland was the king! They wear the Bourbon's white cockade, they eat the king's bread, from the lips of patrician officers they have received a new and ugly picture of the erstwhile leader. Everything will depend on his power of suggestion. Uncertain feelings govern his heart as he strides inland from Cannes. To his left, lies the fort of Antibes. Does he recognise the tower wherein he was thrown when Robespierre fell? In just such a tower, the Bourbon will fling him, against just such a wall Europe will stand him, if he should fail on the morrow to accomplish what his glance and his word have so often succeeded in doing before.

Outside Grenoble, near La Mure, he has his first encounter with the royal troops. They have orders to exterminate him and his "band of brigands"; the officers have taken the oath to the king just as in former days they had taken the oath to the Emperor. The order to attack is given. Is the blood of brethren to be shed? That is what Napoleon has spent a lifetime in avoiding. Is this highway to be turned into a battlefield? He alights from his horse, takes ten strides towards them, and shouts:

"Soldiers of the fifth army corps! Don't you know me? If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, let him come forward and do so. Here I am!" Saying which, he throws open his grey cloak.

A terrible pause. What will happen?

Those are our brethren! This is our general! We have seen him in so many battles, standing on a hillock, or sitting over the bivouac fire, or facing the musket shots and cannon balls! Must not nature and remembrance overpower the influence of recent vows? The soldiers cry: "Vive l'Empereur!" A general running to and fro ensues, guards and soldiers mingling; caps are stuck upon bayonet points—what does one more hole in the blue cloth matter? An hour later, two thousand instead of one thousand fall in behind their leader.

This encounter on the high road to Grenoble, this moment of time, his call, his aspect, were decisive. The man of action had won back to leadership through his own deed; the middle-aged warrior had regained life, power, and realm, by a look and a word. Thus he reaches Grenoble. By a manifesto he communicates his thoughts to the people:

"Frenchmen! . . . After the fall of Paris my heart was torn, but my spirit remained unshaken. . . . My life belongs to you, and must once more be made useful to you. In my exile, I heard your complaints and your cries. . . . You accused me of too long a slumber, saying I was sacrificing the interests of the

country to my own repose. Encompassed by dangers, I have sailed over the sea. Now I am in your midst, to demand my rights, which are also your rights.

"Soldiers! We are not conquered. . . . Marmont's treachery delivered the capital into the hands of the enemy, and disorganised our army. . . . Now I have come! Your general, who was elected to the throne by the suffrage of the people, and raised aloft on your shields, has returned to you. Rally to him! . . . Wear the tricolour cockade again, the cockade of our days of victory! Let the eagles which you bore at Ulm and Austerlitz, at Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, at Eckmühl and Wagram, at Smolensk and on the Moskva, at Lützen and Montmirail, once more wave on high! . . . Possessions, rank, and glory, for yourselves and for your children, have no worse foes than those princes who have been forced upon you by foreign powers. . . . Victory will guide us forward through the storms, and the eagles shall fly from one church steeple to the other until at last they alight on Notre Dame!"

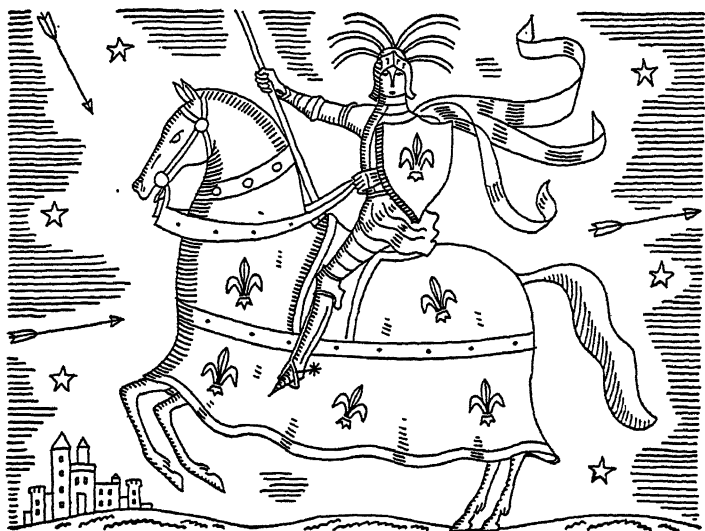
Vive l'Empereur! The troops in Grenoble, together with the imperial nobles, come over. Seven thousand men follow him to Lyons. Lyons comes over. Masséna, who had been serving the king, journeys from Marseilles and pays homage to the Emperor.

TWO NATIONAL HEROINES

JOAN OF ARC

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The call to heroism is heard by women as well as by men. Each of the two women here presented first heard within her own soul the call to service, then dedicated her life to her country and to her fellow men. Separated by four centuries of time, by nationality, and by the nature of their war-time activity, they present parallel instances of the tremendous power for organization and performance possessed by inspired women.



JOAN, THE WARRIOR MAID

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE *

One of the most romantic and touching figures in history is Joan of Arc, the young French girl of the fifteenth century, who, after leading her countrymen to victory against the English invaders, and her timid king to his coronation, was burned as a witch with the approval of not only the English foe but the French judges as well.

Born in the little village of Domrémy, Joan, who was of a deeply religious mind, began when only twelve years of age to hear supernatural voices—voices of certain saints of old. In 1428, when she was sixteen, these voices commanded her to raise the siege of Orleans. The town had for some time been surrounded by the English.

With the greatest difficulty she secured the help of an uncle

* From *The Girl in White Armor*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

and through him of the governor of the neighboring city of Vaucouleurs. A meager equipment was provided her, to ride to the King (who was still uncrowned) at Chinon and deliver her message. With her went two knights who believed in her mission—Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy—their two servants, and two messengers who had recently come to Vaucouleurs from the King.—EDITOR.

JOAN, between her two cavaliers, followed by their two servants and the King's messengers, completed an army as picturesque as it was small.

"I was clad as a man," Joan said, describing her departure, "wearing a sword which the captain had given me, without other arms." She further said she had taken male dress by command of God and the angels.

Dressed as a youth of the period, mounted and wearing a sword, the young girl made a striking figure. Her hair was cropped, and she wore the loose black cap of a page. Her short coat was a kind of tunic belted at the waist. Underneath it was a "justaucorps," or doublet, a kind of heavy shirt to which the band of her close-fitting leggings was attached by means of "laces and points"—that is to say, stout hooks and a leather thong. High-laced boots or gaiters, spurs, and a cape completed her costume. She was seventeen, doing what girls of all ages have dreamed, riding at glorious venture, a knight and squire on either hand. To her the dream had come true.

Of their winter's journey through the long stretch of forest and desolated field that lay between Vaucouleurs and Chinon, little is left to us. The story, if we knew the details, would of itself make an exciting book. Because of the enemy, the "army" must avoid the roads and bridges. Icy rivers, swollen by winter rains, must be forded in the dark. There were four of these between Vaucouleurs and St. Urbain, their first stop—two of them deep and swift. Joan had ridden as any other

peasant child might ride to and from the field. To swim a horse through a racing current was another matter. Without doubt her knights kept her between them. None of them later spoke of this—such things became too common.

It was near morning when they reached the Abbey of St. Urbain, thirty miles from Vaucouleurs. How grateful was the welcome it offered, the comfort they found within. The distance still to be traveled was more than three hundred miles. Everywhere was the enemy; such roads as there were they could not follow, but must keep to the forest. After St. Urbain there would be no such protecting shelter. How precious are the brief accounts left by Joan's cavaliers of that terrific winter journey. Said Jean de Metz:

"We traveled by night, through fear of the English and Burgundians, who were in possession of the roads. We were on the road the space of eleven days, always riding."

Always riding, through the winter night and storm, with every little way a black, boiling river, and none that by any chance ran in their direction. Sometimes in deep anxiety, de Metz said to Joan:

"Will you surely do what you say?"

To which she never failed to reply:

"Have no fear; what I do, I do by commandment."

When they could travel no more they sought out some hidden place to sleep, stretched themselves in their wet clothing, Joan between her two knights, her sworn protectors from evil. De Metz and de Poulengy both told of this, and the latter added:

"During the eleven days that our journey lasted we had many afflictions, but Joan always said to us, 'Fear nothing. You shall see how at Chinon the noble Dauphin will greet us with a glad face.' In hearing her speak I felt myself deeply stirred."

Few episodes in knightly annals can compare with the

eleven days' journey of this little army, struggling through seemingly endless nights, beset by hidden dangers, dropping down exhausted for a little rest on the frozen ground. A girl of seventeen, fording rivers in February and sleeping on the ground afterward! But Joan was strong of body, and made stronger by her purpose. Between her faithful knights she probably slept untroubled by doubts and dreams. If only de Poulengy had told us something more of the "many afflictions." Were they night alarms, hairbreadth escapes, accidents, periods of hunger? The country was stripped, picked clean by war; villages were desolated, peasants lying dead at their thresholds. De Metz told of providing Joan with money for alms, without doubt for straggling survivors. Supplies could be found only in the larger places, and these were in enemy hands. The King's messengers knew the route and its resources, but two men foraging for themselves is one thing, while provisioning an army of seven is quite another.

Joan herself dismissed this terrific journey with a word. It was her habit to meet troubles without fear, and once they were over to put them behind her. "My Voices often came to me," she said. She further said they passed by Auxerre, and that she heard mass there at the cathedral. How did she manage this? Auxerre was a hostile city, walled, its massive gates guarded. De Poulengy did not hear mass on the way, but de Metz heard it twice. So it was Joan and de Metz who left their camp disguised, crossed the river Yonne, climbed the steep hill, took their chances with the guards at the city gates, and threaded their way through the narrow streets to the great cathedral, where today there is a statue of the Maid kneeling, with an inscription which tells us that Joan of Arc on her way to Chinon stopped there, February 27, 1429, to pray.

They had been four days coming from Vaucouleurs, a distance, as they traveled, of one hundred and fifty miles. The

way to Chinon was longer than that behind them, but the worst was over. Another two days of blind paths and dark rivers and they would reach Gien, a friendly city on the Loire. There were marauding bands beyond Gien, but the land was loyal, and they need not avoid the towns.

“I AM COME, BEING SENT ON THE PART OF GOD”

The group of priests who called upon Joan must have found her answers satisfactory, for she was told that the King would receive her that same evening—this being the day of her arrival at Chinon. Yet in the very moment of her coming, the irresolute Charles, prompted by certain of his counselors, would have sent her away. He was reminded—perhaps by Queens Marie and Yolande—that this girl, commended to him by de Baudricourt, had been conducted across provinces occupied by the enemy and had miraculously forded rivers, to come to him. On this he consented to see her.

Being early March (the sixth) it was dark “after dinner” when, by Joan’s statement, she went to the castle. One may picture her with her two knights, mounted, preceded by torches, climbing the steep, stony way that winds up to the entrance, crossing the drawbridge and passing under the arch of the lofty *tour de l’horloge*, a clock-tower to this day. A space of court to cross, a stair to mount, then a blaze of light, a dazzle of silk and cloth of gold, and facing it all a peasant girl who claimed to have brought messages to the King.

At the farther end of the room a fire was roaring up the great chimney. Also, according to Joan, there were “fifty *flambeaux*, and three hundred men at arms.” At all events there was a great assembly of both men and women. Any diversion was welcome; a novelty like Joan would bring out every member of the castle.

There was a moment of expectant silence. Those idle, simpering people were curious to see how she looked, what she would do first. What they saw was a lithe, rather slender, fairly tall youth, with cropped hair—Joan in the page's costume she had worn from Vaucouleurs, the suit in which she had forded rivers and slept on the frozen ground; surely a curious figure before that tinsel throng.

If they had expected her to be dazed and awed they were quickly undeceived. Led forward by the Count of Vendôme, what she did was to go immediately to Charles, who occupied no special place, but had "retired behind some others," and falling on her knees make him reverence, saying,

"Very illustrious Lord Dauphin, I am come, being sent on the part of God, to give succor to the kingdom, and to you."

Joan never revealed by what sign she knew the King. Her statement, "I recognized him by the counsel and revelation of my Voice," is as far as she ever went on the subject.

The King led her apart—perhaps to the small tower embrasure at the left of the fireplace, where they spoke together. Making reverence, Joan said:

"Noble King, I am called Joan the Maid, and I tell thee on the part of Messire (God) that thou art the true heritor of France, son of the King, and He sends me to conduct thee to Reims, in order that thou receivest there thy coronation and thy sacrament, if such be thy wish."

Charles asked her, "How am I to know that you come from God?" Joan's answer to this was another secret that died with her; but long after, the King himself, near death, declared that a little before Joan's coming he had made a secret prayer of which no one else could know. He had prayed, he said, that if he was the true heir to the kingdom, God would defend him, or at the worst grant him the grace to escape without death or prison, allowing him to take refuge in Spain or Scotland, ancient brothers in arms, allies of the kings of

France. Joan, the King said, repeated to him this prayer, known only to himself and God, thus gaining his confidence.

Returning now to the others, all saw the joy in the King's face. The poet secretary, Alain Chartier, wrote: "It was most manifest the King was greatly encouraged, as if by the Spirit."

Joan's own story of the royal audience was no more than a few words: "When I entered the presence of the King I recognized him by the revelation and counsel of my Voices. I told him I wanted to make war on the English." That was all; she had arrived "without interference"; the long days and longer nights were behind her. She told the King she wanted to make war on the English. It was as when on the road to Burey she had said to Durand Laxart that she wanted him to tell Sire Robert de Baudricourt to have her taken to the King. That was Joan's simple and direct way. She had no use for the roundabout. She traveled in a straight line to the point in view.

There were further delays even after Joan had virtually convinced the King of her mission. She had to be examined by learned authorities and preparations had to be made for assembling an army and equipping Joan as their leader. At Tours she was fitted out with a suit of white armor of burnished steel.—EDITOR.

JOAN MAKES RULES OF WAR

One morning—it was the beginning of the last week of April, 1429—Joan and her staff crossed the bridge at Tours and turned to the eastward, toward Blois. It was a handsome sight: Joan in glistening armor, with Jean d'Aulon; her two knights, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy; her two brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc; her two pages, Louis de Contes and Raymond; finally as a sort of rear guard, Father Pasquerel and Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims.

Riding two by two across the long bridge in the spring morning they made a goodly show, and the streets and water front of Tours were thronged. There may have followed a body of troops; belated arrivals were always going.

It is thirty-six miles to Blois, a good day's ride. Joan saw little of her army that night—no more than a few of the leaders. From them she learned that there were plenty of soldiers and supplies and did not much concern herself with the problem as to how they had been obtained. What troubled her was the army's morals and behavior. Her captains were an assembly of hard-fighting, hard-drinking, profane, war-worn leaders of Armagnac bands and free companies, men like La Hire, at once the terror and admiration of France; Marshal de Rais, later called "Bluebeard," Ambrose de Loré, and others like them—men whose business it was to fight and pillage, leaving morals to the priests. As for the soldiers, probably a more dissolute lot of sinners was never assembled to fight the battles of a fallen nation. A hundred years of war and crime had yielded this human harvest.

The stray glimpses of her army that Joan got on the evening of her arrival gave her a good deal of a shock. Everywhere there was wild drinking, gambling, ribaldry, and worse. The streets and wine shops of Blois were filled with reeling, rioting men and women.

The Maid did not hesitate as to what she must do. That night or next morning she assembled her captains and told them that this nightmare of wickedness must end—not gradually, but at once. The drinking orgies and profanity must cease; the dissolute camp followers must go; the men, also the captains, must say their prayers and go to mass and confessions, if they wished to march under the banner of Heaven.

Those battered chiefs were, at first, in despair, but looking into Joan's earnest face they finally agreed to go to confession

and to pray. Even La Hire, whose every other word had been an oath, promised to swear only by his staff. He composed for himself a prayer. It ran:

"Oh, God, do with me as I would do by you, if you were La Hire and I were God."

The news of Joan's proposed reforms reached the soldiers, and the effect may be imagined. Few could have seen her on her arrival the night before, and now when the report of her orders flew there was at first astonishment, then roars of laughter. Those crime-soaked children of war could not believe their ears. They had learned to swear as soon as they could talk, debauchery was their only diversion. As for going to confession, why in a month they could not even begin the story of their misdeeds.

But then their captains appeared, La Hire and others, and, riding among them, banner in hand, a figure in white armor, straight from a church window, or from the gates of Paradise. Ribaldry ceased, and did not begin again when she had passed. That day, and the next, she rode among them. Joan had a natural instinct for dramatic effect and consciously or otherwise often followed it. To those awe-stricken soldiers that face of light and that suit of shining armor could belong only to an angel.

Meantime she had told Father Pasquerel to have painted a banner around which to assemble the priests. Upon it was painted the Crucifixion, and each day the priests gathered about it, chanting anthems and hymns. Joan was with them, but she gave orders that no soldier who had not confessed that day would be allowed to assemble there, and she notified all to confess and come, that they might be purified to march under the banner of God. Father Pasquerel's corps of priests became busy with confessions. The morning and evening assemblies swelled into vast chanting congregations. Such general and immediate reform was never before known.

On the morning of the third day after the Maid's arrival, the army made ready to set out for Orleans. Pasquerel assembled the priests; the banner at their head, they opened the march; captains and soldiers followed, and the wagon trains. The great procession crossed the bridge to the south bank of the Loire, and, chanting hymns, turned eastward, priests and soldiers singing as they marched. Apart from the Crusades, no similar spectacle had been known to history.

Orleans, situated on the River Loire, was surrounded by fortresses controlled by the English. Two of these Joan and her followers had taken, but the Tourelles, the defense which faced Orleans from across the Loire, commanding the bridge, remained to be attacked.—EDITOR.

THE TOURELLES

In spite of her two splendid successes, Joan was still opposed by some of her captains. Possibly they were jealous of her, or perhaps the Tourelles, rising dark and grim in the night, overawed them. There is a story that next morning Raoul de Gaucourt, military governor of Orleans, tried to prevent Joan's leaving the city, and was denounced by her in rather severe terms. Some sort of opposition there must have been to the attack on the Tourelles, but it proved of no avail. Father Pasquerel rose an hour after midnight and celebrated mass. As Joan was making ready to leave her lodgings a man came bringing a fish for her breakfast, an *alose*—in English, a shad. Seeing it, she said to Madame Boucher,

"Keep it until evening, because this evening I will bring you a *godon* [French term for the English] and will return by the way of the bridge."

With Pasquerel and a troop of soldiers, Joan now crossed the river and went to the assault of the bastille of the Tourelles,

the stout fortress commanded by the English Glasdale who had reviled her.

The defenses of the bridge were very simple: at the entrance, a short distance from the Augustines, there was a steep embankment, or boulevard, in front of which was a *fosse*, a deep, dry ditch. Behind the embankment was a wooden drawbridge, connecting it with the Tourelles, two great stone towers which stood on the end of the bridge itself. Beyond these there was a gap in the bridge of several feet, broken out by the English to prevent attack from the Orleans side. It seemed a complete defense, and may well have discouraged Joan's captains. The Duke of Alençon later testified that with a small force in the Tourelles he could have defied an entire army.

Joan of Arc did not even know the word discouragement. Arriving on the scene, she summoned her captains, unfurled her banner, and ordered a general attack on the outer embankment. At once ladders began to rise and shouting men to scale them; arrows began to fly, the small cannon of that day to roar, and fling their wicked little balls of chipped stone. And at the top of the embankment were the desperate English with axes, lances, *guisarmes* (long steel weapons, hooked and sharpened at the ends), leaden maces—the owners of these fierce weapons thrusting, smiting, stabbing, even with their bare hands flinging the ladders back, their bowmen sending flight after flight of arrows into the throng of attacking men.

A stirring picture of medieval warfare it was; and amid it all a figure in white armor, encouraging her soldiers, lending a hand to the work—her standard, held aloft by a bearer, floating before her on the wind.

De Contes, that brave boy, was there and told how she called to them continually:

"Have good heart! Do not fall back, you will have the bastille soon!"

Through the May morning and deep into the afternoon the strife continued. Then came what seemed disaster: that which the Maid had foretold occurred. She was setting up a ladder when a bolt from a crossbow, fired directly from above, struck her between the shoulder and the throat with such force that it pierced armor and body through, the length of half a foot.

She was helped from the field, the cruel shaft was withdrawn, and the upper part of her armor removed. Oh, the fierce tearing pain, the jetting blood! Soldiers wished to "charm" the wound, but this she refused, believing such work to be a sin. She willingly accepted a dressing of olive oil and lard, weeping and lamenting meanwhile, just a girl of seventeen, sorely wounded. But then her Voices came, that of Saint Catherine, as she said later, and the pain eased. Confessing briefly, with her page's help she donned her armor and returned to the field.

By this time the face of the battle had changed. The Maid's misfortune had given new confidence to the English. They had drawn blood from the witch in white armor; she had crawled off to die. Correspondingly the French had lost courage; without the Maid they would be where they had been before her coming. They were worn out; the hour was near sunset; as Joan appeared on the field a retreat was being sounded. Hurrying to Dunois, she called out:

"Not yet! not yet! I beg that you wait a little!"

Assisted to mount her horse, she rode to a near-by vineyard to pray. A few moments later she returned, seized her standard, planted it on the brink of the *fosse*, and ordered a charge. Seeing her again among them, the soldiers, with renewed courage, ran to the ladders.

And now the enemy looking down, became terrified. Only a little while ago the witch had been carried from the field to die. She had returned and after working some deadly spell in the vineyard, was about to destroy them. "They

shuddered," according to Dunois, "and were filled with terror." Joan called out to the English commander:

"Glasdale, Glasdale, surrender to the King of Heaven! You called me Jezebel, but I have great pity for your soul and for your followers!"

The English had still another reason for their terror. The people of Orleans had been busy, and had timed their assistance well. In the midst of the final assault, a fire raft loaded with a quantity of inflammable material had been ignited, and from the end of the isle of St. Aignan carefully drifted exactly under the wooden drawbridge which connected the outer embankment with the Tourelles. Busy with the attack, the English had not noticed this maneuver. Their first warning of it was a cloud of rising smoke, the smell of pitch, the fierce crackle of flames. For them no further interest in the French assault, but only a general dash for safety. A good portion of them must have crossed, but then the burning structure gave way, and all on it, including Glasdale and other nobles, true knights last to go, were plunged into the swollen river and being armored gave no further sign.

Those who had managed to cross to the Tourelles found themselves little better off. The Orleans carpenters had prepared a narrow bridge, made from a long trough, or gutter, which they now pushed across the broken-out gap behind the Tourelles. Over it passed a knight of the Order of Rhodes, fully armed, and behind him many others. To the enemy looking down into the flame-lit smoke and night the narrow support was invisible—the Orleans soldiers seemed to be coming through the air. With fire behind and below, completely hemmed in, the English made no further resistance. Not one escaped; all not killed or drowned were captured.

Though he had called her evil names, Joan lamented the death of Glasdale. Sorrowful, weary, sorely wounded, and

triumphant—to the sound of bells and the chanting of the people of Orleans—the Maid rode back by the bridge as she had promised, bringing her *godon*, many *godons*, to supper. She did not eat the *alose*, saved for her. At her lodging a surgeon dressed her wound, after which she took a few slices of bread, dipped in water and reddened with wine, and so the eventful day ended. Did her wound throb and burn and break her sleep? Or did Saint Catherine again soothe away the pain? We have her own statement that it was cured in a fortnight, and that meantime she did not cease to ride.

JOAN COMPLETES HER SIGN

Early next morning—it was Sunday, the eighth of May, 1429—the report was brought to Joan that the English facing Orleans had left their bastiles and arrayed themselves in order of battle. The Maid rose, and because of her wound armored herself only in a light coat of mail. As she left the house she was asked:

“Is it wrong to fight on Sunday?”

She answered:

“We must hold mass.”

Her army had formed outside the walls, facing the enemy. A portable altar was brought and two masses celebrated, which the Maid and her soldiers heard with great devotion. The service ended, Joan, still kneeling, asked:

“Do the English face our way?”

She was told that they had turned toward the château of Meung.

“In God’s name,” she said, “they are going. Let them go, while we give thanks to God, and pursue them no farther, since today is Sunday.”

Less than two months before, at Poitiers, Joan had said:

“I did not come to Poitiers to work signs. Take me to Orleans, and I will show you the sign for which I was sent.”

JOAN, THE WARRIOR MAID

She had kept her word, she had shown her sign. A situation which had baffled the French captains, kept a city in terror, and a king in walled retirement for nearly seven months, a girl of seventeen had relieved in three days.

The English had decamped leaving much material; also, their sick, and certain prisoners—among them, by one account, Joan's herald, Guienne. The people of Orleans at once ordered the bastiles pulled down.

And on that same Sunday the city joined in great procession, in which churchmen, soldiers, and citizens mingled. It was the first of the fêtes to be held in honor of the Maid of Orleans, for such she had become to them, so to remain until this day.



THE LADY WITH A LAMP

BY LYTTON STRACHEY *

Florence Nightingale, born in 1820, was an English girl of wealthy family, who had no taste for the ordinary social life led by girls of her time. She was deeply interested in hospital work and felt her call to service as truly as did Joan of Arc. —EDITOR.

AS the years passed, a restlessness began to grow upon her. She was unhappy, and at last she knew it. Mrs. Nightingale, too, began to notice that there was something wrong. It was very odd; what could be the matter with dear Flo? Mr. Nightingale suggested that a husband might be advisable; but the curious thing was that she seemed to take no interest in husbands. And with her attractions, and her accomplishments, too! There was nothing in the world to prevent her making a really brilliant match. But no! She

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would think of nothing but how to satisfy that singular craving of hers to be *doing* something. As if there was not plenty to do in any case, in the ordinary way, at home. There was the china to look after, and there was her father to be read to after dinner. Mrs. Nightingale could not understand it; and then one day her perplexity was changed to consternation and alarm. Florence announced an extreme desire to go to Salisbury Hospital for several months as a nurse; and she confessed to some visionary plan of eventually setting up in a house of her own in a neighbouring village, and there founding "something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings." The whole scheme was summarily brushed aside as preposterous; and Mrs. Nightingale, after the first shock of terror, was able to settle down again more or less comfortably to her embroidery. But Florence, who was now twenty-five and felt that the dream of her life had been shattered, came near to desperation.

And, indeed, the difficulties in her path were great. For not only was it an almost unimaginable thing in those days for a woman of means to make her own way in the world and to live in independence, but the particular profession for which Florence was clearly marked out both by her instincts and her capacities was at that time a peculiarly disreputable one. A "nurse" meant then a coarse old woman, always ignorant, usually dirty, often brutal, a Mrs. Gamp, in bunched-up sordid garments, tippling at the brandy bottle or indulging in worse irregularities. The nurses in the hospitals were especially notorious for immoral conduct; sobriety almost unknown among them; and they could hardly be trusted to carry out the simplest medical duties. Certainly, things have changed since those days; and that they *have* changed is due, far more than to any other human being, to Miss Nightingale herself. It is not to be wondered at that her parents should have shuddered at the notion of their daughter

devoting her life to such an occupation. "It was as if," she herself said afterwards, "I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid." Yet the want, absurd, impracticable as it was, not only remained fixed immovably in her heart, but grew in intensity day by day.

For years, while she lived with her parents, she seized every opportunity to visit charitable institutions and hospitals in England and on the continent, and she managed to get a few months' training in Germany. Finally she became superintendent of a hospital. But her great opportunity came when, in 1854, England, then engaged in the Crimean War, became aware that conditions in the military hospital at Scutari were atrocious. She was appointed to take charge of the hospital, and set forth for the Bosphorus.—EDITOR.

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari—a suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus—on November 4th, 1854; it was ten days after the battle of Balaclava, and the day before the battle of Inkerman. The organisation of the hospitals, which had already given way under the stress of the battle of the Alma, was now to be subjected to the further pressure which these two desperate and bloody engagements implied. Great detachments of wounded were already beginning to pour in. The men, after receiving such summary treatment as could be given them at the smaller hospitals in the Crimea itself, were forthwith shipped in batches of two hundred across the Black Sea to Scutari. This voyage was in normal times one of four days and a half; but the times were no longer normal, and now the transit often lasted for a fortnight or three weeks. It received, not without reason, the name of "the middle passage." Between, and sometimes on the decks, the wounded, the sick, and the dying were crowded—men who had just undergone the amputation of limbs, men in the clutches of fever or of frostbite, men in the last stages

of dysentery and cholera—without beds, sometimes without blankets, often hardly clothed. The one or two surgeons on board did what they could; but medical stores were lacking, and the only form of nursing available was that provided by a handful of invalid soldiers, who were usually themselves prostrate by the end of the voyage. There was no other food beside the ordinary salt rations of ship diet; and even the water was sometimes so stored that it was out of reach of the weak. For many months, the average of deaths during these voyages was seventy-four in the thousand; the corpses were shot out into the waters; and who shall say that they were the most unfortunate? At Scutari, the landing-stage, constructed with all the perverseness of Oriental ingenuity, could only be approached with great difficulty, and, in rough weather, not at all. When it was reached, what remained of the men in the ships had first to be disembarked, and then conveyed up a steep slope of a quarter of a mile to the nearest of the hospitals. The most serious cases might be put upon stretchers—for there were far too few for all; the rest were carried or dragged up the hill by such convalescent soldiers as could be got together, who were not too obviously infirm for the work. At last the journey was accomplished; slowly, one by one, living or dying, the wounded were carried up into the hospital. And in the hospital what did they find?

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate: the delusive doors bore no such inscription; and yet behind them Hell yawned. Want, neglect, confusion, misery—in every shape and in every degree of intensity—filled the endless corridors and the vast apartments of the gigantic barrack-house, which, without forethought or preparation, had been hurriedly set aside as the chief shelter for the victims of the war. The very building itself was radically defective. Huge sewers underlying it, and cess-pools loaded with filth wafted their poison into the upper rooms. The floors were in so rotten a condition that many

of them could not be scrubbed; the walls were thick with dirt; incredible multitudes of vermin swarmed everywhere. And, enormous as the building was, it was yet too small. It contained four miles of beds, crushed together so close that there was but just room to pass between them. Under such conditions, the most elaborate system of ventilation might well have been at fault; but here there was no ventilation. The stench was indescribable. "I have been well acquainted," said Miss Nightingale, "with the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with that of the Barrack Hospital at night." The structural defects were equalled by the deficiencies in the commonest objects of hospital use. There were not enough bedsteads; the sheets were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men recoiled from them, begging to be left in their blankets; there was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and empty beer-bottles were used for candlesticks. There were no basins, no towels, no soap, no brooms, no mops, no trays, no plates; there were neither slippers nor scissors, neither shoebrushes nor blacking; there were no knives or forks or spoons. The supply of fuel was constantly deficient. The cooking arrangements were preposterously inadequate, and the laundry was a farce. As for purely medical materials, the tale was no better. Stretchers, splints, bandages—all were lacking; and so were the most ordinary drugs.

To replace such wants, to struggle against such difficulties, there was a handful of men overburdened by the strain of ceaseless work, bound down by the traditions of official routine, and enfeebled either by old age or inexperience or sheer incompetence. They had proved utterly unequal to their task. The principal doctor was lost in the imbecilities of a senile optimism. The wretched official whose business it was to provide for the wants of the hospital was tied fast hand and foot

by red tape. A few of the younger doctors struggled valiantly, but what could they do? Unprepared, disorganised, with such help only as they could find among the miserable band of convalescent soldiers drafted off to tend their sick comrades, they were faced with disease, mutilation, and death in all their most appalling forms, crowded multitudinously about them in an ever increasing mass. They were like men in a shipwreck, fighting, not for safety, but for the next moment's bare existence—to gain, by yet another frenzied effort, some brief respite from the waters of destruction.

In these surroundings, those who had been long inured to scenes of human suffering—surgeons with a world-wide knowledge of agonies, soldiers familiar with fields of carnage, missionaries with remembrances of famine and of plague—yet found a depth of horror which they had never known before. There were moments, there were places, in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, where the strongest hand was struck with trembling, and the boldest eye would turn away its gaze.

Miss Nightingale came, and she, at any rate, in that Inferno, did not abandon hope. For one thing, she brought material succour. Before she left London she had consulted Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Board, as to whether it would be useful to take out stores of any kind to Scutari; and Dr. Andrew Smith had told her that “nothing was needed.” Even Sidney Herbert had given her similar assurances; possibly, owing to an oversight, there might have been some delay in the delivery of the medical stores, which, he said, had been sent out from England “in profusion,” but “four days would have remedied this.” She preferred to trust her own instincts, and at Marseilles purchased a large quantity of miscellaneous provisions, which were of the utmost use at Scutari. She came, too, amply provided with money—in all, during her stay in the East, about £7000 reached her from private sources; and, in addition, she was able to avail herself

of another valuable means of help. At the same time as herself, Mr. Macdonald, of the *Times*, had arrived at Scutari, charged with the duty of administering the large sums of money collected through the agency of that newspaper in aid of the sick and wounded; and Mr. Macdonald had the sense to see that the best use he could make of the *Times* Fund was to put it at the disposal of Miss Nightingale.

I cannot conceive [wrote an eye-witness], as I now calmly look back on the first three weeks after the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman, how it could have been possible to have avoided a state of things too disastrous to contemplate, had not Miss Nightingale been there, with the means placed at her disposal by Mr. Macdonald.

But the official view was different. What! Was the public service to admit, by accepting outside charity, that it was unable to discharge its own duties without the assistance of private and irregular benevolence? Never! And accordingly when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our Ambassador at Constantinople, was asked by Mr. Macdonald to indicate how the *Times* Fund could best be employed, he answered that there was indeed one object to which it might very well be devoted—the building of an English Protestant Church at Pera.

Mr. Macdonald did not waste further time with Lord Stratford, and immediately joined forces with Miss Nightingale. But, with such a frame of mind in the highest quarters, it is easy to imagine the kind of disgust and alarm with which the sudden intrusion of a band of amateurs and females must have filled the minds of the ordinary officer and the ordinary military surgeon. They could not understand it; what had women to do with war? Honest Colonels relieved their spleen by the cracking of heavy jokes about “the bird”; while poor Dr. Hall, a rough terrier of a man, who had worried his way to the top of his profession, was struck speechless

with astonishment, and at last observed that Miss Nightingale's appointment was extremely droll.

Her position was, indeed, an official one, but it was hardly the easier for that. In the hospitals it was her duty to provide the services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by the doctors, and not until then. At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and, though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually she gained ground. Her good will could not be denied, and her capacity could not be disregarded. With consummate tact, with all the gentleness of supreme strength, she managed at last to impose her personality upon the susceptible, overwrought, discouraged, and helpless group of men in authority who surrounded her. She stood firm; she was a rock in the angry ocean; with her alone was safety, comfort, life. And so it was that hope dawned at Scutari. The reign of chaos and old night began to dwindle; order came upon the scene, and common sense, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the great gallery in the Barrack Hospital where day and night, the Lady Superintendent was at her task. Progress might be slow, but it was sure. The first sign of a great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been unprovided for months. The sick men began to enjoy the use of towels and soap, knives and forks, combs and tooth-brushes. Dr. Hall might snort when he heard of it, asking, with a growl, what a soldier wanted with a tooth-brush; but the good work went on. Eventually the whole business of purveying to the hospitals was, in effect, carried out by Miss Nightingale. She alone, it seemed, whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what was wanted; she alone could dispense her stores with readiness; above all she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influences of official etiquette.

This was her greatest enemy, and sometimes even she was baffled by it. On one occasion 27,000 shirts sent out at her instance by the Home Government, arrived, were landed, and were only waiting to be unpacked. But the official "Purveyor" intervened; "he could not unpack them," he said, "without a Board." Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain; the sick and wounded lay half-naked shivering for want of clothing; and three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts. A little later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority. She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened, while the miserable "Purveyor" stood by, wringing his hands in departmental agony.

Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay, she found, engulfed in the bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House. Other ship-loads, buried beneath munitions of war destined for Balaclava, passed Scutari without a sign, and thus hospital materials were sometimes carried to and fro three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss Nightingale suggested to the home authorities that a Government Store House should be instituted at Scutari for the reception and distribution of the consignments. Six months after her arrival this was done.

In the meantime she had reorganised the kitchens and the laundries in the hospitals. The ill-cooked hunks of meat, vilely served at irregular intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men were replaced by punctual meals, well-prepared and appetising, while strengthening extra foods—soups and wines, and jellies ("preposterous luxuries," snarled Dr. Hall)—were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect. The separation of the bones from the meat was no part of official cookery: the rule was that the food must be divided into equal

portions, and if some of the portions were all bone—well, every man must take his chance. The rule, perhaps, was not a very good one, but there it was. "It would require a new Regulation of the Service," she was told, "to bone the meat." As for the washing arrangements, they were revolutionised. Up to the time of Miss Nightingale's arrival the number of shirts which the authorities had succeeded in washing was seven. The hospital bedding, she found, was "washed" in cold water. She took a Turkish house, had boilers installed, and employed soldiers' wives to do the laundry work. The expenses were defrayed from her own funds and that of the *Times*; and henceforward the sick and wounded had the comfort of clean linen.

Then she turned her attention to their clothing. Owing to military exigencies the greater number of the men had abandoned their kit; their knapsacks were lost forever; they possessed nothing but what was on their persons, and that was usually only fit for speedy destruction. The "Purveyor," of course, pointed out that, according to the regulations, all soldiers should bring with them into hospital an adequate supply of clothing, and he declared that it was no business of his to make good their deficiencies. Apparently, it was the business of Miss Nightingale. She procured socks, boots, and shirts in enormous quantities; she had trousers made, she rigged up dressing-gowns. "The fact is," she told Sidney Herbert, "I am now clothing the British Army."

All at once, word came from the Crimea that a great new contingent of sick and wounded might shortly be expected. Where were they to go? Every available inch in the wards was occupied; the affair was serious and pressing, and the authorities stood aghast. There were some dilapidated rooms in the Barrack Hospital, unfit for human habitation, but Miss Nightingale believed that if measures were promptly taken they might be made capable of accommodating several hun-

dred beds. One of the doctors agreed with her; the rest of the officials were irresolute: it would be a very expensive job, they said; it would involve building; and who could take the responsibility? The proper course was that a representation should be made to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in London; then the Director-General would apply to the Horse Guards, the Horse Guards would move the Ordnance, the Ordnance would lay the matter before the Treasury, and, if the Treasury gave its consent, the work might be correctly carried through, several months after the necessity for it had disappeared. Miss Nightingale, however, had made up her mind, and she persuaded Lord Stratford—or thought she had persuaded him—to give his sanction to the required expenditure. A hundred and twenty-five workmen were immediately engaged, and the work was begun. The workmen struck; whereupon Lord Stratford washed his hands of the whole business. Miss Nightingale engaged two hundred other workmen on her own authority, and paid the bill out of her own resources. The wards were ready by the required date; five hundred sick men were received in them; and all the utensils, including knives, forks, spoons, cans and towels, were supplied by Miss Nightingale.

This remarkable woman was in truth performing the function of an administrative chief. How had this come about? Was she not in reality merely a nurse? Was it not her duty simply to tend to the sick? And indeed, was it not as a ministering angel, a gentle "lady with a lamp" that she actually impressed the minds of her contemporaries? No doubt that was so; and yet it is no less certain that, as she herself said, the specific business of nursing was "the least important of the functions into which she had been forced." It was clear that in the state of disorganisation into which the hospitals at Scutari had fallen the most pressing, the really vital, need was for something more than nursing; it was for the necessary

elements of civilised life—the commonest material objects, the most ordinary cleanliness, the rudimentary habits of order and authority. “Oh, dear Miss Nightingale,” said one of her party as they were approaching Constantinople, “when we land, let there be no delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows!” “The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub,” was Miss Nightingale’s answer. And it was upon the wash-tub, and all that the wash-tub stood for, that she expended her greatest energies. Yet to say that is perhaps to say too much. For to those who watched her at work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale. Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure. Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. “Before she came,” said a soldier, “there was cussin’ and swearin’, but after that it was as ’oly as a church.” The most cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of Miss Nightingale. In those “lowest sinks of human misery,” as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression “which could distress a gentlewoman.”

She was heroic; and these were the humble tributes paid by those of grosser mould to that high quality. Certainly, she

was heroic. Yet her heroism was not of that simple sort so dear to the readers of novels and the compilers of hagiologies—the romantic sentimental heroism with which mankind loves to invest its chosen darlings: it was made of sterner stuff. To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy; but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the “Purveyor,” and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari Hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the serried and reluctant powers of the official world; it was by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. As she passed through the wards in her plain dress, so quiet, so unassuming, she struck the casual observer simply as the pattern of a perfect lady; but the keener eye perceived something more than that—the serenity of high deliberation in the scope of the capacious brow, the sign of power in the dominating curve of the thin nose, and the traces of a harsh and dangerous temper—something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise—in the small and delicate mouth. There was humour in the face; but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind; might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber. As for her voice, it was true of it, even more than of her countenance, that it “had that in it one must fain call master.” Those clear tones were in no need of emphasis: “I never heard her raise her voice,” said

one of her companions. Only, when she had spoken, it seemed as if nothing could follow but obedience. Once, when she had given some direction, a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. "But it must be done," said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot through all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

Late at night, when the long miles of beds lay wrapped in darkness, Miss Nightingale would sit at work in her little room, over her correspondence. It was one of the most formidable of all her duties. There were hundreds of letters to be written to the friends and relations of soldiers; there was the enormous mass of official documents to be dealt with; there were her own private letters to be answered; and, most important of all, there was the composition of her long and confidential reports to Sidney Herbert. These were by no means official communications. Her soul, pent up all day in the restraint and reserve of a vast responsibility, now at last poured itself out in these letters with all its natural vehemence, like a swollen torrent through an open sluice. Here, at least, she did not mince matters. Here she painted in her darkest colours the hideous scenes which surrounded her; here she tore away remorselessly the last veils still shrouding the abominable truth. Then she would fill pages with recommendations and suggestions, with criticisms of the minutest details of organisation, with elaborate calculations of contingencies, with exhaustive analyses and statistical statements piled up in breathless eagerness one on the top of the other. And then her pen, in the virulence of its volubility, would rush on to the discussion of individuals, to the denunciation of an incompetent surgeon or the ridicule of a self-sufficient nurse. Her sarcasm searched the ranks of the officials with the deadly and unsparing precision of a machine-gun. Her nicknames were terrible. She respected no one: Lord Strat-

ford, Lord Raglan, Lady Stratford, Dr. Andrew Smith, Dr. Hall, the Commissary-General, the Purveyor—she fulminated against them all. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her like a nightmare, and she gnashed her teeth against it. "I do well to be angry," was the burden of her cry. How many just men were there at Scutari? How many who cared at all for the sick, or had done anything for their relief? Were there ten? Were there five? Was there even one? She could not be sure.

At one time, during several weeks, her vituperations descended upon the head of Sidney Herbert himself. He had misinterpreted her wishes, he had traversed her positive instructions, and it was not until he had admitted his error and apologised in abject terms that he was allowed again into favour. While this misunderstanding was at its height an aristocratic young gentleman arrived at Scutari with a recommendation from the Minister. He had come out from England filled with a romantic desire to render homage to the angelic heroine of his dreams. He had, he said, cast aside his life of ease and luxury; he would devote his days and nights to the service of that gentle lady; he would perform the most menial offices, he would "fag" for her, he would be her footman—and feel requited by a single smile. A single smile, indeed, he had, but it was of an unexpected kind. Miss Nightingale at first refused to see him, and then, when she consented, believing that he was an emissary sent by Sidney Herbert to put her in the wrong over their dispute, she took notes of her conversation with him, and insisted on his signing them at the end of it. The young gentleman returned to England by the next ship.

This quarrel with Sidney Herbert was, however, an exceptional incident. Alike by him, and by Lord Panmure, his successor at the War Office, she was firmly supported; and the fact that during the whole of her stay at Scutari she had the

Home Government at her back, was her trump card in her dealings with the hospital authorities. Nor was it only the Government that was behind her: public opinion in England early recognised the high importance of her mission, and its enthusiastic appreciation of her work soon reached an extraordinary height. The Queen herself was deeply moved. She made repeated inquiries as to the welfare of Miss Nightingale; she asked to see her accounts of the wounded, and made her the intermediary between the throne and the troops.

Let Mrs. Herbert know [she wrote to the War Minister] that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble, wounded, and sick men that *no one* takes a warmer interest or feels *more* for their sufferings or admires their courage and heroism *more* than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that *our* sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

The letter was read aloud in the wards by the Chaplain. "It is a very feeling letter," said the men.

And so the months passed, and that fell winter which had begun with Inkerman and had dragged itself out through the long agony of the investment of Sebastopol, at last was over. In May, 1855, after six months of labour, Miss Nightingale could look with something like satisfaction at the condition of the Scutari hospitals. Had they done nothing more than survive the terrible strain which had been put upon them, it would have been a matter for congratulation; but they had done much more than that; they had marvellously improved. The confusion and the pressure in the wards had come to an end; order reigned in them, and cleanliness; the supplies were bountiful and prompt; important sanitary works had been carried out. One simple comparison of figures was enough

to reveal the extraordinary change: the rate of mortality among the cases treated had fallen from 42 per cent to 22 per thousand. But still the indefatigable lady was not satisfied. The main problem had been solved—the physical needs of the men had been provided for; their mental and spiritual needs remained. She set up and furnished reading-rooms and recreation-rooms. She started classes and lectures. Officers were amazed to see her treating their men as if they were human beings, and assured her that she would only end by “spoiling the brutes.” But that was not Miss Nightingale’s opinion, and she was justified. The private soldier began to drink less, and even—though that seemed impossible—to save his pay. Miss Nightingale became a banker for the army, receiving and sending home large sums of money every month. At last, reluctantly, the Government followed suit, and established machinery of its own for the remission of money. Lord Panmure, however, remained sceptical; “it will do no good,” he pronounced; “the British soldier is not a remitting animal.” But, in fact, during the next six months, £71,000 was sent home.

Amid all these activities, Miss Nightingale took up the further task of inspecting the hospitals in the Crimea itself. The labour was extreme, and the conditions of life were almost intolerable. She spent whole days in the saddle, or was driven over those bleak and rocky heights in a baggage cart. Sometimes she stood for hours in the heavily falling snow, and would only reach her hut at dead of night after walking for miles through perilous ravines. Her powers of resistance seemed incredible, but at last they were exhausted. She was attacked by fever, and for a moment came very near to death. Yet she worked on; if she could not move, she could at least write; and write she did until her mind had left her; and after it had left her, in what seemed the delirious trance of death itself, she still wrote. When, after many

THE LADY WITH A LAMP

weeks, she was strong enough to travel, she was to return to England, but she utterly refused. She would not go back, she said, before the last of the soldiers had left Scutari.

It was not until July, 1856—four months after the Declaration of Peace—that Miss Nightingale left Scutari for England. Her reputation was now enormous, and the enthusiasm of the public was unbounded. The Royal approbation was expressed by the gift of a brooch, accompanied by a private letter.

You are, I know, well aware [wrote Her Majesty] of the high sense I entertain of the Christian devotion which you have displayed during this great and bloody war, and I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the *privilege* of alleviating in so merciful a manner. I am, however, anxious of marking my feelings in a manner which I trust will be agreeable to you, and therefore send you with this letter a brooch, the form and emblems of which commemorate your great and blessed work, and which I hope you will wear as a mark of the high approbation of your Sovereign!

"It will be a very great satisfaction to me," Her Majesty added, "to make the acquaintance of one who has set so bright an example to our sex."

The brooch, which was designed by the Prince Consort, bore a St. George's cross in red enamel, and the Royal cypher surmounted by diamonds. The whole was encircled by the inscription, "Blessed are the Merciful."

TWO DISCOVERERS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

ROBERT E. PEARY

The fulfillment of a life's dream—the discovery of a long-sought goal on the earth's surface; such is the story of Columbus' first voyage to America and of Peary's finding of the North Pole. Their difficulties, their anticipations, their emotions at the supreme moment constitute the material from which these narratives are woven—one told with the imaginative insight of the famous romantic writer, Washington Irving, the other with the simplicity, reserve, and yet deep feeling of the explorer himself.



WESTWARD TO THE INDIES

BY WASHINGTON IRVING *

Familiar to all is the story of Columbus' long struggle to secure patronage for his attempt to reach India by a westward voyage and of his success at last in equipping the expedition through the aid of Queen Isabella of Spain. Washington Irving in his graceful and picturesque style makes vivid to us the anxieties of Columbus during the momentous journey.—EDITOR.

IN losing sight of this last trace of land, the hearts of the crews failed them, for they seemed to have taken leave of the world. Behind them was everything dear to the heart of man—country, family, friends, life itself; before them everything was chaos, mystery, and peril. In the perturbation of the moment, they despaired of ever more seeing their homes. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations. Columbus tried in every way to soothe

* From *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*.

their distress, describing the splendid countries to which he expected to conduct them, and promising them land, riches, and everything that could arouse their cupidity or inflame their imaginations; nor were these promises made for purposes of deception, for he certainly believed he should realize them all.

He now gave orders to the commanders of the other vessels, in case they should be separated by any accident, to continue directly westward; but that after sailing seven hundred leagues, they should lay by from midnight until daylight, as at about that distance he confidently expected to find land. Foreseeing that the vague terrors already awakened among the seamen would increase with the space which intervened between them and their homes, he commenced a stratagem which he continued throughout the voyage. This was to keep two reckonings, one private, in which the true way of the ship was noted, and which he retained in secret for his own government; the other public, for general inspection, in which a number of leagues was daily subtracted from the sailing of the ships, so as to keep the crews in ignorance of the real distance they had advanced.

When about one hundred and fifty leagues west of Ferro, they fell in with part of a mast of a large vessel, and the crews, tremblingly alive to every portent, looked with a rueful eye upon this fragment of a wreck, drifting ominously at the entrance of these unknown seas.

On the 13th of September, in the evening, Columbus, for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. He at first made no mention of it, lest his people should be alarmed; but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of Nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world subject to unknown influences. They appre-

hended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues, and, without this guide, what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean? Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terrors. He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point. The variation, therefore, was not caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like the other heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion they entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer, gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided.

They had now arrived within the influence of the trade wind, which, following the sun, blows steadily from east to west between the tropics, and sweeps over a few adjoining degrees of the ocean. With this propitious breeze directly aft, they were wafted gently but speedily over a tranquil sea, so that for many days they did not shift a sail. Columbus in his journal perpetually recurs to the bland and temperate serenity of the weather, and compares the pure and balmy mornings to those of April in Andalusia, observing that the song of the nightingale was alone wanting to complete the illusion.

They now began to see large patches of herbs and weeds all drifting from the west. Some were such as grow about rocks or in rivers, and as green as if recently washed from the land. On one of the patches was a live crab. They saw also a white tropical bird, of a kind which never sleeps upon the sea; and tunny fish played about the ships. Columbus now supposed himself arrived in the weedy sea described by Aristotle, into which certain ships of Cadiz had been driven by an impetuous east wind.

As he advanced, there were various other signs that gave great animation to the crews; many birds were seen flying from the west; there was a cloudiness in the north, such as often

hangs over land; and at sunset the imagination of the seamen, aided by their desires, would shape those clouds into distant islands. Every one was eager to be the first to behold and announce the wished-for shore; for the sovereigns had promised a pension of thirty crowns to whosoever should first discover land. Columbus sounded occasionally with a line of two hundred fathoms, but found no bottom. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, as well as others of his officers, and many of the seamen, were often solicitous for Columbus to alter his course, and steer in the direction of these favorable signs; but he persevered in steering to the westward, trusting that, by keeping in one steady direction, he should reach the coast of India, even if he should miss the intervening islands, and might then seek them on his return.

Notwithstanding the precaution which had been taken to keep the people ignorant of the distance they had sailed, they gradually became uneasy at the length of the voyage. The various indications of land which occasionally flattered their hopes, passed away one after another, and the same interminable expanse of sea and sky continued to extend before them. They had advanced much farther to the west than ever man had sailed before, and though already beyond the reach of succor, were still pressing onward and onward into that apparently boundless abyss. Even the favorable wind, which seemed as if providentially sent to waft them to the New World with such bland and gentle breezes, was conjured by their fears into a source of alarm. They feared that the wind in these seas always prevailed from the east, and if so, would never permit their return to Spain. A few light breezes from the west allayed for a time their last apprehension, and several small birds, such as keep about groves and orchards, came singing in the morning, and flew away at night. Their song was wonderfully cheering to the hearts of the poor mariners, who hailed it as the voice of land. The birds

they had hitherto seen had been large and strong of wing; but such small birds, they observed, were too feeble to fly far, and their singing showed that they were not exhausted by their flight.

On the following day there was a profound calm, and the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with weeds, so as to have the appearance of a vast inundated meadow, a phenomenon attributed to the immense quantities of submarine plants which are detached by the currents from the bottom of the ocean. The seamen now feared that the sea was growing shallow; they dreaded lurking rocks, and shoals, and quicksands, and that their vessels might run aground, as it were, in the midst of the ocean, far out of the track of human aid, and with no shore where the crews could take refuge. Columbus proved the fallacy of this alarm, by sounding with a deep-sea line, and finding no bottom.

For three days there was a continuance of light summer airs, from the southward and westward, and the sea was as smooth as a mirror. The crews now became uneasy at the calmness of the weather. They observed that the contrary winds they experienced were transient and unsteady, and so light as not to ruffle the surface of the sea, the only winds of constancy and force were from the west, and even those had not power to disturb the torpid stillness of the ocean: there was a risk, therefore, either of perishing amidst stagnant and shoreless waters, or of being prevented, by contrary winds, from ever returning to their native country.

Columbus continued, with admirable patience, to reason with these absurd fancies, but in vain; when fortunately there came on a heavy swell of the sea, unaccompanied by wind, a phenomenon that often occurs in the broad ocean, caused by the impulse of some past gale, or distant current of wind. It was, nevertheless, regarded with astonishment by the

mariners, and dispelled the imaginary terrors occasioned by the calm.

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. The impatience of the seamen rose to absolute mutiny. They gathered together in the retired parts of the ships, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, joining in murmurs and menaces against the admiral. They exclaimed against him as an ambitious desperado, who, in a mad phantasy, had determined to do something extravagant to render himself notorious. What obligation bound them to persist, or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated into seas untraversed by a sail, and where man had never before adventured. Were they to sail on until they should perish, or until all return with their frail ships should become impossible? Who would blame them should they consult their safety and return? The admiral was a foreigner, without friends or influence. His scheme had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. There was, therefore, no party on his side, but rather a large number who would be gratified by his failure.

Such are some of the reasonings by which these men prepared themselves for open rebellion. Some even proposed, as an effectual mode of silencing all after-complaints of the admiral, that they should throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard, while contemplating the stars and signs of the heavens, with his astronomical instruments.

Columbus was not ignorant of these secret cabals, but he kept a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, stimulating the pride or the avarice of others, and openly menacing the most refractory with punishment. New hopes diverted them for a time. On the 25th of September, Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his

vessel, and shouted, "Land! Land! Señor, I claim the reward!" There was, indeed, such an appearance of land in the southwest, that Columbus threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God, and all the crews joined in chanting *Gloria in excelsis*. The ships altered their course, and stood all night to the southwest, but the morning light put an end to all their hopes as to a dream: the fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night.

For several days they continued on with alternate hopes and murmurs, until the various signs of land became so numerous, that the seamen, from a state of despondency, passed to one of high excitement. Eager to obtain the promised pension, they were continually giving the cry of land; until Columbus declared, that should any one give a notice of the kind, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the 7th of October, they had come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which Columbus had computed to find the island of Cipango. There were great flights of small field birds to the southwest, which seemed to indicate some neighboring land in that direction, where they were sure of food and a resting place. Yielding to the solicitations of Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers, Columbus, on the evening of the 7th, altered his course, therefore, to the west southwest. As he advanced, the signs of land increased; the birds came singing about the ships and herbage floated by as fresh and green as if recently from shore. When, however, on the evening of the third day of this new course, the seamen beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they again broke forth into loud clamors, and insisted upon abandoning the voyage. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and liberal promises; but finding these only increased their violence, he assumed a different tone, and told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the

sovereigns to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

He was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but, fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit of doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn, with berries on it, floated by; they picked up, also, a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long-sought land.

In the evening, when, according to custom, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night, and ordered that a vigilant lookout should be kept from the forecabin, promising to whosoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual; at sunset they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of

the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called Pedro Gutierrez, a gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville, but native of Alcala de la Guadaira; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the Admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feel-

ings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island, far in the Indian seas; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as he watched for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendors of oriental civilization.

When the day dawned, Columbus saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though everything appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore. They were all perfectly naked, and, from their attitudes and gestures, appeared lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus made signal to cast anchor, and to man the boats. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincente Yañez his brother, likewise put off in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having,

on each side, the letters *F* and *Y*, surmounted by crowns, the Spanish initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Ysabel.

As they approached the shores, they were delighted by the beauty and grandeur of the forests; the variety of unknown fruits on the trees which overhung the shores; the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, and the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands. On landing, Columbus threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by his companions, whose breasts, indeed, were full to overflowing. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession in the names of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. He then called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, and representative of the sovereigns.

His followers now burst forth into the most extravagant transports. They thronged around him, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging his forgiveness, and offering, for the future, the blindest obedience to his commands.

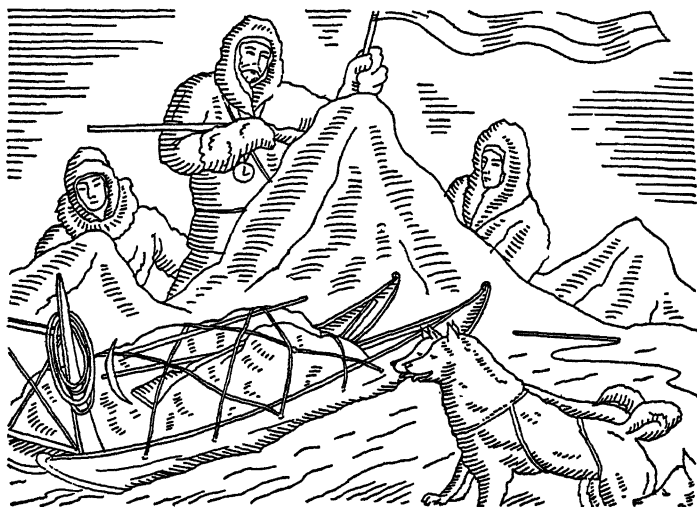
The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, had supposed them some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about, without any apparent effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shores, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing

upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid to him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared so strange and formidable, submitted to their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing as they did from any race of men they had ever seen. They were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors and devices, so as to have a wild and fantastic appearance. Their natural complexion was of a tawny, or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of Africa, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut above the ears, but some locks behind left long, and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty

foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature, and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age. There was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed. They appeared to be a simple and artless people, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen among them, nor did they know its properties, for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge. Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, which they received as inestimable gifts, and decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves, after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island, and they returned to their ships late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen,



WHERE EVERY DIRECTION IS SOUTH

BY ROBERT E. PEARY *

Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole, was born in 1856, but it was not until 1909 that he achieved the goal towards which he had been aiming for twenty-three years. As an officer in the United States Navy, he had explored the coast of Greenland in 1886 and from that time on he returned again and again to the Polar regions, sometimes accompanied by his wife as well as by a few picked men. The expedition of 1906 reached a point $87^{\circ} 6'$ north, but was then compelled to return because of shortage of food supplies. Commander Peary himself wrote, "The determination to reach the Pole had become so much a part of my being, that, strange as it may seem, I long ago ceased to think of myself save as an instrument for the attainment of that end."

The narrative selected is the climax of a book that tells the full story of the successful expedition.—EDITOR.

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WITH every passing day even the Eskimos were becoming more eager and interested, notwithstanding the fatigue of the long marches. As we stopped to make camp, they would climb to some pinnacle of ice and strain their eyes to the north, wondering if the Pole was in sight, for they were now certain that we should get there this time.

We slept only a few hours the next night, hitting the trail again a little before midnight between the 3rd and 4th of April. The weather and the going were even better than the day before. The surface of the ice, except as interrupted by infrequent pressure ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Cape Columbia, and harder. I rejoiced at the thought that if the weather held good I should be able to get in my five marches before noon of the 6th.

Again we traveled for ten hours straight ahead, the dogs often on the trot and occasionally on the run, and in those ten hours we reeled off at least twenty-five miles. I had a slight accident that day, a sledge runner having passed over the side of my right foot as I stumbled while running beside a team; but the hurt was not severe enough to keep me from traveling.

Near the end of the day we crossed a lead about one hundred yards wide, on young ice so thin that, as I ran ahead to guide the dogs, I was obliged to slide my feet and travel wide, bear style, in order to distribute my weight, while the men let the sledges and dogs come over by themselves, gliding across where they could. The last two men came over on all fours.

I watched them from the other side with my heart in my mouth—watched the ice bending under the weight of the sledges and the men. As one of the sledges neared the north side, a runner cut clear through the ice, and I expected every

moment that the whole thing, dogs and all, would go through the ice and down to the bottom. But it did not.

This dash reminded me of that day nearly three years before, when, in order to save our lives, we had taken desperate chances in recrossing the "Big Lead" on ice similar to this—ice that buckled under us and through which my toe cut several times as I slid my long snowshoes over it. A man who should wait for the ice to be really safe would stand small chance of getting far in these latitudes. Traveling on the polar ice, one takes all kinds of chances. Often a man has the choice between the possibility of drowning by going on or starving to death by standing still, and challenges fate with the briefer and less painful chance.

That night we were all pretty tired, but satisfied with our progress so far. We were almost inside of the 89th parallel, and I wrote in my diary: "Give me three more days of this weather!" The temperature at the beginning of the march had been minus 40°. That night I put all the poorest dogs in one team and began to eliminate and feed them to the others, as it became necessary.

We stopped for only a short sleep, and early in the evening of the same day, the 4th, we struck on again. The temperature was then minus 35°, the going was the same, but the sledges always haul more easily when the temperature rises, and the dogs were on the trot much of the time. Toward the end of the march we came upon a lead running north and south, and as the young ice was thick enough to support the teams, we traveled on it for two hours, the dogs galloping along and reeling off the miles in a way that delighted my heart. The light air which had blown from the south during the first few hours of the march veered to the east and grew keener as the hours wore on.

I had not dared to hope for such progress as we were making. Still the biting cold would have been impossible to face

by anyone not fortified by an inflexible purpose. The bitter wind burned our faces so that they cracked, and long after we got into camp each day they pained us so that we could hardly go to sleep. The Eskimos complained much, and at every camp fixed their fur clothing about their faces, waists, knees, and wrists. They also complained of their noses, which I had never known them to do before. The air was as keen and bitter as frozen steel.

At the next camp I had another of the dogs killed. It was now exactly six weeks since we left the *Roosevelt*, and I felt as if the goal were in sight. I intended the next day, weather and ice permitting, to make a long march, "boil the kettle" midway, and then go on again without sleep, trying to make up the five miles which we had lost on the 3rd of April.

During the daily march my mind and body were too busy with the problem of covering as many miles of distance as possible to permit me to enjoy the beauty of the frozen wilderness through which we tramped. But at the end of the day's march, while the igloos were being built, I usually had a few minutes in which to look about me and to realize the picturesqueness of our situation—we, the only living things in a trackless, colorless, inhospitable desert of ice. Nothing but the hostile ice, and far more hostile icy water, lay between our remote place on the world's map and the utmost tips of the lands of Mother Earth.

I knew, of course, that there was always a *possibility* that we might still end our lives up there, and that our conquest of the unknown spaces and silences of the polar void might remain forever unknown to the world which we had left behind. But it was hard to realize this. / That hope which is said to spring eternal in the human breast always buoyed me up with the belief that, as a matter of course, we should be able to return along the white road by which we had come.

Sometimes I would climb to the top of a pinnacle of ice to

the north of our camp and strain my eyes into the whiteness which lay beyond, trying to imagine myself already at the Pole. We had come so far, and the capricious ice had placed so few obstructions in our path, that now I dared to loose my fancy, to entertain the image which my will had heretofore forbidden to my imagination—the image of ourselves at the goal.

We had been very fortunate with the leads so far, but I was in constant and increasing dread lest we should encounter an impassable one toward the very end. With every successive march, my fear of such impassable leads had increased. At every pressure ridge I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing there might be a lead just beyond it, and when I arrived at the summit I would catch my breath with relief—only to find myself hurrying out in the same way at the next ridge.

Before midnight on the 5th we were again on the trail. The weather was overcast, and there was the same gray and shadowless light as on the march after Marvin had turned back. The sky was a colorless pall gradually deepening to almost black at the horizon, and the ice was a ghastly and chalky white, like that of the Greenland ice cap—just the colors which an imaginative artist would paint as a polar ice scape. How different it seemed from the glittering fields, canopied with blue and lit by the sun and full moon, over which we had been traveling for the last four days.

The going was even better than before. There was hardly any snow on the hard granular surface of the old floes, and the sapphire blue lakes were larger than ever. The temperature had risen to minus 15°, which, reducing the friction of the sledges, gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the high spirits of the party. Some of them even tossed their heads and barked and yelped as they traveled.

Notwithstanding the grayness of the day and the melan-

choly aspect of the surrounding world, by some strange shift of feeling the fear of the leads had fallen from me completely. I now felt that success was certain, and, notwithstanding the physical exhaustion of the forced marches of the last five days, I went tirelessly on and on, the Eskimos following almost automatically, though I knew they must feel the weariness which my excited brain made me incapable of feeling.

When we had covered, as I estimated, a good fifteen miles, we halted, made tea, ate lunch, and rested the dogs. Then we went on for another estimated fifteen miles. In twelve hours' actual traveling time we made thirty miles. Many laymen have wondered why we were able to travel faster after the sending back of each of the supporting parties, especially after the last one. To any man experienced in the handling of troops this will need no explanation. The larger the party and the greater the number of sledges, the greater is the chance of breakages, or delay for one reason or another. A large party cannot be forced as rapidly as a small party.

Take a regiment, for instance. The regiment could not make as good an average daily march for a number of forced marches as could a picked company of that regiment. The picked company could not make as good an average march for a number of forced marches as could a picked file of men from that particular company; and this file could not make the same average for a certain number of forced marches that the fastest traveler in the whole regiment could make.

So that, with my party reduced to five picked men, every man, dog, and sledge under my individual eye, myself in the lead, and all recognizing that the moment had now come to let ourselves out for all there was in us, we naturally bettered our previous speed.

When Bartlett left us the sledges had been practically rebuilt, all the best dogs were in our pack, and we all understood that we must attain our object and get back as quickly

as we possibly could. The weather was in our favor. The average march for the whole journey from the land to the Pole was over fifteen miles. We had repeatedly made marches of twenty miles. Our average for five marches from the point where the last supporting party turned back was about twenty-six miles.

The last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6. I had now made the five marches planned from the point at which Bartlett turned back, and my reckoning showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon of the Columbia meridian, I made the first observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as $89^{\circ} 57'$.

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved. As soon as our igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep, Henson and the Eskimos having unloaded the sledges and got them in readiness for such repairs as were necessary. But, weary though I was, I could not sleep long. It was, therefore, only a few hours later when I awoke. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. ~~My~~ dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P.M., Columbia meridian time, in case the sky should clear, but at

that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long, two of the Eskimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we traveled, the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey, I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia meridian midnight. These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the Pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of those circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been traveling due north, while, on the last few miles of the same march we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling precisely in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles, and then go directly south, all the time traveling in the same direction.

As we passed along the trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could be possibly blown upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century. Had we stood in that spot during the

six months of the arctic winter night, we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with Polaris (the North Star) practically in the zenith.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character. We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more traveling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths": Cape Morris K. Jesup, Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost known point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude $87^{\circ} 6'$ in the ice of the polar sea. By the time it actually reached the Pole, therefore, it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its world-wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged many years.

TWO WOMEN TRAVELERS

SARAH KNIGHT

GERTRUDE BELL

Opportunity for adventurous travel in wilderness or desert seldom comes to the lone woman. Yet Sarah Knight and Gertrude Bell found such adventure, the one in Eastern America in 1704, the other in Syria and Asia Minor two centuries later. While the travels of Gertrude Bell were far more extensive than those of Madam Knight and her diary is correspondingly longer, there is evidence in the two stories that the writers were kindred spirits.



A WOMAN IN A WILDERNESS

BY SARAH KNIGHT *

Of Madam Knight a brief account is given by George Parker Winship in the introduction to the 1920 edition of *Madam Knight's Journal*, printed by Bruce Rogers for Small, Maynard and Company. She made the journey here recorded, from Boston to New Haven and thence to New York, when she was thirty-eight years old. She was a widow and experienced in teaching and shopkeeping, in which occupations she may have gained some of the self-confidence which led her to undertake so difficult an expedition alone and on horseback. The time consumed by such a journey suggests the comparative isolation of cities which now are near neighbors, and accounts for the marked differences which she observed in their customs. The author finds interest also in the incidents of travel and in the character of persons encountered. Her delightful humor pervades the whole narrative.—EDITOR.

* From *The Journal of Madam Knight*.

MONDAY, October the second, 1704. About three o'clock, afternoon, I begun my journey from Boston to New Haven; being about two hundred mile. My kinsman, Capt. Robert Luist, waited on me as far as Dedham, where I was to meet the western post.

I visited the Reverend Mr. Belcher, the minister of the town, and tarried there till evening, in hopes the post would come along. But he not coming, I resolved to go to Billingses where he used to lodge, being twelve miles further. But being ignorant of the way, Madam Billings, seeing no persuasions of her good spouse's or hers could prevail with me to lodge there that night, very kindly went with me to the tavern, where I hoped to get my guide and desired the hostess to inquire of her guests whether any of them would go with me.

Thus jogging on with an easy pace, my guide telling me it was dangerous to ride hard in the night (which his horse had the good sense to avoid), he entertained me with the adventures he had passed by late riding, and eminent dangers he had passed, so that, remembering the heroes in *Parismus* and the *Knight of the Oracle*, I didn't know but I had met with a prince disguised.

When we had rid about an hour, we come into a thick swamp, which by reason of a great fog, very much startled me, it being now very dark. But nothing dismayed John; he had encountered a thousand and a thousand such swamps, having a universal knowledge in the woods, and readily answered all my inquiries which were not a few.

In about an hour, or something more, after we left the swamp, we come to Billings, where I was to lodge.

Tuesday, October the third, about eight in the morning, I with the post proceeded forward without observing any thing

remarkable; and about two, afternoon, arrived at the post's second stage, where the western post met him and exchanged letters. Here, having called for something to eat, the woman brought in a twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and laying it on the board, tugged for life to bring it into a capacity to spread; which having with great pains accomplished, she served in a dish of pork and cabbage, I suppose the remains of dinner. The sauce was of a deep purple, which I thought was boiled in her dye kettle; the bread was Indian, and every thing on the table service agreeable to these. I, being hungry, got a little down; but my stomach was soon cloyed, and what cabbage I swallowed served me for a cud the whole day after.

Having here discharged the ordinary for self and guide (as I understood was the custom), about three, afternoon, went on with my third guide, who rode very hard; and having crossed Providence Ferry, we came to a river which they generally ride through. But I dare not venture, so the post got a lad and canoe to carry me to the other side, and he rid through and led my horse. The canoe was very small and shallow, so that when we were in she seemed ready to take in water, which greatly terrified me, and caused me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes steady, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than the other, nor so much as think of Lot's wife, for a wry thought would have upset our wherry. But was soon put out of this pain, by feeling the canoe on shore, which I as soon almost saluted with my feet; and rewarding my sculler, again mounted and made the best of our way forwards. The road here was very even and the day pleasant, it being now near sunset. But the post told me we had near fourteen miles to ride to the next stage (where we were to lodge). I asked him of the rest of the road, foreseeing we must travel in the night. He told me

there was a bad river we were to ride through, which was so very fierce a horse could sometimes hardly stem it: but it was but narrow, and we should soon be over. I cannot express the concern of mind this relation set me in; no thoughts but those of the dangerous river could entertain my imagination, and they were as formidable as various, still tormenting me with blackest ideas of my approaching fate—sometimes seeing myself drowning, otherwhiles drowned, and at the best like a holy sister just come out of a spiritual bath in dripping garments.

Now was the glorious luminary, with his swift coursers arrived at his stage, leaving poor me with the rest of this part of the lower world in darkness, with which we were soon surrounded. The only glimmering we now had was from the spangled skies, whose imperfect reflections rendered every object formidable. Each lifeless trunk, with its shattered limbs, appeared an armed enemy, and every little stump like a ravenous devourer. Nor could I so much as discern my guide, when at any distance, which added to the terror.

Thus, absolutely lost in thought, and dying with the very thoughts of drowning, I come up with the post, whom I did not see till even with his horse. He told me he stopped for me; and we rode on very deliberately a few paces, when we entered a thicket of trees and shrubs, and I perceived by the horse's going, we were on the descent of a hill, which as we come nearer the bottom, 'twas totally dark with the trees that surrounded it. But I knew by the going of the horse we had entered the water, which my guide told me was the hazardous river he had told me of; and he, riding up close to my side, bid me not fear—we should be over immediately. I now rallied all the courage I was mistress of, knowing that I must either venture my fate of drowning, or be left like the children in the wood. So, as the post bid me, I gave reins to my nag; and sitting as steady as just before in the canoe, in a few

minutes got safe to the other side, which he told me was the Narragansett country.

Friday, October 6th. I got up very early, in order to hire somebody to go with me to New Haven, being in great perplexity at the thoughts of proceeding alone; which my most hospitable entertainer observing, himself went, and soon returned with a young gentleman of the town, who he could confide in to go with me; and about eight this morning, with Mr. Joshua Wheeler, my new guide, taking leave of this worthy gentleman, we advanced on towards Seabrook. The roads all along this way are very bad, incumbered with rocks and mountainous passages, which were very disagreeable to my tired carcass; but we went on with a moderate pace which made the journey more pleasant. But after about eight miles' riding, in going over a bridge under which the river run very swift, my horse stumbled, and very narrowly escaped falling over into the water, which extremely frightened me. But through God's goodness I met with no harm, and mounting again, in about half a mile's riding, came to an ordinary, where we were well entertained by a woman of about seventy and vantage, but of as sound intellectuals as one of seventeen. She entertained Mr. Wheeler with some passages of a wedding a while ago at a place hard by, the bridegroom being about her age or something above, saying his children were dreadfully against their father's marrying, which she condemned them extremely for.

From hence we went pretty briskly forward, and arrived at Saybrook Ferry about two of the clock, afternoon; and crossing it, we called at an inn to bait (foreseeing we should not have such another opportunity till we come to Killingsworth). Landlady come in, with her hair about her ears, and hands at full pay scratching. She told us she had some mutton which she would broil, which I was glad to hear; but I sup-

pose forgot to wash her scratchers. In a little time she brought it in, but it being pickled, and my guide said it smelt strong of head sauce, we left it, and paid sixpence apiece for our dinner, which was only smell.

Saturday, October 7th, we set out early in the morning, and being somewhat unacquainted with the way, having asked it of some one we met, they told us we must ride a mile or two and turn down a lane on the right hand; and by their direction we rode on but not yet coming to the turning, we met a young fellow and asked him how far it was to the lane which turned down towards Guilford. He said we must ride a little further, and turn down by the corner of Uncle Sam's lot. My guide vented his spleen at the lubber, and we soon after came into the road, and keeping still on, without any thing further remarkable, about two o'clock afternoon we arrived at New Haven, where I was received with all possible respects and civility.

Their diversions in this part of the country are on lecture days and training days mostly. On the former there is riding from town to town.

And on training days the youth divert themselves by shooting at the target, as they call it (but it very much resembles a pillory), where he that hits nearest the white has some yards of red ribbon presented him, which being tied to his hatband, the two ends streaming down his back, he is led away in triumph, with great applause, as the winners of the Olympiack Games. They generally marry very young: the males oftener, as I am told, under twenty than above. They generally make public weddings, and have a way something singular (as they say) in some of them, namely, just before joining hands the bridegroom quits the place, who is soon followed by the bridesmen, and as it were, dragged back to

duty—being the reverse to the former practice among us, to steal Miss Pride.

December 6th. Being by this time well recruited and rested after my journey, my business lying unfinished by some concerns at New York depending thereupon, my kinsman, Mr. Thomas Trowbridge of New Haven must needs take a journey there before it could be accomplished. I resolved to go there in company with him, and a man of the town which I engaged to wait on me there. Accordingly, December 6th we set out from New Haven, and about eleven same morning came to Stratford Ferry; which crossing, about two miles on the other side baited our horses and would have eat a morsel ourselves, but the pumpkin and Indian mixt bread had such an aspect, and the bare-legged punch so awkward or rather awful a sound, that we left both, and proceeded forward, and about seven at night come to Fairfield, where we met with good entertainment and lodged; and early next morning set forward to Norowalk, from its half-Indian name Northwalk, when about twelve at noon we arrived, and had a dinner of fried venison, very savoury. Landlady wanting some pepper in the seasoning, bid the girl hand her the spice in the little *gay* cup on the shelf. From hence we hasted towards Rye, walking and leading our horses near a mile together, up a prodigious high hill; and so riding till about nine at night, and there arrived and took up our lodgings at an ordinary, which a French family kept. Here being very hungry, I desired a fricasee, which the Frenchman undertaking, managed so contrary to my notion of cookery, that I hastened to bed supperless. . . .

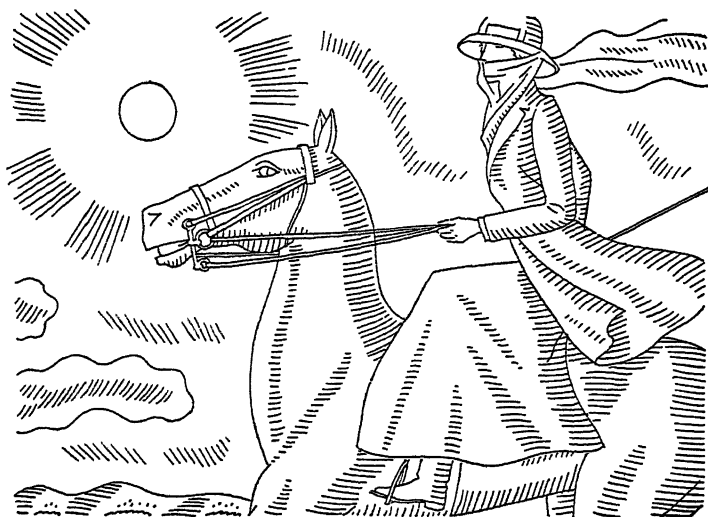
The city of New York is a pleasant, well compacted place, situated on a commodious river which is a fine harbour for shipping. The buildings brick generally, very stately and

high, though not altogether like ours in Boston. The bricks in some of the houses are of divers colors and, laid in checkers, being glazed look very agreeable. The inside of them are neat to admiration, the wooden work, for only the walls are plastered, and the summers and joist are planed and kept very white scoured as so is all the partitions if made of boards. The fire places have no jambs (as ours have), but the backs run flush with the walls, and the hearth is of tiles and is as far out into the room at the ends as before the fire, which is generally five foot in the lower rooms, and the piece over where the mantle tree should be is made as ours with joiner's work, and as I suppose is fastened to iron rods inside. The house where the vendue was had chimney corners like ours, and they and the hearths were laid with the finest tile that I ever see, and the stair cases laid all with white tile which is very clean, and so are the walls of the kitchen, which had a brick floor. They were making great preparations to receive their governor, Lord Cornbury from the Jerseys, and for that end raised the militia to guard him on shore to the fort.

They are generally of the Church of England and have a New England gentleman for their minister, and a very fine church set out with all customary requisites. There are also a Dutch and divers conventicles as they call them, namely, Baptist, Quakers, and others. They are not strict in keeping the Sabbath as in Boston and other places where I have been, but seem to deal with great exactness as far as I see or deal with. They are sociable to one another and courteous and civil to strangers and fare well in their houses. The English go very fashionable in their dress. But the Dutch, especially the middling sort, differ from our women, in their habit go loose, wear French muches which are like a cap and a head band in one, leaving their ears bare, which are set out with jewels of a large size and many in number, and their fingers

hooped with rings, some with large stones in them of many colors as were their pendants in their ears, which you should see very old women wear as well as young.

They have vendues very frequently and make their earnings very well by them, for they treat with good liquor liberally, and the customers drink as liberally and generally pay for it as well, by paying for that which they bid up briskly for, after the sack has gone plentifully about, though sometimes good penny worths are got there. Their diversions in the winter is riding sleighs about three or four miles out of town, where they have houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery, and some go to friends' houses who handsomely treat them. Mr. Burroughs carried his spouse and daughter and myself out to one Madame Dowes, a gentlewoman that lived at a farmhouse, who gave us a handsome entertainment of five or six dishes and choice beer and metheglin, cider, etc., all which she said was the produce of her farm. I believe we met fifty or sixty sleighs that day—they fly with great swiftness, and some are so furious that they'll turn out of the path for none except a loaden cart. Nor do they spare for any diversion the place affords, and sociable to a degree, their tables being as free to their neighbors as to themselves.



AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PALESTINE

BY GERTRUDE BELL *

The letters of this brilliant English woman, whose life fell mainly within the twentieth century, need little introduction to readers, other than that supplied by their editor, Lady Bell, from which an excerpt is given. Gertrude Bell possessed the ideal equipment for a traveler in Palestine—knowledge of Arabic, adaptability to strange conditions, keen powers of observation, appreciation of the picturesque, and sincere interest in human nature.—EDITOR.

FROM INTRODUCTION TO THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL

GERTRUDE BELL, happily for her family and friends, was one of the people whose lives can be reconstructed from their correspondence.

Through all her wanderings, whether far or near, she kept

* From *The Letters of Gertrude Bell*, selected and edited by Lady Bell, D.B.E. Copyright, 1927. Reprinted by permission of Ernest Benn, Limited, London; and Horace Liveright, New York.

in the closest touch with her home, always anxious to share her experiences and impressions with her family, to chronicle for their benefit all that happened to her, important or unimportant: whether a stirring tale of adventure or an account of a dinner party. Those letters, varied, witty, enthralling, were a constant joy through the years to all those who read them. It was fortunate for the recipients that the act of writing, the actual driving of the pen, seemed to be no more of an effort to Gertrude than to remember and record all that the pen set down. She was able at the close of a day of exciting travel to toss a complete account of it on to paper for her family, often covering several closely written quarto pages. And for many years she kept a diary as well.

Then the time came when she ceased to write a diary. From 1919 onwards the confidential detailed letters of many pages, often written day by day, took its place. These were usually addressed to her father and dispatched to her family by every mail and by every extra opportunity. Besides these home letters, she found time for a large and varied correspondence with friends outside her home circle, both male and female, among the former being some of the most distinguished men of her time. But the letters to her family have provided such abundant material for the reconstruction of her story that it has not been found necessary to ask for any others. Short extracts from a few outside letters to some of her intimate friends, however, have been included.

The earlier of these letters, written when she was at home and therefore sending no letters to her family, show what her home life and outlook were at the time of her girlhood, when she was living an ordinary life—in so far as her life could ever be called ordinary. They foreshadow the pictures given in her subsequent family letters of her gradual development on all sides through the years, garnering as she went

the almost incredible variety of experiences which culminated and ended in Bagdad.

Letters written when she was twenty show that after her triumphant return from Oxford with one of the most brilliant Firsts of her year she threw herself with the greatest zest into all the amusements of her age, sharing in everything, enjoying everything, dancing, skating, fencing, going to London parties; making ardent girl friendships, drawing into her circle intimates of all kinds. She also loved her country life, in which her occupations included an absorbing amount of gardening, fox hunting—she was a bold rider to hounds—interesting herself in the people at her father's ironworks, and in her country village, making friends in every direction. And when she was wandering far afield (her wanderings began very early—she went to Roumania when she was twenty-two and to Persia when she was twenty-three), she was always ready to take up her urban or country life at home on her return with the same zest as before, carrying with her, wherever she was, her ardent zest for knowledge; turning the flashlight of her eagerness on to one field of the mind after another and making it her own; reading, assimilating, discussing until the years found her ranged on equal terms beside some of the foremost scholars of her time.

To most people outside her own circle Gertrude was chiefly known by her achievements in the East, and it is probably the story of these that they will look for in this book. But the letters here published, from the time she was twenty until the end of her life, show such an amazing range of many-sided ability that they may seem to those who read them to present a picture worth recording at every stage.

Scholar, poet, historian, archæologist, art critic, mountaineer, explorer, gardener, naturalist, distinguished servant of the State, Gertrude was all of these, and was recognized by experts as an expert in them all.

JERUSALEM: FIRST DESERT JOURNEYS

Ayan Musa, Tuesday, March 20, 1900.

From my tent:

I left Jerusalem yesterday soon after nine, having seen my cook at seven and arranged that he should go off as soon as he could get the mules ready. (His name is Hanna—sounds familiar doesn't it! but that H is such as you have never heard.) I rode down to Jerusalem alone—the road was full of tourists, caravans of donkeys carrying tents for cook and Bedouin escorts. I made friends as I went along and rode with first one Bedouin and then another, all of them exaggerating the dangers I was about to run with the hope of being taken with me into Moab. Halfway down I met my guide from Salt, east of Jordan, coming up to meet me. His name is Tarif, he is a servant of the clergyman in Salt and a Christian therefore, and a perfect dear. We rode along together, sometime, but he was on a tired horse, so I left him to come on slowly and hurried down into Jericho where I arrived with a Bedouin—famished. I went to the Jordan hotel. We then proceeded to the Mudir's for I wanted to find out the truth of the tales I had been told about Moab, but he was out. By this time Tarif and Hanna had arrived and reported the tents to be one and a half hours behind, which seemed to make camping at the Jordan impossible that night. . . . I determined to pass that night in Jericho and make an early start.

This morning I got up at five and at six was all ready, having sent on my mules and Hanna to the Jordan bridge. I knocked up the Mudir and he said he would send a guide to Madeba to make the necessary arrangements for me. The river valley is wider on the other side and was full of tamarisks in full white flower and willows in the newest of leaf, there were almost no slime pits and when we reached the level of the Ghor (that is the Jordan plain), behold, the

wilderness had blossomed like the rose. It was the most unforgettable sight—sheets and sheets of varied and exquisite colour—purple, white, yellow, and the brightest blue (this was a bristly sort of plant which I don't know) and fields of scarlet ranunculus. Nine-tenths of them I didn't know, but there was the yellow daisy, the sweet-scented mauve wild stock, a great splendid sort of dark-purple onion, the white garlic and purple mallow, and higher up a tiny blue iris and red anemones and a dawning pink thing like a linum. We were now joined by a cheerful couple, from Bethlehem, a portly fair man in white with a yellow keffiyeh (that's the thing they wear round their heads bound by ropes of camel hair and falling over the shoulders) and a fair beard, riding a very small donkey, and a thinner and darker man walking. The first one looked like a portly burgher. He asked me if I were a Christian and said he was, praise be to God! I replied piously that it was from God. So we all journeyed on together through the wilderness of flowers and every now and then the silent but amiable Ismael got off to pick me a new variety of plant, while the others enlivened the way by stalking wood pigeons, but the pigeons were far too wily and they let off their breech loaders in vain and stood waist deep in flowers watching the birds flying cheerfully away—with a "May their house be destroyed!" from my Christian friend. A little higher up we came to great patches of corn sown by the Adwan Bedouins—"Arabs" we call them east of Jordan, they being the Arabs par excellence, just as we call their black tents "houses," there being no others. Then goodbye to the flowers! Now we saw a group of black tents far away on a little hill covered with white tombs—Tell Kufrein it is called—and here the barley was in ear and, in the midst of the great stretches of it, little watch towers of branches had been built and a man stood on each to drive away birds and people. One was playing a pipe as we passed—it was much more

Arcadian than Arcadia. We had now reached the bottom of the foothills, and leaving the Ghor behind us, we began to mount. We crossed a stream flowing down the Wady Hisban (which is Heshbon of the fish pools in the Song of Songs) at a place called Akweh. It was so wet here that we rode on to a place where there were a few thorn trees peopled by immense crowds of resting birds—they seize on any little bush for there are so few and the Arabs come and burn the bush and catch and cook the birds all in one! On the top of the first shoulder we came to spreading cornfields. The plan is this—the “Arabs” sow one place this year and go and live somewhere else lest their animals should eat the growing corn. Next year this lies fallow and the fallow of the year before is sown. Over the second shoulder we got on to a stretch of rolling hills and we descended the valley to Ayan Musa, a collection of beautiful springs with an Arab camp pitched above them. I found the loveliest iris I have yet seen—big and sweet-scented and so dark purple that the hanging-down petals are almost black. It decorates my tent now. Half an hour later my camp was pitched a little lower down on a lovely grassy plateau. We were soon surrounded by Arabs who sold us a hen and some excellent sour milk, “laban” it is called. While we bargained the women and children wandered round and ate grass, just like goats. The women are unveiled. They wear a blue cotton gown six yards long, which is gathered up and bound round their heads and their waists and falls to their feet. Their faces, from the mouth downwards, are tattooed with indigo and their hair hangs down in two long plaits on either side. Our horses and mules were hobbled and groomed. Hanna brought me an excellent cup of tea and at six a good dinner consisting of soup made of rice and olive oil (very good!), an Irish stew, and raisins from Salt, an offering from Tarif. My camp lies just under Pisgah. Isn't it a joke being able to talk Arabic! We saw

a great flock of storks to-day (the Father of Luck, Tarif calls them) and an eagle. I am now amongst the Bilka Arabs but these particular people are the Ghanimat, which Hanna explains as Father of Flocks.

Wed., 21. Well, I can now show you the reverse side of camping. I woke this morning at dawn to find a strong wind blowing up clouds from the east. At seven it began to rain but I nevertheless started off for the top of Siagheh, which is Pisgah, sending the others straight to Madeba. I could see from it two of the places from which Balaam is supposed to have attempted the cursing of Israel and behind me lay the third, Nebo—Naba in Arabic. The Moses legend is a very touching one. I stood on the top of Pisgah and looked out over the wonderful Jordan valley and the blue sea and the barren hills, veiled and beautified by cloud and thought it was one of the most pathetic stories that have ever been told. I then rode to Nebo, the clouds sweeping down behind me and swallowing up the whole Ghor. As I left Nebo it began to stream. Arrived at Madeba about 11.30, wet through. As I rode through the squalid muddy little streets, to my surprise I was greeted in American by a man in a waterproof. He is a photographer, semiprofessional, and his name is Baker, and he is very cheerful and nice. He is travelling with a dragoman. I selected my camping ground on the lee side of the village and Mr. Baker took me to the Latin monastery where he is lodging to keep out of the wet while my camp was being put up. I sent up to Government House, so to speak, to find out what my Mudir's letter had done for me in the matter of to-morrow's escort. The answer came that this Mudir was away but that the Effendi was coming to see me. He appeared, a tall middle-aged Turk; I invited him into my tent with all politeness and offered him cigarettes (you see a bad habit may have its merits!) while Hanna brought him a cup of coffee. But—the soldier was not to be had!

There weren't enough. I determined to wait till the coffee and cigarettes had begun to work and turned the conversation to other matters—with as many polite phrases as I could remember. Fortunately I fell upon photography and found that his great desire was to be photographed with his soldiers. I jumped at this and offered to do him and send him copies and so forth and the upshot of it was that *for me* he would send a soldier to-morrow at dawn. I think it's rather a triumph to have conducted so successful a piece of diplomacy in Arabic, don't you? The wind has dropped and the sky is clear, but it's cold and dampish. I had the brilliant idea of sending into the town for a brazier which was brought me full of charcoal and put into my tent. I have been drying my habit over it. From my camp I look over great rolling plains of cornfields stretching eastwards.

Thursday, 22. This has been a most wonderful day. Hanna woke me at 5.30. By 6.30 I had breakfasted and was ready to start. I sent up to know if my soldier was coming. He arrived in a few minutes, a big, handsome, cheerful, Circassian mounted on a strong white horse, and a little before seven we started off. In a dip we came suddenly upon a great encampment of Christians from Madeba and stopped to photograph them and their sheep. They were milking them, the sheep being tied head to head in a serried line of perhaps forty at a time. We went on and on, the ground rising and falling and always the same beautiful grass—no road, we went straight across country. Another big encampment of Christians. The people were most friendly and one man insisted on mounting his little mare and coming with us, just for love. So we all cantered off together, through many flocks and past companies of dignified storks walking about and eating the locusts, till we came to the road, the pilgrim road to Mecca. Road of course it is not; it is about one-eighth of a mile wide and consists of hundreds of parallel tracks trodden out by

the immense caravan which passes over it twice a year. We next came to some camps and flocks of the Beni Sakhr, the most redoubted of all the Arab tribes and the last who submitted to the Sultan's rule—"Very much not pleasant" said Tarif—and now we were almost at the foot of the low hills and before us stood the ruins of Mashetta. It is a Persian palace, begun and never finished by Chosroes I, who overran the country in 611 of our era and planned to have a splendid hunting box in there. Grassy plains abound in game. The beauty of it all was quite past words. It's a thing one will never forget as long as one lives. At last most reluctantly, we turned back on our four hours' ride home. We hadn't gone more than a few yards before three of the Beni Sakhr came riding towards us, armed to the teeth, black browed and most menacing. When they saw our soldier they threw us the salaam with some disgust, and after a short exchange of politeness, proceeded on their way—we felt that the interview might have turned differently if we had been unescorted. We rode on straight across the plains putting up several foxes and a little grey wolf. Unfortunately we did not see the white gazelles of which there are said to be many, also jackals and hyenas. Just as we came to the edge of the cornfields, again two of the Beni Sakhr sprang up seemingly out of the ground and came riding towards us. Exactly the same interview took place as before and they retired in disgust. We got in at five, quite delighted with our day. Don't think I have ever spent such a wonderful day.

Friday, 23. Hanna woke me at 6.30 just in time to see a lovely sunrise across the Madeba plains. At 7.30 I went up to the Sarai to see if the Effendi wanted to be photographed but I found him so busy that he had not had time to get into his swell clothes, so we arranged that it was to be for when I came back. The Effendi insisted on sending a soldier with me to Kerak. It is quite unnecessary, but this is the penalty

of my distinguished social position! And also, I think, of my nationality, for the Turks are much afraid of us and he probably thinks I have some project of annexation in my mind! The Circassian—for he is again a Circassian—is good looking and pleasant. They are an agreeable race. I was off at eight. We were on the Roman road all the day—paved on the flat, hewn out of the rock in the gorges. Oh, my camp is too lovely to-night! I am in a great field of yellow daisies by the edge of a rushing stream full of fish and edged with oleanders, which are just coming out. (I have a bunch of them in my tent.) On either side rise the great walls of the valley and protect me from every breath of wind. I have just been having a swim in the river under the oleander bushes and Tarif has shot me a partridge for dinner. . . . There is a very pretty white broom flowering. Mashallah! Oh, the nice sound of water and frogs and a little screaming owl!

Sunday April 1. We were off at seven this morning and rode two and a half hours along our former road across the wide stretching uplands. The monotony was broken by keeping a watch for the Roman milestones. We were going very slowly so as to keep in touch with the mules and we passed one every quarter of an hour the whole way. The paved road was often very well preserved. It was blazing hot. We lunched at the opening of the usual broad shallow valley where there was a very dirty pool at which the mules watered, and one tiny thorn bush under the shade of which we tried to sit, but as it was 11 there was not much shade to be had. In all this country there is practically no water, there are a few cisterns scattered over the hills and, I should think, emptied before the middle of the summer, and where we are camping a couple of wells, and that's absolutely all! I nearly went to sleep on my horse this morning, but was wakened up by hearing Ayoub relating to me tales of Ibn Rashid. One

gets so accustomed to it all that one ceases to be bored. We set off again at twelve and Ayoub sighted some Arabs on a hill top so he and I and Hanna and Tarif left the others and rode up over the hill and found a lot of Arabs watering their flocks at a "bit" (that's a cistern). It was a very pretty sight. They brought the water up in skins and poured it into the stone troughs all round and the sheep and goats drank thirstily. We followed the Roman road, which runs straight over the tops of the hills . . . to our camping place down in the valley at 2.30. It is called Towaneh and was once a big town; the ruins of it stretch up on either side of the valley, but there is nothing now but a cluster of black tents a few hundred yards below us. I paid a call on some Arab ladies and watched them making a sort of sour cream cheese in a cauldron over their fire. They gave me some when it was done, we all ate it with our fingers, and then they made me coffee, and we drank it out of the same cup, and it was quite good. It was very difficult to understand them for their vocabulary is perfectly different from mine; however, we got along by keeping to simple subjects! These people are gipsies; some of them have just been dancing for me, round my camp fire. It was quite dark, with a tiny new moon, the fire of dry thorns flickered up—faded and flickered again and showed the circle of men crouching on the ground, their black and white cloaks wrapped round them and the woman in the middle dancing. She looked as though she had stepped out of an Egyptian fresco. She wore a long red gown bound round her waist with a dark blue cloth, and falling open in front to show a redder petticoat below. Round her forehead was another dark blue cloth bound tightly and falling in long ends down her back, her chin was covered by a white cloth drawn up round her ears and falling in folds to her waist and her lower lips tattooed with indigo! Her feet, in red leather shoes, scarcely moved, but all her body danced, and she swept a red hand-

kerchief she held in one hand round her head, and clasped her hands together in front of her impassive face. The men played a drum and a discordant fife and sang a monotonous song and clapped their hands and gradually she came nearer and nearer to me, twisting her slender body till she dropped down on the heap of brushwood at my feet, and kneeling, her body still danced and her arms swayed and twisted round the mask like face. She got up, and retreated again slowly, with downcast eyes, invoking blessings upon me at intervals, till at last I called her and gave her a couple of *besklihs*. Near Damascus is their home, and they are going back there from Mecca where they have been near the Prophet (thanks be to God!) and they have seen the holy city (God made it!) and they hope to reach Damascus in safety (if God please!). They talked Arabic to me, but to each other the gipsy tongue which sounded more like Turkish than anything else.

Monday, 2. One of my muleteers, Muhammad, is a Druze. If all his sect are like him, they must be a charming race. He is a great big handsome creature, gentle and quiet and extremely abstemious. He eats nothing but rice and bread and figs. It makes me all the more keen to go to the Hauran which is the chief centre of them, and I want very much to take these two muleteers with me: they are very capable and obliging, and Muhammad would be interesting to have in a Druze country. One mayn't know or see anything of their religious observances, but he has been telling me a great deal about their life and customs. He says nearly all the people in the Lebanon are Druzes. He himself comes from Beyrout, where he lives next door to Ali. They both talk with the pretty, soft, singsong accent of the Lebanon. I have a good variety of accents with me for Tarif has the Bedouin and Hanna the real cockney of Jerusalem. They appeal to me sometimes to know which is right. I never was so sunburnt

GERTRUDE BELL

in my life; I'm a rich red brown—not at all becoming—in spite of the Quangle Wangle hat you sent me.

Friday, 6 (Jericho again). Madeba, in proportion to its size, must have the largest number of mosquitoes and fleas of any inhabited spot on the globe. Chiefly owing to the mosquitoes, my night was rather a restless one; it also rained a great deal, and rain makes an unconscionable noise on a tent, besides the fact is I was troubled to think of my poor people outside. There was still a little rain when I got up at five, but the clouds lifted and we had no more. I broke up my camp here, and rode myself into Jericho with Hanna. We came down the same road that we had come up—but the Ghor had withered. In one little fortnight the sun had eaten up everything but the tall dry daisy stalks. It was almost impossible to believe that it had been so lovely so short a time ago. Jericho doesn't look at all nice, all burnt up and withered.

TWO STATESMEN

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

The term politician, too often a term of obloquy, may here be used of two men who nobly served their nations—the United States and England respectively—through party politics. The selections chosen from the two biographies, however, emphasize chiefly the personality of each and the social atmosphere in which he moved—America of the Revolution and England of the Victorian era.



HAMILTON AND REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA

BY ALLAN MCLANE HAMILTON *

The book from which these selections are taken is intended to acquaint the reader with the personality of Hamilton rather than the progress of his career. To this end it is arranged topically rather than chronologically. The quotations which follow show nothing of his great work in establishing the United States Treasury in the first years of this republic, but they reflect the man in his environment.

Born on the island of Nevis in the Antilles in 1757, Hamilton was sent to New York at fifteen for education.—EDITOR.

AT an early age Hamilton developed a facility in expression that widened with succeeding years, and he accumulated a remarkably extended vocabulary which is apparent in everything that he wrote and said; and if the power of thought is measured, as is generally admitted, by the extent

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of accumulation of symbols and ideas, he certainly possessed a rich store of both. This seems strange, for it does not appear that he had access to many books, or received more than childish education at the knee of his mother to the time of her death, when he was but eleven years old, although it has been stated that in his earliest infancy he was able to read the Hebrew Decalogue. It is certain that he understood French as well as English, and his early literary productions, among them the famous account of the tornado, show much precocity and fertility of composition. He certainly was able, not only to express himself well, but to make a selection of terse terms and vigorous English.

When Hamilton reached America in 1772, he brought letters which he delivered to the Rev. Hugh Knox and to William Livingston, afterward governor of New Jersey, and stayed with the latter at his house, which was known as "Liberty Hall," while he attended the school of which Dr. Barber was the head master, at Elizabethtown. In the winter of 1773-1774 he was ready for college and would have entered Princeton, but he went to President Witherspoon with a proposition that he should be allowed to pass from one class to another when so qualified, instead of following the usual routine of the university. This proposal was not acceded to, so he turned his steps to King's College in New York, which was then situated between the streets that are now Church, Greenwich, Barclay, and Murray. The president was the Rev. Dr. Myles Cooper, a stanch loyal Englishman, who had succeeded Samuel Johnson, the first president of the college, and with him were associated Dr. Samuel Clossey, who taught medicine, and Dr. Peter Middleton. Dr. Clossey was a clever Irish surgeon and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and came to America in 1764, when he was forty-nine years old. He left an active medical practice to emigrate, and a year after his arrival was appointed to King's College as Professor of

Natural Philosophy, but subsequently was elected for the Chair of Anatomy, which he filled in 1774. He was a loyalist and did not at all sympathize with the colonists, so finding the atmosphere of New York uncongenial, returned to England, resigning his professorial position, and giving up his American practice. Dr. Peter Middleton lectured upon Chemistry.

The faculty seems to have been limited to these three men, to Dr. Cooper being assigned Latin, Greek, English, mathematics, and philosophy. Hamilton followed the rules which he afterward laid down for the guidance of his son Philip, and from morning till night led an abstemious life and devoted himself to his work, taking the literary course, and also studying medicine.

Here he had no trouble in advancing as rapidly as he chose; but his college course was brought to a close by the famous meeting in the "Fields," and his sudden entrance into public life. New York was tardy in following the example of other colonies in open and effective rebellion, and in uniting to form the first Congress. Alexander McDougall, Isaac Sears and others who belonged to the "Sons of Liberty," who later showed their patriotism in a number of riotous acts, were the prime movers in organizing a public meeting in what is now the City Hall Park. It was their object to stir the half-hearted Assembly to some action, and to urge upon it the meaning of heeding the voice of the patriots who were daily increasing in numbers. This was the occasion for Hamilton, a mere stripling, to force his way through the crowd to the front, and make a stirring address which seems to have aroused the assemblage more than the speeches of older men. This was really the opening of his career, and the impression he made as an orator was all the more profound because of his very physical immaturity. It does not appear from records of the college that he graduated, but that

his career as a soldier and patriot really began in the midst of the curriculum.

He was then not seventeen, and he had already begun to command attention by his eloquence and by his contributions to the *Age and Holt's Gazette*, where he became engaged in controversies with his own college president, who would not believe that the boy he had taught could produce such "well-reasoned and cogent political disquisitions."

It was at this time that Hamilton organized his students' corps, who adopted the name "Hearts of Oak" and who promptly performed a number of rebellious acts, such as removing the cannon from the Battery under fire of the British ship-of-war, *Asia*, at anchor in the bay.

Trevelyan refers to the outbreak of these young patriots, and alludes to the fact that "there was very little bloodshed, but some profanation, for later young Alexander Hamilton at the battle of Princeton, with the irreverence of a student fresh from a rival place of education, planted his guns on the sacred green of the academical campus, and fired a six-pound shot, which is said to have passed through the head of King George the Second's portrait in the chapel."

Hamilton's personality appears from all sources of information to indicate a mixture of aggressive force and infinite tenderness and amiability. The former led him always to speak his mind freely—perhaps too freely for his own comfort when he knew he was right, and when he had a wrong to master or disclose, or an end to accomplish.

This he did with an unselfishness and absolute fixity of purpose, and he often wondered why others did not think and act as he did, the righteous necessities of the case seemingly being so apparent. The energy of his nature is often shown in his letters, some of which are full of resentful im-

patience. In writing to Rufus King in regard to repudiation of the National debt, he says:

Kingston, Feb. 21, 1795.

MY DEAR KING: The unnecessary and capricious and abominable assassination of the national honor by the rejection of the propositions respecting the unsubscribed debt in the House of Representatives haunts me every step I take, and afflicts me more than I can express. To see the character of the government and the country so sported with—exposed to so indelible a blot—puts my heart to the torture. Am I, then, more of an American than those who drew their first breath on American ground? Or what is it that thus torments me at a circumstance so calmly viewed by almost everybody else? Am I a fool—a romantic Quixote—or is there a constitutional defect in the American mind? Were it not for yourself and a few others, I could adopt the reveries of De Paux as substantial truths, and could say with him that there is something in our climate which belittles every animal, human or brute.

I conjure you, my friend, make a vigorous stand for the honor of your country! Rouse all the energies of your mind, and measure swords in the Senate with the great slayer of public faith—the hackneyed veteran in the violation of public engagements. Prevent him if possible from triumphing a second time over the prostrate credit and injured interests of his country. Unmask his false and horrid hypotheses. . . . Display the immense difference between an able statesman and the man of subtleties. Root out the distempered and noisome weed which is attempted to be planted in our political garden, to choke and wither in its infancy the fair plant of public credit.

I disclose to you without reserve the state of my mind. It is discontented and gloomy in the extreme. I consider the cause of good government as having been put to an issue and the verdict rendered against it. . . . Introduce, I pray you, into the Senate, when the bill comes up, the clause which has been rejected, freed from embarrassment by the bills of credit, bearing interest on the

nominal value. Press its adoption in this, the most unexceptionable shape, and let the yeas and nays witness the result.

Among the other reasons for this is my wish that the true friends of public credit may be distinguished from its enemies. The question is too great a one to undergo a thorough examination before the community. It would pain me not to be able to distinguish. Adieu. God bless you!

P.S. Do me the favor to revise carefully the course of the bill respecting the unsubscribed debt and let me know the particulars. I wish to be able to judge more particularly of the underplot I suspect.

He never hesitated to assail the corrupt wherever they were to be found, to quickly ferret out abuses and to publicly expose them. For this reason he made numerous bitter enemies, who did not hesitate on repeated occasions to try to ruin him. In a way he was at times tactless, but it cannot be denied that he rarely erred in judgment. The passing of years undoubtedly has increased the number of his admirers, and has diminished the force of such faults as he had during his lifetime. As to his influence with men, reference may be made to the words of Oliver, who says:

"No man whose object is personal glory will sacrifice his popularity to his opinions, and this was Hamilton's constant habit. At no great crisis of his life do we ever find him engaged in considering whether a certain course of action will or will not conduce to his personal aggrandizement. He belonged to the class of men with whom the accomplishment of their objects is their most powerful motive. In the pursuit of renown he hardly rose above the average of public characters, but his desire for achievement was a passion."

There was something almost feminine in Hamilton's gentleness and concern for the comfort and happiness of other people. It is a matter of tradition that he endeared the soldiers of his own company to him by sharing their hardships, and

providing them with necessities out of his own almost empty pocket. With his own children he was ever tender, entering into their sports, and forgetting all his serious cares for the moment. When New York and Philadelphia were crowded with refugees he would hunt up the poorest, and direct his wife to send food and little delicacies for the women and children.

It had been his habit to travel upon the Circuit, as was the custom in those days with the different judges. One of these was Chancellor Kent, who told a story illustrating Hamilton's consideration and thoughtfulness. After a disagreeable, wintry ride of many miles they reached a comfortable inn. Kent had gone to bed early after a jolly evening which broke up prematurely as Kent was out of sorts. The night was cold, and the kindly nature of Hamilton was evidently disturbed by the indisposition of his friend. On his retiring he entered Judge Kent's room bearing an extra blanket, which he insisted on tucking carefully about the recumbent figure saying, "Sleep warm, little Judge, and get well. What should we do if anything should happen to you?" He had a love of the fine arts and was something of a print collector and an amateur painter, for it appears he advised Mrs. Washington in regard to the paintings she bought; but his purse was evidently too small to gratify his own tastes in this direction. Not only does his expense book contain items showing the occasional modest purchase of a print, but he left behind numerous wood and copper line engravings and etchings, that to-day would be very valuable. I distinctly remember a set of Mantegna's superb chiaroscuro of the "Triumph of Cæsar," and a particularly fine Dürer, which were in my father's possession; but the others have been scattered and can no longer be identified.

He had a rich voice, and rendered the songs of the day, among which was "The Drum," which he last sung at a meet-

ing of the Cincinnati, a few days before the duel with Burr, which ran:

'Twas in the merry month of May
 When bees from flower to flower did hum,
 Soldiers through the town marched gay;
 The village flew to the sound of the drum.

The clergyman sat in his study within
 Devising new ways to battle with sin;
 A knock was heard at the parsonage door,
 And the Sergeant's sword clanged on the floor.

"We're going to war, and when we die
 We'll want a man of God near by,
 So bring your Bible and follow the drum."

In the winter of 1779-1780 Washington was for the second time encamped at Morristown, under very much better conditions than when he was there previously, and, thanks to the provisions made by Robert Morris and General Schuyler and the help afforded by France, the troops were better clad and housed, although there was still great destitution and, later, great discontent. This, in measure, was due to the fact that they had not for a long time been paid, and a mutinous spirit was engendered, which had been taken advantage of—without any success, however—by British emissaries.

In spite of all this, as well as the proximity of the British, who came over from Staten Island to Elizabethtown, there may be said to have been a breathing spell for the little American army.

Washington and his officers, despite their discomfort and sufferings, managed to extract a considerable amount of pleasure from life, and there appears to have been a great deal of gayety, which was participated in by a merry collection of

young people, among whom were the Frenchmen attached to headquarters.

Governor William Livingston, who had befriended Hamilton upon his arrival in America in 1772, occupied his large, comfortable house known as Liberty Hall at Elizabethtown, which was built in 1776. With him were his pretty daughters, one of whom, Sarah, married John Jay, and the youngest, Kitty, who was an attached friend of Elizabeth Schuyler. These charming young women with their neighbors, Lady Kitty Stirling and her sister, and Susan Boudinot, vied with each other in making the routine life of the young army officers more bearable.

In the neighborhood were the quarters of Generals Greene, Knox, Philip Schuyler, and Surgeon-General Cochran.

Routs and balls were common, and the letters of the time detail in the quaint style of the period much of the camp gossip. The military family, as it was called, of Washington planned many entertainments, and the chief spirits were Hamilton, Tilghman, and McHenry.

On March 18, 1780, McHenry wrote to Hamilton, who had been sent off to exchange prisoners:

The family since your departure have given hourly proofs of a growing weakness. Example I verily believe is infectious. For such a predominance is beauty establishing over their hearts, that should things continue to wear as sweet an aspect as they are now beheld in, I shall be the only person left, of the whole household, to support the dignity of human nature. But in good earnest God bless both you, and your weakness, and preserve me your sincere friend.

The Vicomte de Chastellux, afterward marquis, was one of the many French noblemen who risked their lives in the War of Independence, and have left us unique impressions of the men, manners, and customs of that period, and especially of the Morristown encampment.

During the winter of 1780 he took advantage of the lull in operations to go on a journey from his post in Rhode Island to visit General Washington at his headquarters in Morristown, then to visit General Schuyler at Albany, and to inspect the various scenes of the struggles in which he himself had not participated.

Bad weather, still worse roads, the intense cold, and difficulties in obtaining shelter for man and beast could not dampen his spirits, or lessen his interest in all he heard and saw, and it may be the contrast with the forlorn outer world that prompted him to give so vivid a picture of the home comforts and pleasant intimacy that he found at Morristown.

Amongst other delightful comments upon his arrival and welcome he describes the first dinner and says:

I adapt myself very well to the English *toast*; one has very small glasses—one pours for oneself the quantity of wine desired without being urged to take more, and the toast is but a kind of refrain to the conversation. . . . I observed that at dinner the toasts were more ceremonious: some were for etiquette, others were suggested by the General and named by whichever aide-de-camp was doing the honors; for every day one of them sits at the end of the table beside the General in order to help all the dishes and dole out the bottles; now, that night the toasts were called by Colonel Hamilton and he gave them just as they occurred to him, haphazard and informally.

At the end of supper the guests are always asked to give a *sentiment*, that is, any woman to whom they may be attached by some sentiment, either love, friendship, or simple preference. This supper or conversation lasts from nine to eleven at night, always easy and agreeable.

Notwithstanding Chastellux's stories of the prodigality of Washington's table, and the apparent luxurious mode of life during his visit, it may be stated on the authority of Trevelyan that the entire cost of maintaining the headquarters' staff, and

the obligatory hospitality to outsiders during four and one-half months, and of a hungry army for the same time, was less than £500.

Washington's headquarters were in the old Jacob Ford place. According to Lossing, the General and his family occupied the whole of the house except two rooms on the eastern side which were reserved for Mrs. Ford and her family. Two log additions made to the house were used as a kitchen, and as an office for Washington, Tilghman, and Hamilton, while near the headquarters were huts erected for the life guard, then commanded by General William Colfax, who had succeeded Caleb Gibbs.

Hamilton's lovemaking was evidently pursued with the same activity as everything else he did, and his addresses, as was the fashion of the day, necessitated a vast expenditure of paper, ink, and blotting sand; and some of his characteristic letters are presented. His attentions to Miss Schuyler met with the hearty approval of her father, who wrote him as follows:

You cannot my dear Sir, be more happy at the connection you have made with my family than I am. Until the child of a parent has made a judicious choice his heart is in continual anxiety, but this anxiety was removed the moment I discovered on whom she had placed her affections. I am pleased with every instance of delicacy in those who are dear to me, and I think I read your soul on that occasion you mention. I shall therefore only entreat you to consider me as one who wishes in every way to promote your happiness, and I shall.



DISRAELI AND VICTORIAN ENGLAND

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS *

The purpose of personal portraiture is attained in the book here represented by a wholly different method from the topical arrangement of letters and quoted testimony used in the *Life of Hamilton*. Here the story is told in direct order with emphasis in the developing changes in Disraeli's personality. Selections have been chosen to emphasize his oddity and his charm.

Disraeli and Gladstone were the outstanding prime ministers under Queen Victoria of England, alternating in their power as leader of the Conservatives and the Liberals, respectively, for about thirty years. Disraeli is particularly distinguished for establishing the power of Great Britain over the Suez Canal and India.

The first selection pictures the dreaming, ambitious, self-conscious young law student, under the guidance of his father,

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a well-to-do Jewish citizen of London, devoted to literary pursuits.
—EDITOR.

A SOLICITOR'S office. In the chambers at Frederick's Place, in Old Jewry, he saw a procession of statesmen, bankers, merchants pass by. In the evenings he continued his reading in the paternal library. Sometimes he received an invitation from his chief, and at his house met young women and young girls. He was very pleasing. He had soft, liquid eyes, a chiselled nose, a sensitive mouth, and a skin of extraordinary pallor. In company with women, and in speaking of women, he forced himself to be cynical. It was a complex cynicism, made up of the fear of being duped, of unavowed timidity, of lack of imagination, and of a system. Benjamin had read *Don Juan* and held Byron as his god, and of the poet he knew only that side of the face which he had been willing to display. Brummell was in fashion, with his irritating affectation and his paradoxical insolence. He offered the example of a man of quite humble birth, the grandson of a confectioner, who had checkmated all the snobs of London simply by his own disdainful conceit. The insolence of the Great, that of the Powerful, that of the Pedants, had all been known. But in the dandy was personified a pure insolence, gratuitous and drawing its strength only from itself. Illustrious examples had proved that this method could be successful, and in a world of middle-class lawyers, the youthful D'Israeli wished to make the attempt. He dressed with extravagant refinement, a coat of black velvet, ruffles, and black silk stockings with red clocks; he fixed women with an impertinent eye, answered men over his shoulder, and immediately he thought he could detect the happy results of his attitude. Married women looked at him with smiles which were justifiably envied by men of stature.

Frequently his father took him to dine with the publisher

John Murray, where he would meet with well-known writers and listen to conversations which gave him great delight. There he saw Samuel Rogers, and Tom Moore, Byron's friend, who had arrived from Italy where he had met the poet. "Pray, is Lord Byron much altered?" asked Mr. D'Israeli. "Yes, his face has swelled out and he is getting fat; his hair is grey and his countenance has lost that 'spiritual expression' which he so eminently had. His teeth are getting bad; he says if ever he came to England it would be to consult Wayte about them." The young Benjamin listened with all ears, and when he came back at night, made notes of what he had heard.

While observing the others, he was at the same time inspecting himself with a critical eye. He saw that certain of his father's friends found amusement in his precocity, in the liveliness of his repartees, and that others were shocked by his impertinence. By many he was thought to be affected, given to posing, insufferable. As he could not be sincere from fear of being ridiculous, he enlivened his conversation with endless pleasantry, and when he tried to hold back his sarcasms, the memory of the insults he had received at school seemed like an evil demon possessing him. Impudence was preferable to servility. When his excessive aptitude for catching hold of absurdities had made him a dangerous enemy, he reproached himself with the fact and imposed upon himself spiritual exercises in the manner of Loyola. He made a note: "Resolution. To be always sincere and open with Mrs. E——. Never to say anything but what I mean—*point de moquerie*, in which she thinks I excel."

Already the chambers in Frederick's Place were beginning to prove wearisome. The young girl who was intended for him had told him herself: "No . . . you have too much genius for Frederick's Place: it will never do." He was in a hurry to escape. "Think of unrecognized Caesar, with his

wasting youth, weeping over the Macedonian's young career! View the obscure Napoleon starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena to the bitterness of such experience? The vision of past glory might illumine even that dark imprisonment; but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracles: can the wheel or the rack rival the torture of such a suspicion?"

A holiday trip in Germany precipitated the decision. In company with his father he saw the small Courts of Germany, those brilliant and happy societies, those charming theatres where the Grand Duke himself would conduct the orchestra from his box. They were well received. Military bands played during meals. Old Mr. D'Israeli, with his pink complexion and white hair, was taken for an English general. His son was secretly flattered by the mistake. The world was too beautiful and too varied for any one to spend his youth in turning over the pages of briefs. As they came down the magical waters of the Rhine, under those mysterious hills from which the ivy-clad towers gazed down, he decided that on his return he would turn his back on the whole abracadabra of the law.

When he was twenty-six, Disraeli set out with a friend upon a Continental tour.—EDITOR.

Arrived at Gibraltar, the first stage, he astonished the young officers there by the variety of his waistcoat buttons and the calculated extravagance of his conversation. He was the first traveller to boast of having a morning cane and an evening cane. At the stroke of noon, punctually, he changed them. All this of course by system, and laughing at himself the while. Spain pleased him, with its white houses and green jalousies, Figaro in every street, Rosina at every balcony. Visiting the Alhambra, he sat on the throne of the Abencerrages with such an air that the old woman custodian

asked if he were a descendant of the Moors. "This is my palace," he told her. She believed him.

At Malta, the next stage, a rival loomed up. This was an Englishman, James Clay, who beat the garrison at rackets, Prince Pignatelli at billiards, and the Russian legation at écarté. Obviously a remarkable man, but one could fight with other weapons. "To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day." Mr. D'Israeli shook his head. Why did this son of his, so simple and natural at home, become such a coxcomb in public? Indeed, Benjamin made himself so odious at Malta that the officers' mess gave up inviting "that damned bumptious Jew boy." He did not care a rap, and went to pay a great round of visits in an embroidered Andalusian jacket, white trousers, and a sash of all the colours of the rainbow. Half the population followed him and business was held up for the whole day. He dared to present himself in this costume at the governor's, a cold and distant man, who burst out laughing and took a fancy to him. The gravest of Englishmen are fond of extravagance, from fear of that ennui which is so powerful in their nature.

He left Malta in the garb of a Greek pirate, with blood-red shirt, silver buttons as large as shillings, a sash stuffed with pistols and daggers, a red cap, red slippers, wide sky-blue trousers heavily trimmed with embroidery and ribbons.

D'Israeli was enraptured with the Turks, took to wearing

a turban, smoked a pipe six feet long, and spent his days outstretched on a divan. These habits of idleness and luxury were in harmony with an indolent and melancholic side of his nature which Western activity had kept concealed, but had not completely suppressed. Mehmed Pasha told him that he was not a true Englishman because he was capable of walking so softly. He liked the movement of the Eastern street, the varied types and costumes, the flash of colours, the call of the muezzin, the barbaric drum announcing the approach of the caravan, the solemn and decorative camels followed by the frieze of Arabs. With such a background, ambition was lulled. The world appeared suddenly in an aspect more profound and more unreal. It was as if one had been living in a fairy tale or in one of the *Thousand and One Nights*.

His impressions became grave and austere when, having passed through Syria, he turned his steps towards Jerusalem. His mood attuned itself without difficulty to those burning and arid landscapes. He fell in with some nomad tribes, whose sheikhs made him welcome and opened their tents to him. Their noble simplicity, the finished perfection of their manners, their inborn courtesy, all enchanted him. He found a lively pleasure in imagining that three thousand, six thousand years earlier, his ancestors had been just such lords of the desert. What English family could point to such a past of civilization?

His first season in London after entering Parliament was an interesting mixture of politics and social enjoyments. He had already become known as a writer of fiction.—EDITOR.

London in those days had a Watteau-like charm: dinners, balls, river-parties. Disraeli shared in everything. He was amusing, he brought pretty women, he was fresh from foreign travel. He was sought after: "I make my way easily in the

highest set, where there is no envy, malice, &c., and where they like to admire and be amused. . . ." The table of "Dizzy" (as Mayfair had nicknamed him) was strewn with noble invitations, which he accepted with pleasure. In this brilliant, witty, and cordial world, he felt himself more at his ease and more in his proper sphere than amongst the middle-class people of his childhood. The free and fearless grace of these young women and young noblemen cast a spell over him. In their midst he met with the friends of his dreams, the fair-haired youths, lithe and splendid Englishmen, and with Englishwomen of high birth, the loveliest. He relished the luxury of the houses, the beauty of the flowers, the splendour of the women. On the surface at least, his dry pride was dissolved. He took confidence. He lived in a fever of joy. "I wish that your organization," his father wrote to him, "allowed you to write calmer letters." But Ben was quite incapable of writing a calm letter. The beauty of life was intoxicating him.

His deep interest in history led him to seek out old people. One of his closest women friends was the aged Lady Cork, who still, in spite of her eighty-seven years, entertained guests every evening. She was the prettiest and most diverting of dowagers. The heroes and heroines of her youth, of her maturity, and then of her old age, favourites, soldiers, poets, had all vanished. She had seen revolutions in every country of the world; she remembered Brighton when it was a fishing harbour, and Manchester as a village. But she still remained unaltered, alert and gay, thirsting for amusement and novelty. Finding both wit and curiosity in this young man, she accorded him her protection, a powerful one, in the social world.

"A good story!" he wrote to Sarah. "On Monday, I think, Lady Sykes was at Lady Cork's and Lord Carrington paid her a visit.

"LADY C. Do you know young Disraeli?"

"LORD C. Hem! Why? Eh?"

"LADY C. Why, he is your neighbour, isn't he, eh?"

"LORD C. His father is.

"LADY C. I know that. His father is one of my dearest friends. I dote on the Disraelis.

"LORD C. The young man is an extraordinary sort of person. The father I like; he is very quiet and respectable.

"LADY C. Why should you think the young man extraordinary? I should not think that *you* could taste him.

"LORD C. He is a great agitator. Not that he troubles us much *now*. He is never amongst us now. I believe he has gone abroad again.

"LADY C. (*literatim*). You old fool! Why, he sent me this book this morning. You need not look at it; you can't understand it. It is the finest book ever written. Gone abroad, indeed! Why, he is the best *ton* in London! There is not a party that goes down without him. The Duchess of Hamilton says there is nothing like. Lady Lonsdale would give her head and shoulders for him. He would not dine at your house if you were to ask him. He does not care for people because they are lords; he must have fashion, or beauty, or wit, or something: and you are a very good sort of person, but you are nothing more.

"The old Lord took it very good-humouredly, and laughed. Lady Cork has read every line of the new book. I don't doubt the sincerity of her admiration, for she has laid out 17s. in crimson velvet, and her maid is binding it. . . ."

A story for Sarah, no doubt; no doubt it would be rash to believe every word of it; when Benjamin's success was in question, the family tolerated a rather garishly coloured picture, and he himself realized that Sarah, as she read it, shared in Ben's imaginative powers.

In the evening the whole of the English aristocracy assembled at Almack's, a kind of private dance-club, under the patronage of the most exclusive of great ladies and governed by the strictest rules. One could enter its precincts only in breeches and silk stockings. Once the Duke of Wellington had tried to enter differently attired, but the doorkeeper had stepped forward and said: "Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers." Whereupon the Duke, as a disciplined soldier, had gone off with not a word of complaint. Disraeli became a regular attender at Almack's. Many marriages were arranged there, and dazzling alliances were proposed to him: "By the bye, would you like Lady Z. for a sister-in-law, very clever, £25,000 and domestic? As for 'love,' all my friends who have married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."

Feminine favour brought in its wake, but more slowly, the men. By some he had been invited to political luncheons, and this was his foremost desire. One evening, at Lord Eliot's, he found himself seated beside Sir Robert Peel, the great chief of the Tory party. The whole table seemed to be sorely intimidated. With hungry curiosity Disraeli scrutinized this stern and powerful personage on whom, from his adolescence, destiny had lavished everything which Disraeli, for his part, was coveting.

The son of a great manufacturer, owner of one of the seven largest fortunes in England, Peel had as a child been brought up to become Prime Minister. At five years old, he was hoisted on to tables and made to repeat his speeches. He had come down from Oxford with a "double first" in classics and mathematics, a rare achievement. At twenty-one, his father had bought a seat for him in Parliament. At twenty-three he

had been a secretary of state. For some time he had been reproached for his ingratitude towards Canning, whom he had fought sternly to the death after having been his friend, but the political world had forgotten, and now at forty-three he had acquired an unbelievable prestige, even amongst his adversaries. He was the very symbol of English honesty and solidity. It was found good that he was tall in stature and had features of Roman firmness, it was accepted that he should be haughty and chilling. Disraeli caught unawares the nervous movements of a susceptibility which was almost morbid, but only natural in a man accustomed to power, and realized that the Minister must be difficult to live with. But on that evening Peel had decided to make himself agreeable; he treated the young writer with slightly condescending familiarity, and joked with appropriate dignity; he was far from imagining that this insignificant neighbour was taking the measure of a great man.

Sometimes Disraeli would reflect: "But is it really essential to enter Parliament? This life of pleasure, idleness, literary work, is altogether delightful. At bottom, I am indolent, like all men of high imagination. . . . I wish to be idle and enjoy myself, muse over the stormy past and smile at the placid present. Alas! I struggle from Pride. Yes! It is Pride that now prompts me, not Ambition. They shall not say I have failed."

One day, on expressing these feelings to Bulwer, his friend turned towards him, took his arm, and said with every sign of sincerity: "It is true, my dear fellow, it is true. We are sacrificing our youth, the time of pleasure, the light season of enjoyment—but we are bound to go on, we are *bound*. How our enemies would triumph were we to retire from the stage!"

Yes, without a doubt, the game must go on. But sometimes, when some evening party had been charming, when London at night gleamed dimly in the fog as he came out from some

ball, when a pretty woman had lingered as she pressed his hand in farewell, he would tell himself that ambition was a vain folly, that this frivolity he had feigned so long was his true nature, and was wisdom too, that it would be delightful to live on for ever at the feet of the three Sheridan sisters, a fond and indolent page.

When Lord Derby was made Prime Minister, Disraeli, at the age of forty-eight, became Chancellor of the Exchequer.—EDITOR.

And next day the Ministry was formed. Such was the party's poverty in men that only three of the members of the Cabinet had already been Ministers. The Queen considered that the Ministry was composed of Lord Derby alone. And he, when asked for his views, replied "I am very well and my babes too." The Duke of Wellington had the list of new Ministers read out to him; but as he was very old and very deaf, and all the names were new to him, he kept interrupting his informant with a repeated "Who? Who?" The newspapers seized on the saying, and the Ministry came to be known as the "Who? Who?" Cabinet. As for the selection of Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that was regarded ridiculous.

But what mattered that to him? He was like a young girl on the day of her first ball. The great old man Lyndhurst recalled to him those youthful conversations when he had expressed his desires, boyish enough in those days, and now made real. Sarah, in the depths of her rustic solitude, found herself besieged by people of the district asking for favours. The postman wanted to be transferred to the town, and spoke to Miss D'Israeli in timid, trembling tones. Dizzy went to obtain his Chancellor's robe, a robe of black silk heavily brodered with gold braid; it descended in a straight line from the great Pitt.

"You will find it very heavy," said the judge who received him.

"Oh, I find it uncommonly light," he answered.

The beginnings were none too bad. The Queen herself was amused by the reports which it was the duty of the leader of the House of Commons to address to her every evening: "Mr. Disraeli (*alias* Dizzy) writes very curious reports, much in the style of his books." Derby was well enough pleased with his crew of beginners. The House was awaiting the election. But when this was over, and it took an unfavourable turn, the unhappy Chancellor knew very well that he would not be allowed a long taste of the duties in which he found so much pleasure. Gladstone in particular had a watching eye on him.

Although neither one nor the other would have desired it, political life was slowly assuming the form of a duel between these two. To all outward appearance they were good friends. Their wives exchanged visits. Sometimes, after a somewhat lively sitting, Gladstone would even come in to say good-evening to Mary Anne. In theory the two men were Conservatives. Gladstone, with his love for indefinable shades of difference, said that he preferred to be on the liberal side of the Conservative party rather than the conservative side of the Liberal party. But their temperaments clashed and the paths of their careers crossed. Without Disraeli, Gladstone would have been the natural heir to Peel. That was the latter's opinion: "Gladstone will be the Conservative Prime Minister," he said some time before his death; and when he was asked, "What of Disraeli?" he answered, "We shall make him Governor-General of India."

Each was stern in his judgment of the other. To Gladstone, Disraeli was a man without religion and without political faith. To Disraeli, Gladstone was a man of assumed

piety, who cloaked his skill in manœuvring with feigned scruples. Gladstone had all his days lived a model Sunday-school life. At Eton he said his prayers, morning and evening. At Oxford the young men drank less in 1840 because Gladstone had been up in 1830. In Parliament he had been straight away the studious pupil, and Peel's beloved disciple. Disraeli had lived a vagabond's life, in schools and politics alike. He had known the moneylenders' parlours before those of Ministers and Bishops. Disraeli's enemies said he was not an honest man. Gladstone's enemies said of him that he was an honest man in the worst sense of the word. Disraeli's foes said that he was not a Christian; Gladstone's said that he might be an excellent Christian but that he was assuredly a detestable pagan. Disraeli had learnt his reading from Molière and Voltaire; Gladstone regarded *Tartuffe* as a third-rate comedy. The cynical Disraeli whispered in the ear of the aged and austere Mr. Bright, as he helped him into his overcoat: "After all, Mr. Bright, we both know very well what brings you and me here: ambition." Gladstone unconsciously assured himself: "Well, I do not think I can tax myself with ever having been much moved by ambition." It was said of Gladstone that he could convince others of many things, and himself of anything at all. Disraeli could persuade others, but was powerless over himself. Gladstone liked to choose an abstract principle and from that to deduce his preferences. And his tendency was to believe that his desires were those of the Almighty. He was reproached, not so much for always having the ace of trumps up his sleeve as for claiming that God had put it there. Disraeli had a horror of abstract principles. He liked certain ideas because they appealed to his imagination. He left to action the care of putting them to the test. When Disraeli changed his views, as in the case of Protection, he admitted the change and was ready to appear changeable; Gladstone fastened his constancy

to blades of straw and thought that they were planks. Disraeli was sure that Gladstone was no saint, but Gladstone was far from certain that Disraeli was not the Devil.

And each misread the other. Gladstone accepted as true all the cynical professions of faith which Disraeli made as a challenge; Disraeli put down as hypocritical the phrases by which Gladstone duped himself in all good faith. Disraeli, the doctrinaire, prided himself on being an opportunist; Gladstone, the opportunist, prided himself on being a doctrinaire. Disraeli affected to despise reason, but reasoned well; Gladstone, who believed himself a reasoner, acted only through passion. Gladstone with a great fortune still kept his account of daily expenses; Disraeli with his heavy debts spent his money without counting it. Both were fond of Dante, but Disraeli turned chiefly to the *Inferno*, Gladstone to the *Paradiso*. Disraeli had the name of being frivolous, but was taciturn in society; Gladstone, who was supposed to be grave, was so charming in company that to be able to go on hating him, one had to avoid meeting him. Gladstone was interested in two things only: religion and finance; Disraeli was interested in hundreds of things, religion and finance among them. Neither of the pair believed in the other's religious convictions, and there again they were both wrong. And finally, Disraeli would have been much surprised if he had known that Mr. Gladstone and his wife, when they had reason to be particularly merry, would stand in front of the fire, clasped together and swaying as they sang:

"A ragamuffin husband and a rantipoling wife,
We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs
of life!"

The period of his steady ascendancy began with his premiership in 1874, when he was seventy years old.—EDITOR.

"The Chief"—it was thus that the Conservatives henceforward styled Disraeli, and the word betokened a great change. The adventurer, his genius tolerated by some, his authority contested by others, referred to as "Dizzy" with a familiarity sometimes affectionate, sometimes scornful, had now become an object of respect. Age had helped him in this; in all countries old age is a virtue in a public man, but especially in England. No people are more sensitive than the English to the beauty wherewith time can adorn an object; they love old statesmen, worn and polished by the struggle, as they love old leather and old wood. The Conservatives had not always understood the politics of their Chief, but he had led them to the most astounding victory the party had ever achieved. The fact must be faced: his spells might not be intelligible, but they were potent.

Apart from a few old men, almost the whole body of the party now had always known him as at their head, first as Lord Derby's colleague, and then by himself. There were many who still associated with his name some confused notion of Oriental mystery, but not so as to take fright. Just as a beautiful Moorish doorway, brought back stone by stone by some colonist returned home, reconstructed on a trimly mown lawn, and gradually overgrown by ivy and climbing roses, will slowly acquire a grace that is altogether English and blend discreetly with the green harmony of its setting, so too the old Disraeli, laden with British virtues, British whims, British prejudices, had become a natural ornament of Parliament and Society. True, a close observer might occasionally detect beneath the dark foliage the rather startling curve of an arch or the exotic line of an arabesque, but the slight discord would only heighten the beauty of this noble ruin with a barely perceptible touch of poetry and power.

From this time too there was mingled with the respect of the party, a manifest affection. Avowed enemies had become

few and far between. The loyalty and good will of the Chief was admitted by nearly all. Even amongst his adversaries it was realized that, while he could deal stern blows to an enemy worthy of his steel, he always spared a weaker swordsman in debate. The examples of Peel and of Gladstone had proved that he never struck a man who was down. During his short tenure of power in 1868 he granted a pension to the children of John Leech, the *Punch* draughtsman, who had mercilessly attacked him for thirty years. Now, in 1874, his first action was to offer the highest distinction within his power to Thomas Carlyle, who had formerly asked how much longer John Bull would suffer this absurd monkey to dance on his chest. When a partisan of a more vindictive turn expressed astonishment at his meekness, he replied: "I never trouble to be avenged. When a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous to see how the men I have thus labelled have the knack of disappearing."

With a strong majority to lean upon, and the support of the Queen, who welcomed his return with unconcealed delight, he at last had in his hands what all his life he had longed for: Power. The memory of youthful wounds was effaced. To Lady Dorothy Nevill, formerly the confidante of his trials, he said: "All goes well now. I feel my position assured." The security of victory brought a kind of relaxation. Never had the man been so completely natural. At last he knew that he would be accepted for what he was. He loosened his grip on himself. His wit was less harsh, less sarcastic. He spoke with less reserve of the sorrows of his young days. He freely delivered up a past which now had been redeemed. Walking with Lady Derby among his beech-woods, and pointing out Bradenham, he suddenly said to her:

"It was there that I spent my miserable youth."

"Why 'miserable'? Surely you were happy here."

"Not in those days. I was devoured by irresistible ambition, and had no means of satisfying it."

Social ambition had no further object. When a duke tried to intimidate him, he exclaimed, "Dukes! I don't care for dukes!" And it was true. Far indeed were the days when Isaac D'Israeli would ask, "Dukes? What does Ben know of dukes?" A princess of the blood was merely a young woman, and one for whom he refused to put himself out in the morning. The Queen was a familiar figure, an old friend, a little difficult, but well liked. Yes, this time he was indeed at the summit. No longer did he feel within him that restless need of climbing ever higher, of domination. At last he ought to be happy.

TWO MEN OF LETTERS

SAMUEL JOHNSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

It would be difficult to find a stronger contrast between writers than between Johnson, the classicist of the eighteenth century, and Stevenson, the romanticist of the nineteenth. RASSELAS versus TREASURE ISLAND; the solemn RAMBLER versus the humorous TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY! What can even have suggested bringing into comparison the authors of such works? Yet one outstanding fact is true of both: they have conquered the public as much by their personality as by their writings. The rough, bear-like Johnson, the fragile, sensitive Stevenson were both heroes to those nearest them, as these memoirs prove, and they still live for us as great-minded and great-hearted men.



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AUTOCRAT

BY JAMES BOSWELL *

From the point of view of today, Dr. Johnson's great work was the compiling of the first authoritative English dictionary. In his own time, however, the latter half of the eighteenth century, his essays in the *Rambler* and in the *Idler*, his poems, criticisms, and even his story *Rasselas* were widely read. But his reputation as the dominating personality of the literary world even then overshadowed his popularity as a writer. Boswell, who has immortalized himself as well as Dr. Johnson by producing this famous biography with its wealth of realistic detail, was a lawyer and a literary man in a small way. He worshiped Dr. Johnson as the great man of the circle that he admired. Our selections from *Boswell's Life of Johnson* begin with Boswell's first meeting with Johnson, at the house of the bookseller and actor, Davies. While it is impossible by a few pages to represent the intimate and well-rounded way in which Boswell reveals Johnson's personality, the parts given here indicate the great

* From *The Life of Samuel Johnson*.

man's oddity, brusqueness, assertiveness, and withal his sense of humor, his interest in his fellow men, and his genuine kindness. In the selections from Frances Burney's diary is shown his benevolence in making his home a refuge for a group of persons that we should call "down and out."—EDITOR.

AT last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that

I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir (said he, with a stern look), I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the

first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

He received me very courteously: but, it must be confessed that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty: he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day.

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Johnson continued. "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily

attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it."

"The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So, religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'"

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in very good humor, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him of a new-invented machine which went without horses: a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, Sir (said Johnson), what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too." Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir, medicated baths can be no better than warm water; their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He turned to the gentleman, "Well,

Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me, he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. Johnson. "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad; if he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." Boswell. "Foote, Sir, told me, that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." Johnson. "It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." Boswell. "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?" Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to bring before his view what he ever looked upon with horror; for although when in a celestial frame of mind in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, he has supposed death to be "kind Nature's signal for retreat," from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheatre, the Coliseum at Rome. In the centre stood his judgment, which like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the Arena, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them, they were still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The

act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added (with an earnest look), "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked, that he said: "Give us no more of this"; and was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character, crowded into my mind, and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my watch. "You are (said I) in my mind since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so that I unexpectedly found myself at ease; and joined in the conversation.

At Mr. Thrale's, in the evening, he repeated his usual paradoxical declamation against action in public speaking. "Action can have no effect upon reasonable minds. It may augment noise, but it never can enforce argument. If you speak to a

dog, you use action; you hold up your hand thus, because he is a brute; and in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have the less influence upon them." Mrs. Thrale. "What then, Sir, becomes of Demosthenes' saying? 'Action, action, action!'" Johnson. "Demosthenes, Madam, spoke to an assembly of brutes; to a barbarous people."

I thought it extraordinary that he should deny the power of rhetorical action upon human nature, when it is proved by innumerable facts in all stages of society. Reasonable beings are not solely reasonable. They have fancies which may be pleased, passions which may be roused.

Lord Chesterfield being mentioned, Johnson remarked that almost all of that celebrated nobleman's witty sayings were puns. He, however, allowed the merit of good wit to his Lordship's saying of Lord Tyrawley and himself, when both very old and infirm: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known."

To my great surprise he asked me to dine with him on Easterday. I never supposed that he had a dinner at his house; for I had not then heard of any one of his friends having been entertained at his table. He told me, "I have generally a meat-pie on Sunday: it is baked at a public oven, which is very properly allowed, because one man can attend it; and thus the advantage is obtained of not keeping servants from church to dress dinners."

April 11, being Easter Sunday, after having attended divine Service at St. Paul's, I repaired to Dr. Johnson's. I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with Jean Jacques Rousseau, while he lived in the wilds of Neufchatel: I had as great curiosity to dine with Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the dusky recess of a court in Fleet Street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-dressed dish: but I found everything in very good order. We had no other company but Mrs. Williams and a young woman whom

I did not know. As a dinner here was considered as a singular phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the subject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill of fare. Foote, I remember, in allusion to Francis, the *negro*, was willing to suppose that our repast was *black broth*. But the fact was, that we had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding.

I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early life. He said, "You shall have them all for two-pence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my *Life*." He mentioned to me this day many circumstances, which I wrote down when I went home, and have interwoven in the former part of this narrative.

Mr. Elphinston talked of a new book that was much admired, and asked Dr. Johnson if he had read it. Johnson. "I have looked into it." "What (said Elphinston), have you not read it through?" Johnson, offended at being thus pressed, and so obliged to own his cursory mode of reading, answered tartly, "No, Sir; do *you* read books *through*?"

He said, "Goldsmith should not be forever attempting to shine in conversation: he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance; a man may be beat at times by one who has not the tenth part of his wit."

Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, when Goldsmith said, that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed, that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance, (said he), the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill (continued he), consists in making them talk like

little fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded. "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk they would talk like *whales*."

On Friday, April 30, I dined with him at Mr. Beauclerk's, where were Lord Charlemont, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some more members of the Literary Club, whom he had obligingly invited to meet me, as I was this evening to be ballotted for as candidate for admission into that distinguished society. Johnson had done me the honor to propose me, and Beauclerk was very zealous for me.

Goldsmith being mentioned, Johnson said, "It is amazing how little Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than any one else." Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Yet there is no man whose company is more liked." Johnson. "To be sure, Sir. When people find a man of the most distinguished abilities as a writer their inferior while he is with them, it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith comically says of himself is very true—he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it; but when he comes into company, grows confused, and unable to talk. Take him as a poet, his *Traveller* is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his *Deserted Village*, were it not sometimes too much the echo of his *Traveller*. Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class." Boswell. "An historian! My dear Sir, you surely will not rank his compilation of the *Roman History* with the works of other historians of this age?" Johnson. "Why, who are before him?" Boswell. "Hume, Robertson, Lord Lyttelton." Johnson. (His antipathy to the Scotch beginning to rise.) "I have not read Hume; but, doubtless, Goldsmith's *History* is better than the *verbiage* of Robertson, or the foppery

of Dalrymple." Boswell. "Will you not admit the superiority of Robertson, in whose *History* we find such penetration—such painting?" Johnson. "Sir, you must consider how that penetration and that painting are employed."

He had now a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness; we talked of it for some days, and I had promised to accompany him. He was impatient and fretful to-night, because I did not at once agree to go with him on Thursday. When I considered how ill he had been, and what allowance should be made for the influence of sickness upon his temper, I resolved to indulge him, though with some inconvenience to myself, as I wished to attend the musical meeting in honor of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on the following Saturday.

In the midst of his own diseases and pains, he was ever compassionate to the distress of others, and actively earnest in procuring them aid, as appears from a note to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of June, in these words: "I am ashamed to ask for some relief for a poor man, to whom, I hope, I have given what I can be expected to spare. The man importunes me, and the blow goes round. I am going to try another air on Thursday."

On Thursday, June 3, the Oxford Post-coach took us up in the morning at Bolt-court. The other two passengers were Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, two very agreeable ladies from America; they were going to Worcestershire, where they then resided. Frank had been sent by his master the day before to take places for us; and I found from the way-bill that Dr. Johnson had made our names be put down. Mrs. Beresford, who had read it, whispered me, "Is this the great Dr. Johnson?" I told her it was; so she was then prepared to listen. As she soon happened to mention in a voice so low that Johnson did not hear it, that her husband had been a

member of the American Congress, I cautioned her to beware of introducing that subject, as she must know how very violent Johnson was against the people of that country. He talked a great deal. But I am sorry I have preserved little of the conversation. Miss Beresford was so much charmed, that she said to me aside, "How he does talk! Every sentence is an essay." She amused herself in the coach with knotting; he would scarcely allow this species of employment any merit. "Next to mere idleness (said he) I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance; though I once attempted to learn knotting. Dempster's sister (looking to me) endeavored to teach me it; but I made no progress."

I was surprised at his talking without reserve in the public post-coach of the state of his affairs; "I have (said he) about the world I think above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank an annuity of seventy pounds a year." Indeed his openness with people at a first interview was remarkable. He said once to Mr. Langton, "I think I am like Squire Richard in *The Journey to London*, '*I'm never strange in a strange place.*'" He was truly *social*. He strongly censured what is much too common in England among persons of condition—maintaining an absolute silence, when unknown to each other; as, for instance, when occasionally brought together in a room before the master or mistress of the house has appeared. "Sir, that is being so uncivilized as not to understand the common rights of humanity."

At the inn where we stopped he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton which he had for dinner. The ladies, I saw, wondered to see the great philosopher, whose wisdom and wit they had been admiring all the way, get into ill humor from such a cause. He scolded the waiter, saying, "It is as bad as bad can be: it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-dressed."

He bore the journey very well, and seemed to feel himself

elevated as he approached Oxford, that magnificent and venerable seat of Learning, Orthodoxy, and Toryism.

Dr. Johnson and I went in Dr. Adams' coach to dine with Mr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary Hall, at his beautiful villa at Iffley, on the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford. While we were upon the road I had the resolution to ask Johnson whether he thought that the roughness of his manner had been an advantage or not, and if he would not have done more good if he had been more gentle. I proceeded to answer myself thus: "Perhaps it has been of advantage, as it has given weight to what you said: you could not, perhaps, have talked with such authority without it." Johnson. "No, Sir, I have done more good as I am. Obscenity and Impiety have always been repressed in my company." Boswell. "True, Sir; and that is more than can be said of every Bishop. Greater liberties have been taken in the presence of a Bishop, though a very good man, from his being milder, and therefore not commanding such awe. Yet, Sir, many people who might have been benefited by your conversation have been frightened away. A worthy friend of ours has told me, that he has often been afraid to talk to you." Johnson. "Sir, he need not have been afraid, if he had anything rational to say. If he had not, it was better he did not talk."



A GENIUS IN EXILE

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE *

Robert Louis Stevenson, essayist, romantic story-teller, and poet, endeared himself to readers young and old through the versatility of his genius. But his personality, revealed during his life to his intimates and afterwards to the world through his published letters, has for us of today as much charm as have his writings. He was born in 1850 in Edinburgh, Scotland, but a large part of his short life was spent in wandering from one temporary home to another in search of health. The buoyancy of his temperament, the courage and unselfishness of his life, as well as the occasional irritability that suggests the typical genius, are reflected in this *Intimate Portrait*, written by his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. The boy was devoted to his stepfather and learned from him the beginnings of the writing art. The first of our selections shows Stevenson living in a house called Skerryvore, in Bournemouth, England, a place which he did not like and where he was very ill.—EDITOR.

* From *An Intimate Portrait of RLS* by his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. Copyright, 1924, Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

HOW thus handicapped he wrote his books is one of the marvels of literature—books so robustly and aboundingly alive that it is incredible they came out of a sick-room; and such well-sustained books with no slowing down of their original impetus, nor the least suggestion of those intermissions when their author lay at the point of death. Those years in “Skerryvore” were exceedingly productive. The *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was written here; so was *Kidnapped*; so was *Markheim*, and any number of his best short stories; so too, was the *Life of Fleeming Jenkin*.

One day he came down to luncheon in a very preoccupied frame of mind, hurried through his meal—an unheard-of thing for him to do—and on leaving said he was working with extraordinary success on a new story that had come to him in a dream, and that he was not to be interrupted or disturbed even if the house caught fire.

For three days a sort of hush descended on “Skerryvore”; we all went about, servants and everybody, in a tiptoeing silence; passing Stevenson’s door I would see him sitting up in bed, filling page after page, and apparently never pausing for a moment. At the end of three days the mysterious task was finished, and he read aloud to my mother and myself the first draft of *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

I listened to it spellbound. Stevenson, who had a voice the greatest actor might have envied, read it with an intensity that made shivers run up and down my spine. When he came to the end, gazing at us in triumphant expectancy and keyed to a pitch of indescribable self-satisfaction—as he waited, and I waited, for my mother’s outburst of enthusiasm—I was thunderstruck at her backwardness. Her praise was constrained; the words seemed to come with difficulty; and then all at once she broke out with criticism. He had missed the

point, she said; had missed the allegory; had made it merely a story—a magnificent bit of sensationalism—when it should have been a masterpiece.

Stevenson was beside himself with anger. He trembled; his hand shook on the manuscript; he was intolerably chagrined. His voice, bitter and challenging, overrode my mother's in a fury of resentment. Never had I seen him so impassioned, so outraged, and the scene became so painful that I went away, unable to bear it any longer. It was with a sense of tragedy that I listened to their voices from the adjoining room, the words lost but fraught with an emotion that struck at my heart.

When I came back my mother was alone. She was sitting pale and desolate before the fire, and staring into it. Neither of us spoke. Had I done so it would have been to reproach her, for I thought she had been cruelly wrong. Then we heard Louis descending the stairs, and we both quailed as he burst in as though to continue the argument even more violently than before. But all he said was: "You are right! I have absolutely missed the allegory, which, after all, is the whole point of it—the very essence of it." And with that, as though enjoying my mother's discomfiture and her ineffectual start to prevent him, he threw the manuscript into the fire! Imagine my feelings—my mother's feelings—as we saw it blazing up; as we saw those precious pages wrinkling and blackening and turning into flame!

My first impression was that he had done it out of pique. But it was not. He really had been convinced, and this was his dramatic amend. When my mother and I both cried out at the folly of destroying the manuscript he justified himself vehemently. "It was all wrong," he said. "In trying to save some of it I should have got hopelessly off the track. The only way was to put temptation beyond my reach."

Then ensued another three days of feverish industry on his

part, and of a hushed, anxious, and tiptoeing anticipation on ours; of meals where he scarcely spoke; of evenings unenlivened by his presence; of awed glimpses of him, sitting up in bed, writing, writing, writing, with the counterpane littered with his sheets. The culmination was the *Jekyll and Hyde* that every one knows; that, translated into every European tongue and many Oriental, has given a new phrase to the world.

The writing of it was an astounding feat from whatever aspect it may be regarded. Sixty-four thousand words in six days; more than ten thousand words a day. To those who know little of such things I may explain that a thousand words a day is a fair average for any writer of fiction. Anthony Trollope set himself this quota; it was Jack London's; it is—and has been—a sort of standard of daily literary accomplishment. Stevenson multiplied it by ten; and on top of that copied out the whole in another two days, and had it in the post on the third!

It was a stupendous achievement; and the strange thing was that, instead of showing lassitude afterward, he seemed positively refreshed and revitalized, went about with a happy air; was as uplifted as though he had come into a fortune; looked better than he had in months.

Life at Saranac, in the Adirondack Mountains, brought to Stevenson considerable gain in strength, but it was in the Samoan Islands in the Pacific that he attained a state closely approaching normal health. Here at Vailima he built the home described in the following pages, where he lived the remaining four years of his life, known to the natives as "Tusitala."—EDITOR.

The photographs of Vailima show a large and rather gaunt, barnlike house, disappointingly lacking in picturesqueness. But the photographs, omitting nearly everything save the house, and often taken before the second half was added, con-

vey a very false impression. Not only was it far more attractive than it looks, but it should be visualized in relation to its site, which was superb.

In front, sparkling above the leafy treetops, was the vast horizon of the sea; behind was the primeval forest; on one side, rising almost as sheerly as a wall, and densely wooded to its peak, was Mount Vaea; on the other the blue mountains of Atua in the distance. Not another house was visible; not a sign of cultivation except our own; Vailima seemed to stand alone on the island.

Directly in front of the house was a lawn, marked for two tennis courts, and separated from the green paddock beyond by a long, dry-stone wall, which stretched in either direction for about a quarter of a mile. Both in this paddock, and on the land about the house were—here and there—magnificent trees, a hundred and fifty feet in height, which had been spared in clearing away the original forest, and so enormously buttressed at the base that they were eight or ten yards in circumference. A stream on one side of the clearing splashed musically in a series of cascades, and ended—as far as we were concerned—in a glorious pool, as clear as crystal, in which we bathed.

There were mango-trees, round, dense, and faultlessly symmetrical; glossy-leafed breadfruits, lemon-trees, orange-trees, and chiramoyas, with their prickly misshapen fruit, the size of a man's head; avocados with their delicious "pears"; cacao, with its bright-red pods sprouting out of its trunk; exquisitely scented *moso'oi* trees, peculiar to Samoa, with their yellow, leaf-like flowers that bloomed thrice a year; pandanus, with their big red seeds that strung with a sweet-smelling wild creeper called *laumaile* were the favorite necklaces of the Samoans; and of course in profusion were the cocoanut palms and bananas, which with the breadfruits were in time to supply us with such a large part of our needs.

Within the house the visitor's astonishment grew. Not only was the main hall extremely large, where a hundred people could dance with ease—but, as RLS had imported all his Bournemouth furniture, and much from his father's big house in Edinburgh, one might have thought oneself in civilization, and not thousands of miles away on a remote island of the South Pacific. Pictures, napery, silver—all were in keeping; and except for the rack of rifles and the half-naked servants the illusion was complete; and to realize it to the full it must be remembered that all the other white people, even the highest officials, lived in a rather makeshift way, with the odds and ends they had picked up at auction, and very comfortlessly. Every official term ended in an auction; often I would mark some attractive glasses or coffee-cups, or whatever it was, and say to myself: "I must buy those in when they are sold."

In contrast, the dignity, solidity, and air of permanence of Vailima was impressive. It dominated the country like a castle. Chiefs came from the farthest parts of Samoa just to gaze at it and to be led in a hushed and awe-stricken tour of its wonders. When a Samoan said, "Like the house of Tusitala," he had reached the superlative. And in this setting, and soon familiar with the language, Stevenson gradually grew into a great feudal chieftain whose word carried weight in a great part of Samoa. I shall dwell but little on this animated and picturesque aspect of his life; of this literary Rajah Brooke, reaching out for empire; it is better told in his own letters, which are so vivid and full. But I should like to elucidate them a little—particularly in regard to the cost of it all.

Stevenson made a very large income, and spent it all on Vailima. His letters often show much anxiety about money, and some of his intimate correspondents lectured him severely on his extravagance. Often he lectured himself, as the assiduous Stevensonian well knows; often in moments of depression

he called Vailima his Abbotsford, and said he was ruining himself like Scott. But his concern ought not to be taken too seriously. Much of the money spent on Vailima was in the nature of capital investment, and once completed—had he never written another line—he could have lived there comfortably, and in no lessened state, on his income from royalties. Moreover, at his mother's death he was to come into a very considerable inheritance from his father. While Vailima was undoubtedly a fantastic extravagance, it was at least within his means, and he had nothing really to fear from the future had he lived.

In recent years people have surprised me by asking, usually in a lowered voice: "Wasn't Stevenson very morose? Did he not have violent outbreaks of temper, when it was unendurable to live with him? Was that life in Vailima as idyllic as it has been represented to us?"

Like all slanders, there is a germ of truth in this. There were times when Stevenson was terribly on edge with nerves; when he would fly into a passion over nothing; when jaded and weary he would give way to fits of irritability that were hard indeed to bear. But it must be remembered that he was one of the most unselfish, lofty-minded, and generous of men; there was no pettiness in him—nothing ignoble or mean. He was no petulant sick man raging at his family because one of his comforts had been overlooked. Rather was it the other way. He cared nothing for risk or danger, and went into it with an appalling unconcern. Of all things he hated most were anxious efforts to guard his health or make him comfortable. Once I tried to put a mattress on the bare boards he slept on. It was like disturbing a tiger! The mattress almost went out the window. Such passions were not without their humor, and afterward Stevenson was often as ready to laugh over them as we.

How could any one hold the least resentment against such

a sorely tried and heroic man, whose repentances were as impulsive as his outbreaks? No, the sad part of life in Vailima was the consciousness of that physical martyrdom; of that great, striving heart in so frail a body; the sight of that wistful face, watching us at tennis, which, after but a single game, had ended—for him—in a hemorrhage; the anguish which underlay that invincible optimism, and which at rare moments would become tragically apparent; the sense of a terrible and unequal struggle; the ineffable pity swelling in one's breast until it became almost insupportable.

That was the shadow on Vailima.

But it would be a mistake to think we were not gay. It was usually a very jolly party that sat round the big table; laughter abounded, and Stevenson in general was in excellent spirits. It was a point of honor with any of us going down to Apia to bring back a budget of news, and the merrier the better. And the little town, to any one with a sense of humor, brimmed over with the ridiculous.

If any one became hopelessly insolvent in Apia it was often the custom to give him a municipal position and divide his pay amongst his creditors. There was no prison for whites, and any one condemned at a stately consular trial became forthwith a white elephant, and had to have a cottage rented for him, with all its ensuing absurdities. When one man became quite sure he was the rightful Duke of York, "the Beach" could think of no solution except to pass the hat round and ship him off to Sydney—from which he promptly came back! Of such was our news, varied with a social and political gossip as entrancing as that of a great capital. Strangers would listen amazed at so much vivacious talk, especially were some great chief present and taking part, and wonder how we could find so much entertainment in a place that to them seemed the end of the world.

That Stevenson sometimes chafed against his enforced exile

is only too true. There are passages in his letters that read very pathetically. But had his health improved, and had he returned to Europe, would he really have been content in some more pretentious "Skerryvore" or "La Solitude"? I cannot think so. His life of feudal splendor in Samoa would have seemed twice as resplendent in the retrospect, and in some French or Italian villa I believe he would have broken his heart to return. Samoa filled his need for the dramatic and the grandiose; he expanded on its teeming stage, where he could hold warriors in leash and play Richelieu to half-naked kings. He had been touched by that most consuming of all ambitions—statecraft—and there was in him, hardly realized but emerging, the spirit of a great administrator, slowly bringing order out of chaos and finding immeasurable joy in the task.

Sir George Grey, one of the greatest of English proconsuls, appreciated this, when he said so earnestly at parting with Stevenson: "Go back; fight on, and never lose heart—for your place is in Samoa, and you must never think of leaving it."

Stevenson may not have been always happy in Vailima, but of one thing I am sure; he was happier there than he could have been in any place in the world.

One evening after dinner he read the first chapters of *Weir* aloud. I had my usual pencil and paper for the notes I always took on such occasions, but that night I made none. It was so superbly written that I listened to it in a sort of spell. It seemed absolutely beyond criticism; seemed the very zenith of anything he had ever accomplished; it flowed with such an inevitability and emotion, such a sureness and perfection, that the words seemed to strike against my heart. When he had finished I sat dumb. I knew I should have spoken, but I could not. The others praised it; lauded it to the skies; but I was in a dream from which I could not

awake. I poured out a whiskey and soda for myself, and sat there like a clod, looking at the ceiling.

Then the party broke up, and we dispersed on our different ways to bed; I out of doors, to go to my own cottage a few hundred yards away. I had hardly passed the threshold of the door, however, when I heard Stevenson behind me. He was in a state of frightful agitation; was trembling, breathless, almost beside himself.

"My God, you shall not go like that!" he cried out, seizing me by the arm, and his thin fingers closing on it like a vise. "What! Not a single note, not a single word, not even the courtesy of a lie! You, the only one whose opinion I depend on, and all you can say is: 'Good night, Louis!' So that is your decision, is it? Just 'Good night, Louis'—like a blow in the face!"

The bitterness and passion he put into these words are beyond any power of mine to describe.

Then he went on in the same appalling key of reproach while I listened like the criminal I felt I was. Never had he been so humiliated; never had he been so intolerably insulted. He was no child who had always to have his lollypops; he could brace himself for any criticism, no matter how damning. But the contempt of silence! That sitting there and saying nothing! The implication that it was too bad even to discuss. All that preparation to take notes, and then not a damned word! Unworthy even of notes, was it? Good God, it was more than he could bear!

Put yourself in my place; try to imagine my feelings; I who had been so carried away by *Weir* that this was the ironical climax! Oh, that idiotic silence! What had possessed me? I had known all the while it was inexcusable, yet I had sat there looking at the ceiling, oblivious of the author and thinking only of the book.

Then I tried to tell him the truth, but with difficulty, realiz-

ing how unpardonably I had hurt his pride, which was really much more concerned than the question of my judgment. That it was a masterpiece; that never before had he written anything comparable with *Weir*; that it promised to be the greatest novel in the English language.

We were in the dark. I could not see his face. But I believe he listened with stupefaction. The reaction when it came was too great for his sorely strained nerves; tears rained from his eyes, and mine, too, streamed. Never had I known him to be so moved; never had I been so moved myself; and in the all-pervading darkness we were for once free to be ourselves, unashamed. Thus we sat, with our arms about each other, talking far into the night. Even after thirty years I should not care to divulge anything so sacred as those confidences; the revelation of that tortured soul; the falterings of its Calvary. Until then I had never conceived the degree of his daily suffering; the petty, miserable dragging ailments that kept him in a "perpetual torment." He spoke of the "physical dishonor"; of the "degradation" of it; of moments when he had longed for death. To me his heroism took on new proportions, and I was thankful I had refused an important post in order to stay with him. "It will not be for long," he said.

TWO WOMEN WRITERS

FRANCES BURNEY

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

In no other field has modern woman more brilliantly demonstrated her ability to excel than in that of fiction writing. Frances Burney, whose EVELINA delighted and astonished the eighteenth-century English public, recorded naïvely in her journal the pleasure attendant on her sudden fame. Though Louisa May Alcott has no such claim to a permanent place in the history of literature as has the earlier writer, she found among girls an audience scarcely less numerous and appreciative than Miss Burney's. Like her, she took much satisfaction in the pleasure which her success brought to her family. It would be difficult to discover accounts of two more likeable girls who found fun in literary success.



EVELINA'S CONQUEST OF LONDON

BY FRANCES BURNEY *

For a woman to achieve success as a novelist was in the eighteenth century a far more remarkable feat than it is today. Though competition was less, the reading public was smaller. Moreover, the general expectation that women's activities should be domestic and ornamental, their minds uninformed, their personalities yielding and "feminine," militated against their attempting to vie with men in any field. Among those outstanding women of the period who nevertheless achieved distinction, Frances Burney is one of the most charming figures. Her first novel, *Evelina*, was published in 1778, when she was twenty-five, and it is with the thrills attendant upon the appearance of that book that most of the following selections from her diary are concerned.

As the daughter of a prominent London physician, as well as through her literary fame, Miss Burney enjoyed a delightful social life. Among her acquaintances were the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, at whose house he was such a familiar

* From *The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay*.

guest, and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the leader of the "Blue-stockings" or literary ladies of the time.

After a few years of great popularity, during which she published her second novel, *Cecilia*, she accepted an appointment as "second keeper of the robes" to Queen Caroline, wife of King George III. The five years of wearisome routine that followed are nevertheless made interesting to the reader in her graphic diary, as is also her later life as Madame D'Arblay, wife of a French general exiled during the Revolution.—EDITOR.

1778

THIS year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!

This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, *Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*.

Perhaps this may seem a rather bold attempt and title, for a female whose knowledge of the world is very confined, and whose inclinations, as well as situation, incline her to a private and domestic life. All I can urge is, that I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a "young woman" is liable; I have not pretended to show the world what it actually *is*, but what it *appears* to a girl of seventeen: and so far as that, surely any girl who is past seventeen may safely go. The motto of my excuse shall be taken from Pope's "Temple of Fame":

In every work regard the writer's end;
None e'er can compass more than they intend.

About the middle of January, my cousin Edward brought me a parcel, under the name of Grafton. I had, some little time before, acquainted both my aunts of my frolic. They will, I am sure, be discreet; indeed, I exacted a vow from them of strict secrecy; and they love me with such partial kindness, that I have a pleasure in reposing much confidence in them.

I immediately conjectured what the parcel was, and found the following letter.

Fleet Street, Jan. 7, 1778.

SIR,

I take the liberty to send you a novel, which a gentleman, your acquaintance, said you would hand to him. I beg with expedition, as 'tis time it should be published, and 'tis requisite he first revise it, or the reviewers may find a flaw. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES

To Mr. Grafton,

To be left at the Orange Coffee-house.

My aunts, now, would take no denial to my reading it to *them*, in order to mark errata; and—to cut the matter short, I was compelled to communicate the affair to my cousin Edward, and then to obey their commands.

Of course, they were all prodigiously charmed with it. My cousin now became my agent, as deputy to Charles, with Mr. Lowndes, and when I had made the errata, carried it to him.

The book, however, was not published till the latter end of the month. A thousand little odd incidents happened about this time, but I am not in a humour to recollect them; however, they were none of them productive of a discovery either to my father or mother.

My little book, I am told, is now at all the circulating libraries. I have an exceeding odd sensation, when I consider that it is now in the power of *any* and *every* body to read what

I so carefully hoarded even from my best friends, till this last month or two; and that a work which was so lately lodged, in all privacy, in my bureau, may now be seen by every butcher and baker, cobbler and tinker, throughout the three kingdoms, for the small tribute of threepence.

My aunt Anne and Miss Humphries being settled at this time at Brompton, I was going thither with Susan to tea, when Charlotte acquainted me that they were then employed in reading *Evelina* to the invalid, my cousin Richard. My sister had recommended it to Miss Humphries, and my aunts and Edward agreed that they would read it, but without mentioning anything of the author.

This intelligence gave me the utmost uneasiness—I foresaw a thousand dangers of a discovery—I dreaded the indiscreet warmth of all my confidants. In truth, I was quite sick with apprehension, and was too uncomfortable to go to Brompton, and Susan carried my excuses.

Upon her return, I was somewhat tranquillized, for she assured me that there was not the smallest suspicion of the author, and that they had concluded it to be the work of a *man!* and Miss Humphries, who read it aloud to Richard, said several things in its commendation, and concluded them by exclaiming, "It's a thousand pities the author should lie concealed!"

June 18. I have had a visit from my beloved Susy, who, with my mother and little Sally, spent a day here, to my no small satisfaction; and yet I was put into an embarrassment, of which I even yet know not what will be the end, during their short stay: for Mr. Crisp, before my mother, very innocently said to Susan, "O, pray Susette, do send me the third volume of *Evelina*; Fanny brought me the two first on purpose, I believe, to tantalize me."

I felt myself in a ferment; and Susan, too, looked foolish, and knew not what to answer. As I sat on the same sofa with

him, I gave him a gentle shove, as a token, which he could not but understand, that he had said something wrong—though I believe he could not imagine what. Indeed, how should he?

My mother instantly darted forward, and repeated "Evelina—what's that, pray?"

Again I jolted Mr. Crisp, who, very much perplexed, said, in a boggling manner, that it was a novel—he supposed from the circulating library—"only a trumpery novel."

Ah, my dear daddy! thought I, you would have devised some other sort of speech, if you knew all—but he was really, as he well might be, quite at a loss for what I wanted him to say.

"You have had it here, then, have you?" continued my mother.

"Yes—two of the volumes," said Mr. Crisp.

"What, had you them from the library?" asked my mother.

"No, ma'am," answered I, horribly frightened, "from my sister."

The truth is, the books are Susan's, who bought them the first day of publication; but I did not dare own that, as it would have been almost an acknowledgment of all the rest.

She asked some further questions, to which we made the same sort of answers, and then the matter dropped. Whether it rests upon her mind, or not, I cannot tell.

Two days after, I received from Charlotte a letter, the most interesting that could be written to me, for it acquainted me that my dear father was, at length, reading my book, which has now been published six months.

How this has come to pass, I am yet in the dark; but, it seems, the very moment almost that my mother and Susan and Sally left the house, he desired Charlotte to bring him the "Monthly Reviews"; she contrived to look over his shoulder as he opened it, which he did at the account of *Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*. He read it with

great earnestness, then put it down; and presently after snatched it up, and read it again. Doubtless, his paternal heart felt some agitation for his girl, in reading a review of her publication!—how he got at the name, I cannot imagine.

Soon after he turned to Charlotte, and bidding her come close to him, he put his finger on the word *Evelina*, and saying she knew what it was, bade her write down the name, and send the man to Lowndes, as if for herself. This she did, and away went William.

He then told Charlotte, that he had never known the name of it till the day before. 'Tis strange how he got at it! He added that I had come off vastly well in this review, except for "the Captain." Charlotte told him it had also been in Kenrick's review, and he desired her to copy out for him what was said in both of them. He asked her, too, whether I had mentioned the work was by *a lady*?

When William returned, he took the books from him, and the moment he was gone, opened the first volume—and opened it upon the Ode!

How great must have been his astonishment, at seeing himself so addressed! Indeed, Charlotte says he looked all amazement, read a line or two with great eagerness, and then, stopping short, he seemed quite affected, and the tears started into his eyes: dear soul! I am sure they did into mine, nay, I even sobbed, as I read the account.

I believe he was obliged to go out before he advanced much further. But the next day I had a letter from Susan, in which I heard that he had begun reading it with Lady Hales, and Miss Coussmaker, and that they liked it vastly!

July 20. I have had a letter from Susan. She informs me that my father, when he took the books back to Streatham, actually acquainted Mrs. Thrale with my secret. He took an opportunity, when they were alone together, of saying that

upon her recommendation, he had himself, as well as my mother, been reading *Evelina*.

"Well!" cried she, "and is it not a very pretty book? and a very clever book? and a very comical book?"

"Why," answered he, "'tis well enough; but I have something to tell you about it."

"Well? what?" cried she; "has Mrs. Cholmondeley found out the author?"

"No," returned he, "not that I know of, but I believe *I* have, though but very lately."

"Well, pray let's hear!" cried she, eagerly, "I want to know him of all things."

How my father must laugh at the *him*! He then, however, undeceived her in regard to that particular, by telling her it was "our Fanny!" for she knows all about our family, as my father talks to her of his domestic concerns without any reserve.

A hundred handsome things, of course, followed; and she afterwards read some of the comic parts to Dr. Johnson, Mr. Thrale, and whoever came near her. How I should have quivered had I been there! but they tell me that Dr. Johnson laughed as heartily as my father himself did.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the scenes in which I am almost perpetually engaged. Mr. Crisp, who is totally without suspicion, says, almost daily, something that has double the meaning he intends to convey; for, as I am often writing, either letters, Italian, or some of my own vagaries, he commonly calls me the scribe, and the authoress; asks when I shall print; says he will have all my works on royal paper, and so on; and the other day, Mrs. Gast, who frequently lectures me about studying too hard, and injuring my health, said—

"Pray, Miss Burney, now you write so much, when do you intend to publish?"

"Publish?" cried Mr. Crisp, "why, she *has* published; she brought out a book the other day that has made a great noise—*Evelina*,—and she bribed the reviewers to speak well of it, and set it a-going."

I was almost ready to run out of the room; but, though the hit was so palpable in regard to the book, what he said of the reviewers was so much the contrary, that it checked my alarm: indeed, had he the most remote idea of the truth, he would be the last man to have hinted at it before a room full of people.

"Oh!" cried I, as composedly as I could, "that is but a small part of my authorship—I shall give you a list of my folios soon."

They had all some jocularly upon the occasion, but I found I was perfectly safe; indeed my best security is, that my daddy concludes the author to be a man, and all the rest follow as he leads.

Mr. Burney, yesterday, after dinner, said—"Gentlemen and ladies, I'll propose a toast"; then filling his glass, he drank to "The author of *Evelina*!"

Had they known the author was present, they could not have more civilly accepted the toast; it was a bold kind of drollery in Mr. Burney, for I was fain to drink my own health in a bumper, which he filled for me, laughing heartily himself.

August. I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth: namely, my Streatham visit.

Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in

a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

"Ah," cried she, "I hear Dr. Burney's voice! and you have brought your daughter? Well, now you are good!"

She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me upstairs, and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me at Streatham, and should always think herself much obliged to Dr. Burney for his goodness in bringing me, which she looked upon as a very great favour.

But though we were some time together, and though she was so very civil, she did not hint at my book, and I love her much more than ever for her delicacy in avoiding a subject which she could not but see would have greatly embarrassed me.

When we returned to the music room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl, about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

Soon after, Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned *Evelina*.

"Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn; and he acted him all the evening, saying he was 'all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll," said she, "that

I should recommend it to Dr. Burney? and tease him, so innocently, to read it?"

I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself, and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw, upon the reading-table, *Evelina*. I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's *Lælius*, when the library door was opened, and Mr. Seward entered. I instantly put away my book, because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his service to find anything for me, and then, in the same breath, ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself "favoured the world!"

The exact words he began with I cannot recollect, for I was actually confounded by the attack; and his abrupt manner of letting me know he was *au fait* equally astonished and provoked me. How different from the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale!

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place; for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!"

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successful."

"What's that you say, madam?" cried he; "are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"

A little while after he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine, and then added:

"'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well, without wishing them to become old women!"

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old."

"No, sir, no;" cried the doctor, laughing; "that never yet was; you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is in ——"

(I have quite forgot what, and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly:)

——— lies buried here;
So early wise, so lasting fair,
That none, unless her years you told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.'

September. At tea-time the subject turned upon the domestic economy of Dr. Johnson's household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit them, for his charity is unbounded, or rather, bounded only by his circumstances.

The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of

the set, was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing, though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalise my dialogues.

Mrs. Thrall—Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, she does not like them at all: but their fondness for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. T.—And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

Dr. J.—Madam, he is a Scotchman: he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing anything properly, since I found he gave as much labour to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. T.—And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

Dr. J.—Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levat, who says it is not now what it used to be!

Mrs. T.—Mr. Levat, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health? for he is an apothecary.

Dr. J.—Levat, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

Mr. T.—But how do you get your dinners drest?

Dr. J.—Why De Mullin has the chief management of the kitchen; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack.

Mr. T.—No jack? Why how do you manage without?

Dr. J.—Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some thoughts (with

profound gravity) of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house.

Mr. T.—Well, but you'll have a spit, too?

Dr. J.—No, sir, no; that would be superfluous; for we shall never use it; and if a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed!

Mrs. T.—But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll?"

Dr. J.—Why I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. T.—How came she among you, sir?

Dr. J.—Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid girl; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

Wednesday. We could not prevail with Dr. Johnson to stay till Mrs. Montagu arrived, though, by appointment, she came very early. She and Miss Gregory came by one o'clock.

There was no party to meet her.

She is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm; she has a sensible and penetrating countenance, and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that a Mrs. Hervey, of his acquaintance, says she can remember Mrs. Montagu *trying* for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp has said the same: however, nobody can now impartially see her, and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded.

My expectations, which were compounded of the praise of

Mrs. Thrale, and the abuse of Mr. Crisp, were most exactly answered, for I thought her in a medium way.

Miss Gregory is a fine young woman, and seems gentle and well-bred.

A bustle with the dog Presto—Mrs. Thrale's favourite—at the entrance of these ladies into the library, prevented any formal reception; but as soon as Mrs. Montagu heard my name, she inquired very civilly after my father, and made many speeches concerning a volume of *Linguet*, which she has lost; but she hopes soon to be able to replace it. I am sure he is very high in her favour, because she did me the honour of addressing herself to me three or four times.

But my ease and tranquillity were soon disturbed: for she had not been in the room more than ten minutes, ere, turning to Mrs. Thrale, she said,

"Oh, ma'am—but your *Evelina*—I have not yet got it. I sent for it, but the bookseller had it not. However, I will certainly have it."

"Ay, I hope so," answered Mrs. Thrale, "and I hope you will like it too; for 'tis a book to be liked."

I began now a vehement nose-blowing, for the benefit of handkerchiefing my face.

"I hope though," said Mrs. Montagu, drily, "it is not in verse? I can read anything in prose, but I have a great dread of a long story in verse."

"No, ma'am, no; 'tis all in prose, I assure you. 'Tis a novel; and an exceeding—but it does nothing good to be praised too much, so I will say nothing more about it: only this, that Mr. Burke sat up all night to read it."

"Indeed? Well, I propose myself great pleasure from it; and I am gratified by hearing it is written by a woman."

"And Sir Joshua Reynolds," continued Mrs. Thrale, "has been offering fifty pounds to know the author."

"Well, I will have it to read on my journey; I am going to Berkshire, and it shall be my travelling book."

"No, ma'am, if you please you shall have it now. Queeny, do look for it for Mrs. Montagu, and let it be put in her carriage, and go to town with her."

Miss Thrale rose to look for it, and involuntarily I rose too, intending to walk off, for my situation was inexpressibly awkward; but then I recollected that if I went away, it might seem like giving Mrs. Thrale leave and opportunity to tell my tale, and therefore I stopped at a distant window, where I busied myself in contemplating the poultry.

"And Dr. Johnson, ma'am," added my kind puffer, "says Fielding never wrote so well—never wrote equal to this book; he says it is a better picture of life and manners than is to be found anywhere in Fielding."

"Indeed?" cried Mrs. Montagu surprised; "that I did not expect, for I have been informed it is the work of a young lady, and therefore, though I expected a very pretty book, I supposed it to be a work of mere imagination, and the name I thought attractive; but life and manners I never dreamt of finding."

"Well, ma'am, what I tell you is literally true; and for my part, I am never better pleased than when good girls write clever books—and that this is clever— But all this time we are killing Miss Burney, who wrote the book herself."

What a clap of thunder was this—the last thing in the world I should have expected before my face? I know not what bewitched Mrs. Thrale, but this was carrying the jest further than ever. All *retenu* being now at an end, I fairly and abruptly took to my heels, and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation, amidst astonished exclamations from Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory.

I was horribly disconcerted, but I am now so irrecoverably in for it, that I begin to leave off reproaches and expostula-

tions; indeed, they have very little availed me while they might have been of service, but now they would pass for mere parade and affectation; and therefore since they can do no good, I gulp them down. I find them, indeed, somewhat hard of digestion, but they must make their own way as well as they can.

I determined not to make my appearance again till dinner was upon table; yet I could neither read nor write, nor indeed do any thing but consider the new situation in life into which I am thus hurried—I had almost said forced—and if I had, methinks it would be no untruth.

Miss Thrale came laughing up after me, and tried to persuade me to return. She was mightily diverted all the morning, and came to me with repeated messages of summons to attend the company; but I could not *brave* it again into the room, and therefore entreated her to say I was finishing a letter. Yet I was sorry to lose so much of Mrs. Montagu.

When dinner was upon table, I followed the procession, in a tragedy step, as Mr. Thrale will have it, into the dining-parlour. Dr. Johnson was returned.

The conversation was not brilliant, nor do I remember much of it; but Mrs. Montagu behaved to me just as I could have wished, since she spoke to me very little, but spoke that little with the utmost politeness. But Miss Gregory, though herself a very modest girl, quite stared me out of countenance, and never took her eyes off my face.



THE SUCCESS OF JO MARCH

BY BELLE MOSES *

The biographer says in her introduction, "Louisa May Alcott occupies a niche peculiarly her own in the hearts of American girls." And this is true in the twentieth century, as it was in 1868, when *Little Women* was published. Moreover, the book has found warm response in the hearts of girls of many other nations.

Like the "Little Women" there were four sisters in the Alcott family, Louisa corresponding to Jo in relative age and in general character. The father, A. Bronson Alcott, was a philosopher, lecturer, and teacher, of interesting mind and admirable traits but without the least ability to make money. The family, whose home during most of Louisa's childhood was in Concord, Massachusetts, suffered many hard times, but they were rich in family affection, in the ability to entertain themselves, and in high aspirations. The picture drawn in *Little Women* is true to their home life.

* From *Louisa May Alcott*. Copyright, 1909, D. Appleton and Company. Reprinted by permission.

After a few years of bitter experience in an attempt at coöperative farming, Mr. Alcott brought his family back to Concord, where the girls—Louisa was now thirteen—found warm friends among men who were the intellectual leaders of nineteenth century America.—EDITOR.

WITH the return to Concord, life began in earnest for Louisa and her sisters. The little home was very bare, for the work that came to Mr. Alcott was of the most trifling kind, and Mrs. Alcott knew that she must stifle all feelings of pride if she wished assistance from any of their friends. She stopped at no sort of work which could help them in their scanty living, and once back in the old town among familiar landmarks and familiar faces, their old friends came around them again and stretched forth kind hands to pull them on their feet. These friends were among the few who had not entirely forsaken them. They had not approved of the Fruitlands experiment, but even though they had smiled at its oddities, they had loved the simple kindliness of Mr. Alcott, and welcomed him warmly when he came back among them.

Foremost among these was Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher and poet, who for many years had lived in Concord, and whose home was a meeting-place for the best thinkers and writers of the day. Like Mr. Alcott, he was a reformer, but he had the wonderful gift of persuasion, convincing people by his very simplicity, and so turning them, gently and unconsciously, into new ways.

This great man represented the best thought of his time. He was among the first in New England to turn aside into broader paths of learning and research. He became a leader among such noted men as Ellery Channing, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and many others known to fame, and his greatness has seemed to live above them all. Certain it is that he

was loved by his friends, both young and old, and to-day his grave is visited by people from far and near, who knew and honored him, either personally or through his writings.

! From her earliest childhood Louisa had adored him. Her first remembrance of him dates back to the time when she was eight years old. She was sent to inquire for little Waldo, who was desperately ill, and Emerson himself opened the door to the little girl. Something in his face, so changed and worn by sorrow, startled her, and she could hardly stammer out her message. "Child—he is dead!" was his answer, as he closed the door gently, and Louisa, awed by her first glimpse of a grief too deep for words, ran home with the sad tidings to her anxious father and mother.

After they came back from Fruitlands, however, she gives us a brighter picture:

"Later," she writes, "when we went to school with the little Emersons, in their father's barn, I remember many times when their illustrious papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay cart, he took us to berry, bathe, or picnic at Walden [Henry Thoreau's haunt], making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved, the wood people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wild flowers, whose hidden homes he had discovered, so that when years afterwards we read of 'the sweet rhodora in the woods' and the 'burly dozing bumblebee,' or laughed over 'The Mountain and the Squirrel,' we recognized old friends and thanked him for the delicate truth and beauty which made them immortal for us and others."

'To the turbulent, restless, half-grown girl, the calm philosopher, with his gentle ways and practical common sense, was an anchor indeed. In her warm little heart he was held so sacredly that he himself would have smiled at such worship. But it did Louisa good; it came to her when her eager young

mind was seeking for higher things, something apart from the everyday cares and worries of the struggling home.

She went to him for advice about her reading. She used to enter his library, no doubt in the way Jo entered Mr. Lawrence's, and ask him what she should read. With the blessed audacity of youth, she never dreamed that she might be wasting his valuable time; but no time, in Emerson's opinion, was ever wasted in helping young people; and under his guidance Louisa began to know the riches of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, and Carlyle. She was at liberty to roam all around his book-lined walls and select what pleased her most. If it chanced to be too old for her, he would say quietly: "Wait a little for that; meanwhile try this, and if you like it, come again," and the girl would go home to read and absorb what he had selected for her.

It was after reading Bettine's correspondence with Goethe that Louisa began to place her father's friend upon a pedestal, and worship him in true romantic fashion, as Bettine worshiped Goethe. She fell to writing poetry; she kept what she called her "heart journal," and took to wandering in the moonlight when she should have been safe in her bed. She wrote letters to him full of wild romance, but she never sent them, though she told him about them in after years, when he and she could laugh together over her girlish fancy. Once, she tells us, she sat in a tall cherry-tree at midnight and sang to the moon till the owls scared her to bed; she left wild flowers on her "Master's" doorstep, and sang Mignon's song under his window, in very bad German.

All this sounds absurd, but it was sober earnest to the little girl in her teens, and Emerson was the safest sort for a girl to love—so gentle, so serene, so wise, yet with a simple everyday reasoning power, as sound at the core as a winter apple.

There was still another teacher whose influence was a great

force in Louisa's life. This was Henry Thoreau, the poet and naturalist. From him the Alcott girls learned to know the Nature they already loved, and many a happy day was spent with him, studying the secrets of the wild flowers and the language of the birds. Louisa drank in the delight of it all, and everything she wrote in later life shows just that loving knowledge of Nature which makes all her stories so attractive.

Thoreau was a genius, as much a part of the Concord soil as the trees and the flowers which were rooted there. He was born in the placid little town, and was quite content to live and die there. He believed, with Emerson, that traveling was a "fool's paradise," and when occasionally he did go off on brief excursions, it was only to return far more satisfied with Concord and its surroundings. Many people have thought, because he built himself a hut in Walden forest and often camped there, that he lived the life of a hermit, but this was far from true. Though he never married, he lived very happily in Concord with his mother, two sisters, and a brother, whose untimely death was a great sorrow to him.

It was by the river that the children could almost always find him, for he loved the banks, so overgrown with grasses and slowly wandering through the town. He would guide his boat through its many windings, he would bathe in its waters, skate over its frozen surface, or perhaps gather from its shores or inlets some rare plant whose secrets he wanted to know. He walked, too, long tramps of miles and miles, and it is from him, no doubt, that Louisa learned to love such active exercise. It was twenty miles from Concord to Boston, and many a time the sturdy girl trudged the distance, often we may suppose in Thoreau's company, and then the walk would be delightful, for there was no blade of grass, nor flower, nor tree, that was not known to the gentle woodsman, and the birds, the squirrels, and the insects were his comrades.

From such a teacher the children of Concord learned the

poetry of Nature, and loved the poet who made the flowers speak, and the trees whisper among their tall branches; who talked with the chipmunks and called the birds about him as he sat silent on the river bank; who paddled his canoe with Indian skill and coaxed the very fishes up to the surface to feed out of his hand.

Concord was just the place for hearty, simple girls like these; breathing history at every step, there was something homelike and delightful in its surroundings, and it was always remarkable for the number of happy young people who might be seen in the winter, skating on the hardened snow through the pine woods, and in the summer, bathing or boating in the river, the Concord, to which Thoreau gave its Indian name, Muskataquid (the Grassgrown), and which has found its way into many of Miss Alcott's stories. It was the scene of Amy's skating disaster in *Little Women*, and Laurie pitched Camp Lawrence upon its smiling shores, while Aunt Jo had it comfortably near dear old Plumfield for the benefit of *Little Men*, and the boys and girls of Harmony Village, where Jack and Jill lived, must have used this same river on the picnic which winds up the story, Harmony Village, of course, being only another name for Concord. In the Alcotts' day there were masquerades on its placid waters; gay barges, full of historic characters in costume, glided down stream, and sometimes savages in their war-paint darted from the lily-fringed banks and attacked the gay masqueraders. On the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, the farmers who began the Revolution would sometimes return "to masquerade with their fair descendants."

To Louisa this river brought joy untold; many a long afternoon we can picture her wandering off by herself to enjoy the beauty and the silence of it all. Full of life, and talkative as she was, there was nothing she loved so well as the vast stillness of a great solitude, and if there was a mys-

terious whispering among the pines in the forest, why, so much the better; her vivid imagination peopled it at once and she was never lonely.

It was about this time that she came into prominence as a story-teller. The woods and the nature studies gave her material, and the "audience" consisted of little Ellen Emerson, who listened spellbound to the tales of the flowers. These stories, each quaint and fanciful, were collected several years later and published under the title of *Flower Fables*.

There were no special girls' schools in those days; there was an unusual number of "barn schools," however, and some enterprising young teacher would borrow her neighbor's barn, collect the neighboring children, secure what boxes and benches she could for seats and desks, and "establish" her school. This was usually in the summer time, and Louisa and her sisters attended one or two. When they grew older, Anna and Louisa held "barn schools" of their own. But there were other and more attractive uses for the barns. Wherever they chanced to be, whether at Fruitlands or Concord, the old barn was the scene of many dramatic triumphs. Whatever the trials of everyday life, they could escape from them into a world of romance in the barn; there they could revel in luxury and splendor, and Louisa and Anna could act to their hearts' content. This was great sport and all the Concord young people enjoyed it.

There were the three Emerson children, Ellen, Edith, and Edward; the three Hawthorne children, Una, Julian, and Rose; the Alcott girls and many other friends, whose talents, great or small, were called upon at need. Louisa at an early age wrote the most romantic plays; one of them we have all read in *Little Women*, but there are many others which have been collected into book form under the title of *Comic Tragedies*, and are extremely interesting, if only to show how the girl's mind was teeming with its hidden fancies, and these

plays were produced with wonderful success. The costumes were marvelous; the two older girls and Mrs. Alcott were clever in contriving something out of nothing. A scrap found its uses; a red scarf, a long cloak, a big hat with a plume stolen from some departed bonnet, looked positively regal on the barn stage; scenery was nothing to these artists, who made castles, enchanted forests, caves, or ladies' bowers on demand. Barns, too, were delightful theaters, because of their well-known advantages; one could make desperate but safe leaps from the beams, and could disappear on short notice into the mangers, and there were "wings" in unexpected corners that could be used with effect.

Some time before the Fruitlands experiment, Mrs. Alcott's father, Colonel May, died, and left her a small amount of money which she determined to invest in a home. It would at least be a roof over their heads while they were struggling for a living. Mr. Emerson, on being consulted, advised the purchase of a house in Concord, and generously came to her help with a gift of five hundred dollars. With this she bought the place known as Hillside, which afterwards became famous as the home of the *Little Women*, and later as the residence of the Hawthornes.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was another whose life and writings greatly influenced Louisa. The handsome, shy man was at his best with children, and his stories held the girl spellbound, as they have held many other girls and boys as well as men and women from that day to this. She pored over his books, the more weird and fanciful holding her with keener interest, and love and admiration for the writer took root in her heart, and grew with her growth.

/In 1848, when Louisa was sixteen, the family removed to Boston, where Mrs. Alcott had employment as a visitor to the poor, under benevolent societies, and where Mr. Alcott held "con-

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versations," or informal lectures, which brought him much pleasure but small pay. Here began Louisa's success as a writer.
—EDITOR.

The proudest moment of Louisa's life was the day which saw the publication of *Flower Fables*. The book breathed of the woods and the wild things that grew there, for she had learned the flower secrets from her old friend Thoreau, and these she told to the little Emersons and Channings, as they sat in the Concord woods, with the asters and the golden-rod nodding to them like friendly comrades.

One may imagine the scene—the cool, green woodland stretch, the giant trees with the sunshine filtering through, making gold ripples in the chestnut hair of the tall girl, surrounded by her smaller companions. At first it was only Ellen Emerson, but as the tales grew in interest, and wood-sprites, water-sprites and fairy queens danced in the sylvan glade, her audience increased and listened breathlessly to the stories which preached of love and joy and youth and happiness, in the language of the flowers and birds.

The true poetry of the girl's nature came to the surface in these woodland hours. One story, "The Fairy Spring," must have been about her sister May, for the little heroine is described as "a pretty child, with hair like sunshine, eyes blue as the sky, cheeks like the wild roses nodding to her on either side of the way, and a voice as sweet as the babbling brook she loved to sing with. May was never happier than when alone in the woods, and every morning with her cup and a little roll of bread in her basket, she wandered away to some of her favorite nooks to feast on berries, play with the flowers, talk to the birds, and make friends with all the harmless wood creatures, who soon knew and welcomed her."

Flower Fables was her Christmas gift to her mother; she sent it with the following note:

BELLE MOSES

December 25, 1854.

DEAR MOTHER:

Into your Christmas stocking I have put my "first-born," knowing that you will accept it with all its faults (for grandmothers are always kind), and look upon it merely as an earnest of what I may yet do; for with so much to cheer me on, I hope to pass in time from fairies and fables to men and realities. Whatever beauty or poetry is to be found in my little book is owing to your interest in, and encouragement of, all my efforts from the first to the last, and if ever I do anything to be proud of, my greatest happiness will be that I can thank you for that, as I may do for all the good there is in me, and I shall be content to write if it gives you pleasure.

Jo is fussing about,
My lamp is going out.

To my dear mother, with many kind wishes for a Happy New Year and Merry Christmas.

I am ever your loving daughter,
LOU

The publication of *Flower Fables* was paid for by a friend—Miss Wealthy Stevens. The edition of sixteen hundred sold very well, though Louisa realized only thirty-two dollars on the whole.

"A pleasing contrast," she adds many years after, "to the receipts of *six months only* in 1886, being eight thousand dollars for the sale of books and no new one; but I was prouder over the thirty-two dollars than the eight thousand." Prouder, perhaps—but not *quite* so comfortable.'

If the publication of *Flower Fables* did nothing more, at least it pointed out the way; it turned Louisa's heart and mind toward the goal that her eyes could not as yet see clearly. There was so much to do, so many doubts to drive away, so many daily needs to satisfy, that she was often compelled

to turn aside from the path that was most alluring. Teaching and sewing she regarded as stand-bys, and often when her active brain was "simmering," as she called it, she was tied to the one or the other. In those days of no sewing machines, Louisa had ample time while running up a seam or doing endless hemming to think out the many tales which afterwards delighted the world, and from this time on, the demand for her stories increased, and the fact that she could in that way bring in the much-needed money for the family support, spurred her to do her best.

It was not until Miss Alcott had written a good many stories and sketches, and had served as a nurse in the Civil War, that a stern demand of her publisher for "a girls' book" rather than the fairy book that she had in mind brought into being *Little Women*.—EDITOR.

So the winter passed and the spring came, and still no girls' book. ²She had been at home since the end of February, having enjoyed the few months' rest in Boston, and, as usual, was finding it hard to write stories fast enough to please the publishers. In May, she sent her father to see Mr. Niles about a fairy book she proposed writing, but the stern publisher would have none of it.

"A girls' book," he demanded, "and the sooner it is written the better."

So, with a helpless shrug of her shoulders Louisa set to work on *Little Women*.

"Marmee, Anna, and May all approve my plan," she writes. "So I plod away, though I don't enjoy this sort of thing. Never liked girls or knew many except my sisters; but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting, though I doubt it."

"Good joke," writes Louisa, on looking over her journal many years later. She started writing in May, and by June

had finished a dozen chapters. We can imagine her, as we have seen Jo herself in *Little Women*, perched upon a high chair before an old-fashioned desk, with the light from her dormer window streaming full upon her paper, scratching away busily. We all remember the black pinafore and the cap with the rampant red bow. The hours flew by unheeded while Louisa dipped far back into her childhood, and was a child again, with Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. And yet, when she sent these first twelve chapters to Mr. Niles, he called them *dull*, and she quite agreed with him.

Think of the first chapter of *Little Women*, brimming over with the doings of these four wholesome little girls, being thought dull by these foolish "grown-ups"—the publisher and the author! And the next chapter, the Christmas frolic and the "Witch's Curse," in all its dramatic glory, with Jo as the hero and the villain and all the other male parts she could whisk into at a moment's notice, and Meg as the witch, and Beth and Amy playing the smaller parts as best they could—this was called dull, too, by these shortsighted people. And all the other simple, wholesome, interesting chapters fared no better. But, in spite of their misgivings, Louisa decided to keep on and try the experiment, "for lively, simple books are very much needed for girls, and perhaps I can supply the need."

/ On July 15th, she finished the first volume of *Little Women*, never indeed having any notion of writing another part, and she thankfully laid down her pen, for the strain had been great. / On the same day she writes in her journal: "Have finished *Little Women* and sent it off—402 pages. May is designing some pictures for it. Hope it will go, for I shall probably get nothing for *Morning Glories*."

With the completed manuscript in his hands, Mr. Niles wisely decided not to trust his own judgment, and looked around for an abler critic. This he found in a small niece,

and he left her curled up in a big armchair, with the closely written pages of *Little Women* in her eager hands. He peeped in every once in a while, but he did not disturb her, for the little girl was absorbed, forgetful of everything but the story, sometimes laughing aloud, sometimes stopping to brush the tears away, but never lifting her eyes from those fascinating pages until the last was laid down with a sigh of regret. She was an enthusiastic young person, and had nothing but praise for the story. Mr. Niles hesitated no longer. In August, Louisa writes:

"Roberts Brothers made me an offer for the story, but at the same time advised me to keep the copyright; so I shall."

Nearly twenty years later she adds: "An honest publisher and a lucky author, for the copyright made her fortune, and the 'dull book' was the first golden egg of the ugly duckling."

So the book was published, and Louisa jumped at once to the top of Fame's ladder, where she remained always in the world of children. No writer before or since her time has bequeathed such a goodly heritage to girls. / From the moment we encounter Jo, stretched on the hearth rug, until we take leave of her under the apple trees at Plumfield, fifteen years later, the light of her busy, useful life sheds happiness on all who read of her.

What is there, after all, in the book which has held so many generations of readers under a magic spell? It is but a simple story of simple girls, bound by a beautiful tie of family love, that neither poverty, sorrow nor death could sever. Four little pilgrims, struggling onward and upward through all the difficulties that beset them on their way; that is all—just the story of their lives—their daily struggles, their joys, and their sorrows; but what girl among the millions who have pored over the book could read of them unmoved? How many ambitions have been spurred on by Jo's struggles and difficulties and by Amy's artistic efforts! How many little

"Crickets on the Hearth" have chirped the sweeter for dear little Beth's sunny influence! How many homes have been made the happier by the Megs who have graced them! And they were not always turtle doves, like the good little story-book children. Jo and Amy, the two high tempers of the family, had many a squabble, and *Little Women* records probably the most serious quarrel of their young lives in the chapter where "Jo Meets Apollyon."

One little girl clearly remembers her feelings over that dreadful affair, and, though she is grown now, the problem of twenty years ago still confronts her. Who was the greater sinner—Amy, for destroying her sister's book, or Jo, for not warning Amy that the ice on the river was thin? "Never let the sun go down upon your anger," said Mrs. March, as they went to bed the night of the quarrel, yet rebellious Jo could not forgive. For years this same little girl took this wholesome advice as her guiding star for her own unruly spirit.

Louisa was not prepared for the storm of applause her book called forth. Tucked away in her modest corner of Concord, she looked on in wonder as edition after edition was printed to supply the demand, and the hitherto empty coffers of the Alcott family began to "swell visibly," as her favorite Sam Weller might have said. Great excitement reigned among the children, who regarded the author of *Little Women* as their own special property. Though written for girls, there was enough boy material to suit everyone, and it was soon very plain that the mere suggestion of a love story attracted the youngsters more than any other part of the book. They demanded a sequel. They wanted to go to Meg's wedding, to see Jo and Beth and Amy grow up, with lovers of their own; to see Jo, in particular, married to their favorite Laurie; but here the much-enduring author balked. She wrote in her journal on October 30, 1868:

"Mr. Niles wants a second volume for spring. Pleasant

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notices and letters arrive, and much interest in my 'little women,' who seem to find friends by their truth to life, as I hoped.

"November 1st. Began the second part of *Little Women*. I can do a chapter a day, and in a month I mean to be done. A little success is so inspiring that I now find my Marches sober, nice people, and, as I can launch into the future, my fancy has more play. Girls write to ask who the little women marry, as if that was the only end and aim of a woman's life. I *won't* marry Jo to Laurie to please anyone."

Louisa always turned thorny over the "loving" parts, but as the children clamored for a proper pairing-off of the March girls, she was forced to give in, and the result was an interweaving of wholesome romance into this fine story of home life. There was a touch of sympathetic fingers about the heartstrings of these little women, but in spite of tears and entreaties, Jo turned a deaf ear to poor Laurie's wooing.

Imploring letters poured in upon her, and the children were heartbroken; in some instances they were made ill by grief and excitement, until at last Miss Alcott was forced to find some kind of a lover for her Jo, whom she had destined to be a jolly old maid. So Professor Bhaer came upon the scene, and soon won his way into the warm regard of the young readers. We like him better, perhaps in *Little Men* and *Jo's Boys*, where there is not such a striking contrast between the polished Laurie and the gruff though kindly German. The children were mollified if not wholly satisfied, and the author thereafter was left in peace on that subject. But she was no longer a private person, for every girl who had read her book claimed her friendship.

TWO ACTORS

DAVID GARRICK

EDWIN BOOTH

The life and mind of the actor is peculiarly an object of interest to the public, for the very calling which makes him theirs conceals him from them. What part he plays on life's stage, wherein his genius lies, what he seems to his intimates—these questions pique the world's curiosity. Garrick and Booth, great actors of Shakespearean rôles in the eighteenth and the nineteenth century, are here shown as human beings, each in his circle.



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FOOTLIGHTS

BY MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS *

The club over which Dr. Samuel Johnson presided in London in the latter half of the eighteenth century included besides literary men such as Oliver Goldsmith, the great actor and theatrical manager, David Garrick. He and Johnson, both of whom had spent their youth in Lichfield, entered London together, to seek their fortunes. While Johnson labored as a literary "hack," Garrick with a little inherited capital entered partnership with his brother in the wine business. His family, considering the career of an actor beneath his dignity, strongly opposed his entering that profession, but, performing at first under an assumed name, he proved his genius and achieved immediate success.

The biographer has endeavored to portray the personality of this interesting man, the individuality of his genius, and his relation to the people of his time, as gathered from his own correspondence and the writings of contemporaries.—EDITOR.

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BEING a great artist, Garrick was a destroyer; he created a revolution in taste. He looked with fresh, keen eyes at current formulas, and decided upon a return to nature. The ancient lights of the theatre were furious in opposition—that, too, as an inevitable consequence. During the interval between Betterton's period and Garrick's, the art of acting reached its farthest remove from reality. "Declamation roared, while passion slept." Tragedy actors did not impersonate, they only strutted and bellowed. They were as conventional in gesture as though they were hidden behind masks and mounted on cothurni. The best among them, James Quin, accompanied his plain-song by action that resembled "the heaving of ballast into the hold of a ship." In short, players had ceased to look to life for their models, they merely copied other stage rhetoricians. They were so absurdly slow of speech that, in the midst of a high-flown tirade, *Saga ist* that Bracegirdle's lover went to sleep, and fell against her.

If the innovator were to succeed, and be imitated, said Colley Cibber, dignity would be banished from the stage. Charles Reade gives a pasticcio, too good to be left unquoted, of what "old Mr. Cibber" thought, in particular, of young Garrick's Richard III—

"I tell you," cried the veteran, "that this Garrick's manner is little, like his person; it is all fuss and bustle. This is his idea of a tragic scene . . . 'Give me another horse!' Well, where's the horse? Don't you see I'm waiting for him? 'Bind up my wounds!' Look sharp now, with these wounds. 'Have mercy, Heaven!' but be quick about it, for the old dog can't wait for Heaven. Bustle! bustle! bustle!"

Cibber, the author of the best theatrical autobiography that exists, was already out of things when Garrick appeared, and his was an academic outcry. But Quin had everything to

fear. "We are all wrong if this is right," he remarked, summing up the situation. Here and elsewhere, Quin stands out as a straight, frank fellow in what was, for the most part, a pitiful world of mean misstatements. He had, of course, to fight for his own hand. He went about saying Garrick would be like Whitefield, a day's wonder, after which the heretical congregations would flock back to orthodoxy. Garrick, hearing of this *mot*—which was comparable to Madame de Sévigné's prophecy, "*Racine passera comme le café*"—was struck by a neat idea for a reply. He embodied it in a three-versed epigram, with its sting in its tail, as follows—

Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more.
When doctrines meet with general reprobation
It is not heresy, but Reformation.

As the "gentleman who never appeared on any stage"—for Garrick was anonymous during the first few weeks—went off it to the heady music of the shouts and the clappings on that first night of his triumph, what sensations must have been his! Yet he was still, nominally, a wine merchant, still responsible for those bottles—of "vinegar" or otherwise—lying in Durham Yard, in which not only his own capital, but brother Peter's too, was embarked. How was he to break the news to Peter that he was no longer a man of dockets and invoices, but Richard III, Hamlet, Lear, Bayes, Ranger, Kiteley, Don Felix, Jaffier—a vista of waiting heroes? If Peter could but have been in the house last night (these were next morning reflections) he might have caught something of the flush and glory; but away in dead-alive Lichfield, and with a commercial partnership at stake—it was an emphatically cold-blooded and unpleasant piece of work to have to sit down and write to him.

When we consider the very marked vein of timidity that

ran through Garrick's nature, we freshly realize how great the driving power was that induced the declaration, "I am resolv'd to pursue it." After instancing Booth, Mills, Wilks, and Cibber, who, though actors, lived on the friendliest terms with persons of serious consequence—bishops and others—David ended all he could think of to say to Peter with these rather touching words—

Though I know you will be much displeas'd at me, yet I hope when you find that I may have the genius of an actor without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be asham'd to own me for a brother.

How many of the stage-struck have not written similar, though probably weaker, letters to their aghast and offended relatives, and how many of them have become Garricks?

Of course, there was a great to-do at Lichfield. The sisters most likely swooned, Peter certainly raged. A substantial uncle resided at Carshalton. What would he do? What would the Close—everybody—say?

*Eques Romanus Lare egressus meo,
Domum revertar mimus.*

To think that a Garrick should disgrace the family by turning actor, instead of sticking to a comfortable, reputable business, with a good connection! This, and much more, was said and shouted in Beacon Street, and indignant letters—all now in the Victoria and Albert Museum—were written, to each of which David replied with a moderation and judicious mildness everlastingly to the credit of a young man whose brain was simmering with success.

In extenuation of Peter's attitude, it must be remembered that actors, as a class, were very far then from being socially *arrivés*. It need scarcely be added that it was Peter's brother who was incalculably to raise the prestige of the stage. "Gar-

rick has made a player a higher character," said Dr. Johnson.

The same post that brought the horrified Philistine David's thunderbolt, brought him another letter from London from John Swinfen (perhaps a son of Johnson's godfather, Dr. Samuel Swinfen), describing the scene in Goodman's Fields Theatre, justifying David, and eulogising his acting. "I heard several Men of Judgment declare it their Opinion that nobody ever excelled Him...and that they were surprised, with so peculiar a Genius, how it was possible for Him to keep off the Stage so long." The concluding expression suspiciously resembles one of David's own, and the student of Garrick can have little doubt that his eager hand guided his good friend's pen. Even better calculated to mollify is the information David soon after (November 16th and earlier) gives Peter in his own handwriting that he is no player at poor hire, but receiving six guineas a week, and guaranteed £120 for his "clear benefit" on December 2nd, when "pit and boxes are to be put together." "If you come to town your lodgings will cost you Nothing." "I have not a debt of twenty shillings upon me so in that be very easy." The beginnings of an eminent man's career are always interesting. But enough now of Peter and his opposition.

After this grand encounter, Garrick had no more struggles. His was a life singularly unchequered by adversity. He marched straight into the Land of Promise, possessed it, and his it remained.

It was generally held that *Lear* was his masterpiece, and this was the opinion of two judges as discriminating as Miss Burney and Sir W. W. Pepys, father of the first Earl of Cottenham, who was twice Lord Chancellor. Garrick took lifelong pains to perfect his *Lear*, so it is no wonder he succeeded in obtaining such absolute mastery in it as to preserve, in the grandiloquent language of James Boaden, "the damp of age in the fire of

insanity." It is rather disappointing to know that he played Lear with a crutch.

Garrick's tragic art most excelled in a part of quick transitions, where the character showed itself hurried on by a whirlwind of feeling, and Charles James Fox, who so well understood the gamut of impassioned gesture, was seen one evening, in 1768, in the side boxes, holding up his hands in transport at Garrick's elemental groan, "O fool, I shall go mad!" Frenzy was a specialty with the great Romantic of the stage. He knew how to differentiate it according to the native hue of its victim, just as he differentiated two jealousies in Mrs. Centlivre's *Don Felix* and Saint Ben's *Kitely*.

The secret, perhaps, of his extraordinary success was his mastery of the most difficult problem in all the arts, that of preserving ideal beauty in the midst of violence, pain, and physical decay. This signal point in his acting is dwelt on by Goldsmith's friend, Dr. Fordyce, in a letter on *King Lear*, as it is also by Grimm in the Grimm and Diderot *Correspondence Littéraire*. When Garrick knelt, clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to heaven, and pronounced the curse on Goneril, he was at his grandest, and the audience shrank, as under lightning. Dr. Fordyce was the enthusiast—and capable critic—who wrote to the Roscius, "not because his single approbation could be of any consequence to Mr. Garrick; but merely to relieve himself from a load of sensibility with which *King Lear* had overwhelmed him." When Barry the beautiful had the temerity to play Lear at Covent Garden after Garrick had just been playing it at Drury Lane, the epigram went round the town—

A king—nay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite a different thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

Garrick had been acquainted with an unfortunate man in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, who, playing one day at an upper window with his two-year-old child, accidentally let it spring from his arms, and fall into a flagged area. The child was killed, and, from that moment, the miserable father lost speech and reason. He passed the remainder of his existence in going to a window, playing in imagination with a child, dropping it, then bursting into tears, and filling the house with shrieks of anguish. Afterwards, he would sit down, pensive and still, and at times look slowly round as if imploring compassion. "There it was," Garrick used to say, "that I learned to imitate madness; I copied nature, and to that owed my success in *King Lear*."

In Hamlet, the test part for an actor's intellect, Garrick elicited, in addition to Partridge's testimony to his naturalness, Lichtenberg's, and a cloud of other witnesses', to his ability to grasp the most complex of all persons of the drama. Garrick interpreted, as far as any actor can, not only Hamlet's melancholic paralysis and feverish levity, but his persistent desire to do right, his godlike reason. He made his love for his father Hamlet's central motive.

Garrick left out Hamlet's advice to the players, apparently as being too technical for the son of a king. On the representations of "a Dublin Well-wisher," he also deleted "the abominable soliloquy" about not killing Claudius at his prayers. He pulled out two miniatures to look upon this picture, and on this, but reformed away the slow music with which, up to this time, Hamlet had emphasised his entrance. He did not bare his head to the Ghost, as Fechter did; he was, on the other hand, guilty of continuing the custom of returning his weapon to its sheath with a respectful bow when the elder Hamlet announces, "I am thy father's spirit," "which is as much as to say," sarcastically observed the above-mentioned Hibernian critic, "that if he had not been a ghost upon whom he could

depend, he dare not have ventured to put up his sword." In the scene with Goodman Delver (Garrick's corerpondents do not allow us to forget that theirs was the century of the stale and stereotyped) Garrick was accused of being too much the lecturer. Hannah More, on the contrary, was specially impressed by the princeliness of his Hamlet.

Sad to relate, in Garrick's own version of *Hamlet*, produced in 1771, he cut out "the grave-digger's tricks," Osric, and the fencing-match with Laertes. "I had sworn," he said, "I would not leave the stage until I had rescued that noble play from the rubbish of the fifth act."

In *Macbeth*, Garrick showed the necessary insight into the moral tragedy. His predecessors had made Macbeth robustious, and an inferior part to Macduff, but he brought out the internal conflict, the frightful foresight of Macbeth, and eliminated bluster. A contemporary critic thought his Macbeth too dejected.

Garrick is credited, only too truly, with having swallowed flattery with a conjurer's avidity. An amusing story, discovered by the writer in an ancient newspaper, a quaking bog enough, as evidence, runs as follows—

When Packer was young and engaged at Drury Lane Theatre at a low salary he was one day attending the rehearsal of a new play, at a time when Garrick was occupied on the stage in an interesting scene, and accidentally let fall his hat; a circumstance which much disconcerted the Manager [Garrick], who on such occasions considered the smallest interruption as a very great crime. At the end of the scene he strutted in great wrath up to the offender, and was proceeding to pronounce the dreadful sentence of dismissal from the theatre, when Packer, in humble guise, besought his attention for a moment. "Indeed, Sir," said he, "I am not morally responsible for this act. . . . My nerves, Sir, my nerves could not withstand the electric shock of your wonderful delineation of this new part." "Ha! What? Ha!" said the

little great man, lowering his tone. . . . Well, well, do take care in future." Ten shillings a week were added to Packer's salary.

Garrick had a variety of methods of showing displeasure towards a retainer who did not bow, as he put it, to his rules and orders as a commanding officer. He enforced abatements of salary for absences and other misdemeanours with a regularity that was, in both senses, unremitting. If an actor had the temerity to write asking for a rise, or complaining of a degradation, he expressed as much astonishment at his letter as the gentleman in the white waistcoat expressed when Oliver Twist asked for more. At the same time, he seems usually to have concluded such matters in the handsome, *grand monarque* way. To a certain Cauthery he addressed a written snub that culminates thus, "You talked . . . to my brother [George Garrick] of being just to yourself—a foolish, conceited phrase; you had better take care to be just to other people, and to your duty."

"A spice of the devil is necessary to a manager, or what would become of him when surrounded by agitated friends?" remarked one who was himself a manager. Partly from discreet cultivation, partly from vivacity of nature, Garrick had a peremptory way at rehearsals. There can be no doubt, either, that, with his man actors, he employed the vernacular, the vulgar tongue. Even then, he was in all probability less foul-mouthed than Macready. If, in those free-spoken days, he frequently let fall a word beginning with *d*, or worse, from which, in the company of his episcopal friends, he would have refrained, the provocations were many. "*C'est un soulagement nécessaire*," said the good Lord Lyttelton of a similar foible on his own part. We should recollect that Sir Charles Wyndham expected to be laughed at when he told the Playgoers' Club that every actor-manager was the embodiment of meekness, humility, and self-effacement.

Garrick's scintillating, piercing eyes, the lustre of which unexaggerating Fanny Burney was sometimes "really not able to bear," were dreaded by offenders and the timid. His restless managerial mannerisms—hums and haws, and "hey, why now," "yes, now, really I think," etc., must have been disconcerting. We are given to understand that he did not disdain the artifices whereby other monarchs foster their courtiers' dependence on their smiles. We read of his studious non-recognition in the street of an actor out of favour, of his taking pains at rehearsal to make such a wretch unhappier by galling speeches, a continual frown, or supercilious laughter—"he would not condescend to settle the business of a scene without some mark of cool disgust." Intermittently, he would exercise, sayeth the deponent, that magical "good-humour" of his which made the world all sunshine. Three kinds of memory are specified, good, bad, and convenient, and he is credited with the last.

The danger of a universal hiss—especially where "Dislike to the House" was indicated—was its proneness to develop into rowdiness of a pronounced kind, including the hurling of serious projectiles, eggs, onions, and the oft-quoted Cha—ney oranges, no matter of "chasing" on these occasions, when ladies of fashion in the "railed in" pit, reluctant Danæes to the golden shower, had to keep ducking their heads to evade an ill-aimed missile. In Dublin, a hail of potatoes signified the wrath of the gods.

A manager never quite knew, when he entered his playhouse in the evening, if, before he closed, there would not be a demolition of his property for which he would get little or no redress. Tom Sheridan, certainly, was offered—and refused—a pension of £300 a year in compensation for the havoc wrought, in 1754, in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, upon his refusing to allow Digges to reiterate some lines in Miller's

Mahomet capable of an Anti-Courtier or Nationalist interpretation.

The indemnity offered to Sheridan was unique, while riots, on the contrary, were periodic. Theatre rows then somewhat resembled the election rows our grandfathers tell us of. The signal—after the ladies had been formally requested to withdraw—for the mohocks and their hired bruisers to commence operations was a lighted candle snatched from one of the sconces and flung upon the stage. Slash, went the curtains, and crash, went the benches. "The linings of the boxes were cut to pieces," says *The Annual Register* (vi. 58) in describing the "Fitzgig" riot at Covent Garden in 1763. Scenery, looking-glasses, chairs, and all other valuables were wrecked.

In spite of his popularity, Garrick could not evade riots. The occasion on which the lordly footmen pelted the players with halfpence has been already referred to, but that was comparatively trivial. In Foote's *The Minor*, Shift, candle-clipper at the King's Play House, Drury Lane, is hit in the eye with a crabapple "apply'd" by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland because he hated the French. This gibe refers to a riot that occurred in Garrick's theatre in 1755, respecting *The Chinese Festival*, a spectacle on which Garrick had lavished "a massy sum." The anti-Gallican rioters insisted, as Foote indicates, on the withdrawal of certain Italian figurants, because England was on the eve of war with France, and all foreigners were French spies. For five nights, Garrick's supporters, the gentlemen of the boxes, sword in hand, charged "the bludgeon men" in the pit. We gather that no blood was shed, so, no doubt, they all thought it capital fun. Not content with breaking everything breakable in the theatre, the mobility, after receiving the management's assurance that the unpopular entertainment should not be repeated, trailed away to Southampton Street, and broke Garrick's windows as a delicate epilogue to

the heavy loss they had entailed on his theatre. A few nights later, when Garrick reappeared as Archer, he was greeted with cries of "Pardon! pardon!"

The hooligans expected him to go down on his knees. It was a critical moment. This time, at any rate, Garrick was no coward—perhaps, because his customary policy of conciliation had no time to get uppermost. With his foot on his native heath, he rose to the height of impersonation, and was less David Garrick, accommodating and pliable, than the consummate actor of some gallant and dignified character. He came forward under the girandoles, and, with all the self-restraint for which he was noted, expostulated with the disturbers of the peace, winding up by stating in a firm voice an inalienable resolve that, unless he were permitted to perform his duty that night, he was "above want, superior to insult," and would "never, never appear on the stage again." He was in a strong position, he made the most of it, and, as he concluded his manly and temperate remonstrance, the house "broke into such a universal applause as shook old Drury."



TRAGEDY ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

BY WILLIAM WINTER *

Edwin Booth, the great nineteenth-century American actor, had the advantage of being "born to the stage." His father, Junius Brutus Booth, born in London, was a successful actor first in England and later in America, his adopted country. From 1862 to 1865 Edwin Booth was manager of the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, where he presented a series of magnificent Shakespearean productions. For some months after his younger brother, John Wilkes Booth, had assassinated President Lincoln, Edwin in profound sorrow retired from the stage. Soon after his return, he built his own theatre at the corner of 23rd Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, which for some time was an artistic and financial success. Owing, however, to unwise direction of finances connected with the building of this theatre, and to the financial panic of 1873, he lost the theatre and his personal fortune. However, by later successes, he again accumulated wealth.

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William Winter, famous dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, enjoying the personal acquaintance of all the great actors of his time, has written delightfully of them in several books. *Vagrant Memories* is an example of collective biography or personal reminiscences, touching on such other stage celebrities as Henry Irving, Edward Sothorn, and Julia Marlowe. As an example of this type of writing it has here been chosen, rather than the complete *Life and Art of Edwin Booth*, by the same author.—EDITOR.

EDWIN'S experience during the period of his early professional training in California was, truly, a "strange, eventful history." At one time—as he told me—he lived in a hut in the environs of San Francisco, with "Dave" Anderson (remembered as a good actor of eccentric parts and old men), sharing everything, including housework. "We had a horse and wagon," Edwin said, "and we drove into town to get provisions. Kidneys were cheap and we bought them whenever we could. Opposite the butcher's shop 'Dave' would rein in and hold up his hand, shouting 'Kid?' and often the butcher would shake his head and reply, 'No kid,' and we would drive on, without meat for dinner." But his California life, if rough and hard, was wild and free, and I doubt whether he was ever again as truly happy as he was then. I know that in the later days of his great renown he was often very wretched.

A man more susceptible of suffering I have not known. One day, at his summer residence in Newport, Booth told me that he thought he had been cruel and felt sorry for it. He was much dejected. On inquiry as to the cause of his disquietude I learned from him that flies had been exceedingly numerous and troublesome, and that he had made use of a liquid poison, recommended by an acquaintance, to destroy them. "I was much amused," he said, "in watching them, after they had

tasted the stuff, because they would become as though drunk, and wobble about and topple over, in a most ludicrous manner. But suddenly I realized that as death was not instantaneous they must be *suffering*, and I have been grieved about it ever since." There was no affectation in this. His remorse was genuine and it was painful to see. The same extreme sensibility characterized his father. Edwin, speaking of him, told me: "He was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew. He would not allow any living thing on the farm [at Belair] to be killed. There was a huge, repulsive, villainous toad, whose favorite seat was on a projecting bit of stone in the side of a large well. I detested the thing, but my father would not allow it to be harmed or in any way disturbed or annoyed." A contemporary medical pundit has discovered and proclaimed that such feelings denote effeminate weakness; perhaps they do: for me, they imply fine humanity in their possessor, and I remember the moral injunction of Wordsworth's "Hart Leap Well,"

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.

It is particularly worth while at this time, when dominant theatrical managers, closing their eyes to the obvious truth, still, parrot-like, declare that "Shakespeare spells ruin," to remember and emphasize the fact that Booth gained his eminence and made his fortune entirely with the standard drama. His repertory included eleven of Shakespeare's plays. He liked to act in comedy, as a relief to his feelings, and he often did so, but by nature he was a tragedian, and it was in tragedy that he excelled. Edmund Kean was supreme in pathos; the elder Booth in terror; Edwin Booth moved with equal facility in either realm, and in all the terrific or afflictive exacting passages of pure tragedy or the climactic passages of *Richelieu* his voice was magnificent, his action illuminative,

his elocution faultless, his fiery energy that of the tempest. He was a wonderful actor, and especially he was wonderful in his faculty of artistic control: after he had curbed and subdued the exuberance of youth he never lost perfect command of himself. Once when he had just finished one of the most tremendous outbursts of passion in *Othello*, and aroused his audience to the highest pitch of excitement, he moved "up-stage" in, apparently, pitiable anguish, and said, in a low tone, to his nephew, Wilfred Clarke, standing in the wings: "Will, did you see that big rat run across the stage?"

Edwin loved most to act *Richelieu*. He grew weary of acting *Hamlet*. His wife, Mary McVicker, told me it was her custom to lay out, in the morning, the dress of the part he was to act at night, and so to apprise him of the approaching professional duty, and that whenever he saw the dress of *Hamlet* he would become moody and fretful, but that when he saw the garments of *Don Cæsar de Bazan* or *Petruchio* he was pleased. He liked *Shylock*, for an actor's reason—that it is a splendidly effective part; his fine performance of it was exceedingly popular. He discarded *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Pescara*, because he considered them too dark and repellent, and he told me that he was inclined to discard *Bertuccio*, for the same reason. First and last he acted at least two hundred parts, but his customary repertory included only sixteen.

Booth had his artistic growth in a peculiar period in the history of dramatic art in America. Just before his time the tragic sceptre was in the hands of Edwin Forrest, who never succeeded in winning any ardent devotion from the intellectual part of the public, but was constantly compelled to dominate a multitude that never heard any sound short of thunder and never felt anything till it was hit with a club. The bulk of Forrest's great fortune was gained by him with

Metamora, which is rant and fustian. He himself despised it and deeply despised and energetically cursed the public that forced him to act in it. Forrest's best powers, indeed, were never really appreciated by the average mind of his fervent admirers. He lived in a rough period and he had to use a hard method to subdue it. Edwin Booth was fortunate in coming later, when the culture of the people had increased and when the sledge-hammer style was going out, so that he gained almost without an effort the refined and fastidious classes. As long ago as 1857, with all his natural grace, refinement, romantic charm, and fine bearing, his impetuosity was such that even the dullest sensibilities were aroused and thrilled and astonished by him—and so it happened that he also gained the multitude.

The circumstances of the theatre and of the lives of players have greatly changed since the generation went out to which such men as Junius Booth and Augustus A. Addams belonged. No actor would now be so mad as to put himself in pawn for drink, as Cooke is said to have done, nor be found scraping the ham from the sandwiches provided for his luncheon, as Junius Booth was, before going on to play *Shylock*. Our stage has no longer a Richardson to light a pan of red fire, as that old showman once did, to signalize the fall of the screen in *The School for Scandal*. The eccentrics and the taste for them have passed away. It seems really once to have been thought that the actor who did not often make a maniac of himself with drink could not be possessed of the divine fire. That demonstration of genius is not expected now, nor does the present age customarily exact from its favorite players the performance of all sorts and varieties of parts. Forrest was the first of the prominent players to break away from the old usage in this latter particular. During the most prosperous years of his life, from 1837 to 1850, he acted only about a dozen parts, and most of them were old. The only new parts

that he studied were *Claude Melnotte*, *Richelieu*, *Jack Cade*, and *Mordaunt*, the latter in the play of *The Patrician's Daughter*, and he "recovered" *Marc Antony*, which he particularly liked. Edwin Booth, who had inherited from his father the insanity of intemperance, conquered it utterly, and nobly and grandly trod it beneath his feet; and as he matured in his career, through acting every kind of part, from a dandy negro up to *Hamlet*, he at last made choice of the characters that afforded scope for his powers and his aspirations, and so settled upon a definite restricted repertory.

Booth's tragedy was better than his elegant comedy. There have been several other actors who equalled or surpassed him in *Benedick* or *Don Cæsar*. The comedy in which he excelled is that of silvery speciousness and bitter sarcasm, as in portions of *Iago* and *King Richard the Third* and the simulated madness of *Lucius Brutus*, and the comedy of grim drollery, as in portions of *Richelieu*—his expression of those veins being wonderfully perfect. But no other actor of his time, except Henry Irving, has equalled him in certain attributes of tragedy that are essentially poetic. He was not at his best, indeed, in all the tragic parts that he acted; and, like his father, he was an uneven actor in the parts to which he was best suited. No person can be said to have known Booth's acting who did not see him play the same part several times. His artistic treatment was generally found adequate, but his mood or spirit continually varied. He could not at will command it, and when it was absent his performance seemed cold. This characteristic is, perhaps, inseparable from the poetic temperament. Each ideal that he presented was poetic; and the suitable and adequate presentation of it, therefore, needed poetic warmth and glamour. Booth never went behind his poet's text to find a prose image in the pages of historic fact. The spectator who took the trouble to look into his art found it

indeed invariably accurate as to historic basis, and found that all essential points and questions of scholarship had been considered by the actor. But this was not the secret of its power upon the soul. That power resided in its charm, and that charm consisted of its poetry. Standing on the lonely ramparts of Elsinore, and with awe-stricken, preoccupied, involuntary glances questioning the starlit midnight air, while he talked with his attendant friends, Edwin Booth's Hamlet was the simple, absolute realization of Shakespeare's haunted prince, and raised no question, and left no room for inquiry, whether the Danes in the Middle Ages wore velvet robes or had long flaxen hair. It was dark, mysterious, afflicted, melancholy, sympathetic, beautiful—a vision of dignity and of grace, made sublime by suffering, made weird and awful by "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." Sorrow never looked more woefully and ineffably lovely than his sorrow looked in the parting scene with Ophelia, and frenzy never spoke with a wilder glee of horrid joy and fearful exultation than was heard in his tempestuous cry of delirium, "Nay, I know not; is it *the king?*"

An actor who is fine only at points is not, of course, a perfect actor. The remark of Coleridge about the acting of Edmund Kean, that it was like "reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," has misled many persons as to Kean's art. Macready bears a similar testimony. But the weight of evidence will satisfy the reader that Kean was, in fact, a careful student and that he did not neglect any detail of his art. This was certainly true of Edwin Booth. In the level plains that lie between the mountain peaks of expression he walked with as sure a footstep and as firm a tread as on the summit of the loftiest crag or the verge of the steepest abyss. In 1877-'78, in association with me, he prepared for the press an edition of fifteen of the plays in which he customarily acted. There is not a line in either of those plays that he had not studiously

and thoroughly considered; not a vexed point that he had not, for his own purposes in acting, satisfactorily settled. His Shakespearean scholarship was extensive and sound, and it was no less minute than ample. His stage business had been arranged, as stage business ought to be, with scientific precision. If, as *King Richard the Third*, he was seen to be abstractedly toying with a ring upon one of his fingers, or unsheathing and sheathing his dagger, those apparently capricious actions would be found to be done because they were illustrative parts of that monarch's personality, warranted by the text and content. In early years, when acting *Hamlet*, an accidental impulse led him to hold out his sword, hilt foremost, toward the receding spectre, as a protective cross, the symbol of that religion to which *Hamlet* so frequently recurs. The expedient was found to justify itself and he made it a custom. In the graveyard scene of the tragedy he directed that one of the skulls thrown up by the first gravedigger should have a tattered and mouldy fool's cap adhering to it, so that it might attract attention, and be singled out from the others, as "Yorick's skull, the king's jester." These are little things; but it is of a thousand little things that a dramatic performance is composed, and without this care for detail—which must be precise, logical, profound, vigilant, unerring, and at the same time always unobtrusive, subservient, and seemingly involuntary—there can be neither cohesion, nor symmetry, nor an illusory image consistently maintained; and all great effects would become tricks of mechanism and detached exploits of theatrical force.

In one of Edwin's notes to me (he frequently wrote, and I possess several hundred of his letters, all in his peculiar, fine, sometimes almost indecipherable writing) there is an instinctive reference to a view of his character prevalent when he was acting at the Winter Garden and had been bereaved

by death of his first wife, Mary Devlin—whom he idolized. "The labor I underwent at that time" (so he wrote), "with domestic affliction weighing heavily upon me, made me very unfit for social enjoyment of any kind, and I was forced to shut myself up a great deal. This, of course, made people think me haughty, self-conceited, and 'Hamlet-y' all the time; whereas I was very weary and unhappy." The misapprehension to which he thus alluded was once general, and more or less it followed him through life. He was, constitutionally, pensive and sad. He had inherited a moody temperament, his mind prone to introspection, and he had been reared in close association with themes of tragedy. No person who looks on mortal life with searching, comprehensive gaze can wholly withstand the saddening influence of the pathetic spectacle which it presents—notwithstanding all its pageantry. Booth, who saw widely and who deeply felt the significance of what he saw, certainly could not withstand it, and it was precisely because his nature was thus attuned to melancholy, while his person was one of exquisite symmetry and his method of art, both elocutionary and histrionic, one of surpassing clarity, power, and grace, that he became the best Hamlet that ever trod our Stage.

But there was another aspect of Booth's complex personality—an aspect not less delightful than surprising; he could be one of the merriest of companions. He never was, in even the least particular, "self-conceited," nor was he "Hamlet-y" in private life at any time. I have known many players, but I have not known one who possessed a readier faculty and quicker perception of humor, or an ampler capability of its enjoyment, than were evinced by Edwin Booth. This side of the man, however, was revealed only to his intimate friends—and those were few. In private talk with me his merriment was sometimes astonishing: at least, so it seems to me now, when I review the past and remember how bitter were the

WILLIAM WINTER

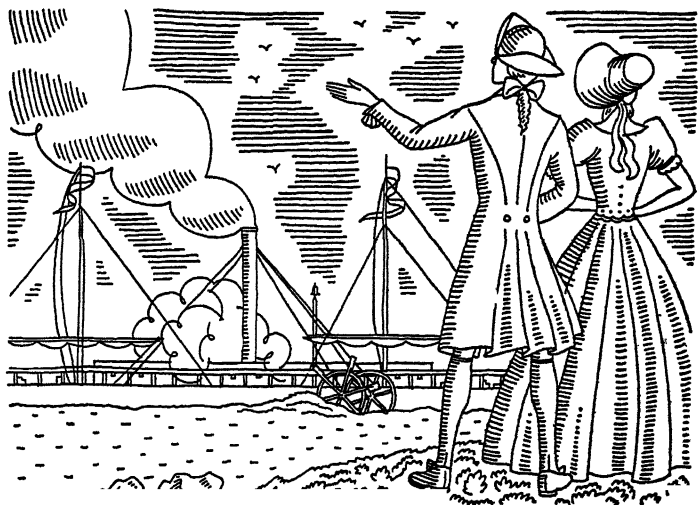
afflictions which had befallen him, for he had been tried by some of the most terrible calamities that ever tested the fortitude of a human soul. He possessed abundance of anecdote, and when he told a comic story, as he often did, his melodious, finely modulated voice, his dark brilliant eyes, his expressive countenance, and his naturally dramatic manner gave to every word and point an illuminative meaning and a richly comic effect.

THREE INVENTORS

ROBERT FULTON

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

For dramatic effect what can be more thrilling than the success of an inventor who for years has faced a derisive public? And when the result of his labors is such an achievement as the solution of steam navigation or of aeronautics, then indeed history becomes romance. In Robert Fulton and the Wright brothers we see the best type of American inventive genius coupled with sterling character; in their story we read the triumph of vision over unbelief.



FULTON'S FOLLY

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE *

Born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765, Robert Fulton spent his early manhood in England, where he studied first painting, then engineering. In Paris, where he next resided, he constructed a submarine boat but was unable to secure its adoption by Napoleon for the purposes of war. It was in Paris also that on August 9, 1803, he succeeded in making the first trip in a boat propelled by steam. Others had been experimenting towards that end, but his was the first practical result. Then, returning to America, he constructed the *Clermont* which made its first trip up the Hudson on August 17, 1807.—EDITOR.

UPON his arrival in America from England in December, 1806, after a voyage of two months from Falmouth, Fulton immediately devoted himself to his several projects.

* From *Robert Fulton and the "Clermont,"* by Alice Crary Sutcliffe, great-granddaughter of the inventor. Copyright, 1908, 1909, by The Century Co. Reprinted by permission.

The winter was passed in the construction of the American boat, which he called the *Clermont* in gracious recognition of the hospitality which he had enjoyed at Chancellor Livingston's country place of that name on the Hudson. He engaged Charles Browne, a shipbuilder of note, whose yards were at Corlear's Hook on the East River, to construct the hull. Already Fulton had expended a considerable sum of money upon the project, for we find in his notebook the following items:

February 5, 1804

Travelling from London to Birmingham and back again to order the steam engine	£ 8-0-0
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January 21, 1805

To Messrs. Boulton Watt & Co. for cylinder and parts of the engine	£548-0-0
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March 18, 1805

To Messrs. Cave & Son, for Copper Boiler weighing 4,399 lbs. at 2s. 2d. the lb.	£476-11-2
--	-----------

March, 1805

Fee at the Treasury on receiving permission to ship the Engine for America	£ 2-14-6
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Prior to the completion of the *Clermont*, a throng of idle-minded men congregated in the vicinity, called it "Fulton's Folly," and scoffed at its possibilities. The actual safety of the invention was seriously menaced by this lawless throng and by the careless piloting of sloops in the slip. After one threatened mishap, Fulton found it necessary to guard the boat. On June 7, he paid "\$4.00 to the men for guarding the boat two nights and a day after the vessel ran against her," and six days later "\$20.00 pay to the men who guard the boat."

Only a few weeks after the completion of the boat the funds provided by Livingston and Fulton threatened to become exhausted, and they invited a third party to join the enterprise, but no one was found who was sufficiently convinced of the utility of the plan, and they remained alone in the proprietorship. Fulton has left a record of a previous attempt to obtain coöperation. He says: "In 1806 Messrs. Livingston and Fulton offered to take Mr. Stevens in as a partner. He refused, asserting that Mr. Fulton's plan could not succeed." This was Mr. John Stevens, brother-in-law of Chancellor Livingston, who afterward built the *Phenix*, a steamboat for the Delaware River.

At a special crisis when \$1,000 was imperatively needed Fulton spent an evening in a vain attempt to convince an intimate friend of the practicability of his invention. The next morning he repeated his persuasions and the friend agreed to advance one hundred dollars with the proviso that Fulton should induce others of his friends to subscribe the remaining nine hundred. After great difficulty the invention succeeded in obtaining the amount, but only on the promise that the names of the subscribers should be kept secret, as they feared that their folly would become a matter of public ridicule.

Upon Sunday, the 9th of August, 1807, Fulton primarily tested the capabilities of his new boat upon the East River—a fact not generally known. He wrote an account of this experimental trip in a letter to the Chancellor; the following important extracts are quoted from *The Livingstons of Callender*, privately printed by Clermont and E. Brockholst Livingston:

Yesterday about 12 o'clock I put the steamboat in motion first with a paddle 8 inches broad 3 feet long, with which I ran about one mile up the East River against a tide of about one mile an hour, it being nearly high water. I then anchored and put on

another paddle 8 inches wide 3 feet long, started again and then, according to my best observations, I went three miles an hour, that is two against a tide of one: another board of 8 inches was wanting, which had not been prepared. I therefore turned the boat and ran down with the tide—and turned her round neatly into the berth from which I parted. She answers the helm equal to anything that ever was built, and I turned her twice in three times her own length. Much has been proved by this experiment. First that she will, when in complete order, run up to my full calculations. Second, that my axles, I believe, will be sufficiently strong to run the engine to her full power. Third, that she steers well, and can be turned with ease.

And he jubilantly continues, after giving some further particulars concerning the working of the engine, and some contemplated alterations to the paddles:

Yesterday I beat all the sloops that were endeavoring to stem tide with the slight breeze which they had; had I hoisted my sails I consequently should have had all their means added to my own. Whatever may be the fate of steamboats for the Hudson, everything is completely proved for the Mississippi, and the object is immense.

In this letter he also mentions that he expects his contemplated "corrections, with the finishing of the cabins, will take me the whole week, and I shall start on Monday next at 4 miles an hour."

On August 17, 1807, the *Clermont* made its memorable first voyage up the Hudson. At one o'clock the boat was loosed from its moorings at a dock on the North River near the State's Prison, Greenwich Village.

Fulton's feelings at this crisis are set down in a letter to an unknown friend, quoted as part of a reminiscence by the late Judge Story in Sanders' early "History of Schenectady," and secured by Mrs. Robert Fulton Blight from alleged original:

FULTON'S FOLLY

MY DEAR SIR:

The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the boat to move. My friends were in groups on the dock. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given and the boat moved on a short distance and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated—"I told you it was so; it is a foolish scheme: I wish we were well out of it."

I elevated myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter, but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short time it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores—and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment.

Imagination superseded the influence of the fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

Yours,

R. FULTON

The *Clermont* was an odd craft. The machinery, placed in the center, was exposed to view and creaked ominously. Only the bow and stern were covered to form the cabins. The unprotected paddle wheels swung ponderously at each side and splashed the water as they revolved. There were two masts, but no bowsprit, as sometimes pictured. The compass was

rather rude but answered the purpose well, though the man at the tiller in the stern had difficulty in defining the course.

Like the vessel itself the impression it made was unique. It was described as an "ungainly craft looking precisely like a backwoods sawmill mounted on a scow and set on fire." It is easy to fancy the astonishment and alarm of the crews of the ordinary sailing boats of the river and of the dwellers in the towns along the shores. Some of the sailors, it is asserted, when they saw "this queer-looking sailless thing" gaining upon them in spite of contrary wind and tide, actually abandoned their vessels and took to the woods in fright.

Others who saw the boat in the night described her as a "monster moving on the waters defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke." Some prostrated themselves and prayed a kind Providence for protection from the approaches of the monster, which was marching on the waters and lighting its pathway with fire.

It is easy in this day of full understanding to find amusement in their overwhelming consternation, but the appearance of the boat must indeed have been terrific. The fuel used was pine wood, and when the fire was stirred by the engineer a galaxy of sparks ascended. No wonder that the quiet dwellers in the valley were frightened by the novel sight.

Miss Helen Livingston, daughter of Gilbert R. Livingston, who with her sister Kate had been visiting "Liberty Hall" at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, the home of their cousin William Livingston, Governor of the State, had written at the conclusion of her visit:

My dear mother will be glad to know that we are soon to return home. Cousin Chancellor has a wonderful new boat which is to make the voyage up the Hudson some day soon. It will hold a good many passengers and he has, with his usual kindness, invited us to be of the party. He says it will be something to re-

member all our lives. He says we need not trouble ourselves about provisions, as his men will see to all that. In the meantime we are enjoying ourselves very much; everybody is so kind and cordial.

Helen Livingston, whose girlish letter has been quoted and who later married William Mather Smith, confided to her grandfather an intensely interesting fact which occurred on the second day of the progress up the river. Just before the boat was about to cast anchor off Clermont, the Chancellor announced the betrothal of Robert Fulton to his young kinswoman, Harriet Livingston, and made the prophecy that the "name of the inventor would descend to posterity as a benefactor to the world," and that it was not impossible that before the close of the present century, vessels might even be able to make the voyage to Europe without other motive power than steam. This hardy prediction was received with but moderate approval by any; while smiles of incredulity were exchanged between those who were so placed that they could not be seen by the speechmaker or the inventor. John R. Livingston was heard to say, in an aside to his cousin John Swift Livingston, that "Bob has had many a bee in his bonnet before now, but this steam folly will prove the worst yet!"

An early newspaper clipping is authority for the statement that Fulton had previously asked the Chancellor, "Is it presumptuous in me to aspire to the hand of Miss Harriet Livingston?" "By no means," the distinguished Chancellor is said to have replied. "Her father may object because you are a humble and poor inventor, and the family may object, but if Harriet does not object—and she seems to have a world of good sense—go ahead, and my best wishes and blessings go with you."

Certainly that day was one of crowning glory in Fulton's life. He was now forty-two years old, and a prominent man

upon both sides of the Atlantic, vouched for by Chancellor Livingston, who recognized the fine manhood and superior talents of the inventor, and who had in France known his prestige and popularity with Barlow and other men of distinction. It was natural that Harriet Livingston should return Fulton's regard by an estimate of his genius amounting to enthusiasm. A contemporaneous writer described him thus:

Among a thousand individuals you might readily point out Robert Fulton. He was conspicuous for his gentle, manly bearing and freedom from embarrassment, for his extreme activity, his height, somewhat over six feet, his slender yet energetic form and well accommodated dress, for his full and curly hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead and falling around his neck. His complexion was fair, his forehead high, his eyes dark and penetrating and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depths; his brow was thick and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent, his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance. Trifles were not calculated to impede him or damp his perseverance.

Helen Livingston's estimate was no less complimentary:

There were many distinguished and fine-looking men on board the *Clermont*, but my grandmother always described Robert Fulton as surpassing them all. "That son of a Pennsylvania farmer," she was wont to say, "was really a prince among men. He was as modest as he was great, and as handsome as he was modest. His eyes were glorious with love and genius."

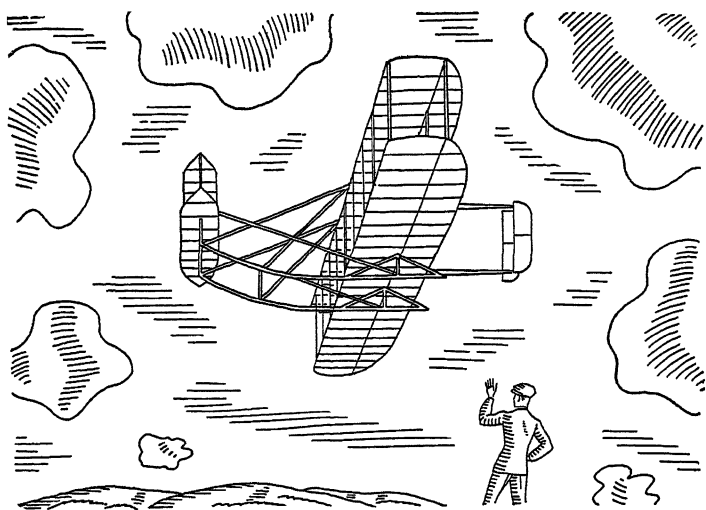
Fulton himself, the central figure of congratulation, was happy beyond utterance. It was the supreme moment of his life. His bride-elect, Harriet Livingston, a beauty of the day, daughter of Walter Livingston and his wife, Cornelia Schuyler, was an accomplished harpist and sketched and painted with more than ordinary skill. Her father, by the will of his

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father, the last Lord of the Manor, had received as his portion of the famous estate, about 28,000 acres of ground, lying east of the Post Road. Upon a commanding elevation, between the "Klein" and "Roeloff Jansen" Kills, Walter Livingston had built a massive and imposing mansion which he called Teviotdale. This became the country home of Fulton and his wife and frequent mention is made of it in family letters.

It is impossible to overestimate the intensity of the suspense and interest of Fulton and his friends as the *Clermont* proceeded upon her journey. The apprehension of the incredulous was turned to joyous approval and wondering satisfaction. When the guests realized the safety and success of the invention, they were moved to merriment and broke into song. In the stern sat a throng of gaily dressed gentlemen and ladies, and as the boat moved through the glorious scenery of the Highlands some one struck up "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," said to have been Fulton's favorite song, appropriate enough from the lips of the members of the Scottish Fulton and Livingston families upon America's most bonny river.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' of care?



HUMANITY'S FIRST WINGS

BY MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY *

The story of the airplane is the great twentieth-century romance—a romance representing the experiments of inventors and the daring of explorers, a romance that has involved patient study, dogged persistence, tragic deaths, and glorious achievement. The credit for success in making the first flight with a motor-driven airplane belongs to the Wright brothers. Their experiments with gliders, undertaken for sport, led them into a profound study of the science of aeronautics, a study which resulted in their constructing a machine, which, when tested at Kitty Hawk, N. C., December 17, 1903, made four sustained flights, carrying a man.—EDITOR.

PUBLIC opinion, in 1902, would have considered the Wright brothers anything but scientists. The thing that saved them from widespread ridicule, probably, was the fact

*From *The Boys' Life of the Wright Brothers*. Copyright, 1928, Harper and Brothers. Reprinted by permission.

that only a few knew of their experiments and their growing ambitions. Many of those few who did know thought them "nuts."

"If man had been intended to fly," said more than one pious critic, "why wasn't he provided with wings?"

And an eminent scientist, Dr. Simon Newcomb, wrote an article which appeared in a 1901 *McClure's Magazine* in which he asserted conclusively that early twentieth-century hopes for heavier-than-air flying could be no more than idle dreams.

"I have shown," he wrote, "that construction of an aerial vehicle which would carry even a single man from place to place at pleasure requires the discovery of some new metal or some new force."

Dr. Newcomb had taken the scientific attitude of impartial investigation in his article; but he was unequivocal in his decision that aviation was too far in the future, too difficult under existing conditions, to be worth serious consideration.

His conclusion was completely in accord with the popular feeling toward flying. Indeed, thousands of men and women in 1901 and 1902 looked with deepest distrust on the newest device of the devil, the horseless carriage—the new-fangled automobile that was then wheezing and chugging its way into the cities of the nation.

In November, 1903, when the machine might have been ready to fly, the weather had been too severe. Now, on Saturday afternoon, when the new tool-steel shafts had been cemented and screwed into place, the weather was too mild.

"There isn't enough wind to take her off the ground," Wil muttered, disgustedly. "Nor enough time, before dark, to carry her up one of the sand hills."

In later days of aviation, when methods of take-off had been improved, the lack of wind would have been no obstacle.

But the Wright method demanded exactly the right conditions.

This method called for the use of a monorail track—a track Wil and Orv had built during one of those waiting periods. Sixty feet long, the track was so constructed that it could easily be moved from one place to another; it was adapted to use either on a hill or on level ground. And Wil and Orv planned that their machine should be in the air before it reached the end of the track—a feat that seems almost incredible in days when a big transatlantic plane sometimes needs three thousand feet to “pick up” flying speed.

Because they had decided on the track take-off, Wil and Orv had come to the conclusion that wheels for a landing would be an unnecessary weight and obstruction. In their place they had built a light, but very firm, framework, something like sled runners. These extended out to the front of the main planes, and later were lengthened to form one of the sets of supports for the elevator planes. The extension ahead of the wings was intended to obviate the possibility of rolling over forward in landing.

On that Saturday afternoon the wind remained mild. Sunday was a beautiful day—one on which an attempt from the hillside might have been made. But the Wrights, always true to their home training, believed that Sunday was a day of rest and refused to use it otherwise. So, eager as they were to reach what was to be the peak of their experiments, they allowed the machine to remain idle through a calm, windless Sunday.

Monday was the same kind of day. There was not enough wind for a start from the level ground.

“It’ll have to be from one of the hills,” declared one of the brothers.

“Yes,” assented the other. “Let’s get the track up on the side of Kill Devil.”

So the first attempt at power flight was made from the same slope on which the first undulating, jerky glide had been made, just three years before. Before Wil and Orv started to move the machine over, however, they ran up the little flag which they had agreed to show, so that members of the life-saving crew, at their Kill Devil Hill station a little more than a mile away, might know they intended to try a test. Soon five members of the crew—J. T. Daniels, Robert Wescott, Thomas Beachem, W. S. Dough, and "Uncle Benny" O'Neal—were on hand, helping to carry machine and track to the starting point.

The wooden monorail track was laid a hundred and fifty feet up the side of the hill, on a nine-degree slope—a slope of about one foot in six. With the incline of the hill, the thrust of the propellers, and the light wind directly ahead of the plane, the brothers believed there should be no difficulty in getting into the air.

"But there may be difficulty," Wil warned, "in keeping the machine balanced on that track before she takes air. The fellow who isn't flying can help by running alongside the wing, holding it level as long as he can keep up with it."

Finally everything was ready. The machine, an orderly maze of wires and struts, braces and guys, vertical supports and horizontal arms, stood poised on the track, held in place by a wire. The motor had been tested and found to be in perfect condition. The wind remained mild.

Wil and Orv looked at each other, eyes twinkling a little. Who was to fly at first? Each was eager to have a trial at it, far more for the fun of seeing how it would work than for the "honor." For these patient, steady men had little thought of glory. If they had had, they would not have been working in so obscure a place as the North Carolina dunes; they would not have allowed their experiments to go so completely unnoticed (although they had never made attempts to

avoid notice); and they would certainly have given more thought to the circumstances surrounding that first attempt. Not a newspaperman had been notified of it.

And up to that moment they hadn't even considered the matter of the machine's pilot!

"Let's flip a coin."

They did. Wilbur won.

Flying, in 1903, did not mean specially constructed helmet, leather coat, parachute, and goggles. Wilbur Wright, in cloth cap and his working clothes, climbed onto the lower wing of the plane. The pilot was to lie prone, as in the gliders. A kind of "cradle" fitted his hips; by its movement he manipulated the flexible wings and the rudder. In one hand he gripped the elevator lever. The motor clattered and roared. Everything was ready.

Wilbur released the catch by which the restraining wire was held, and with a rush the machine darted forward.

It moved so rapidly, what with the slope of the hill and the power of the two propellers, that Orv, running beside the wing, was left behind in an instant. Forty feet down the track it lifted, and the hearts of the brothers lifted with it. There was a faint cheer from the life-savers.

But the cheer changed to a gasp as the machine took a lunge. Wilbur, overanxious, had nosed it too steeply into the air. It climbed for an instant; then it stalled—much as the gliders had stalled when they climbed and lost flying speed—and Wil had to make use of the flying lesson the gliders had taught him. He reversed the elevators and the machine swept down the hillside, settling to the ground 105 feet below the take-off. Orv snapped the stop watch he held in his hand; it showed a "flight" of three and a half seconds.

The landing was disastrous. The left wing swung down too late for Wil to regain balance by use of the rudder and wing-warping, and scraped along the ground. The machine swung

around, dug the skids into the sand and broke one of them. Other minor parts of the framework were broken. Flying was ended for that day.

But it took more than that to discourage Wil and Orv Wright.

"While the test showed nothing as to whether the power of the motor was sufficient to keep the machine up, since the landing was made many feet below the starting-point," Orv explained later, "we have demonstrated that the method we'd worked out for getting the plane into the air was safe and practical. On the whole, we were much pleased."

Late in the afternoon of December 16th, two days later, the skid and other damaged parts were repaired and final adjustments were being made. The machine was standing on the track in front of the shed which had been built for it, and Wilbur and Orville, by themselves, were working over it. A stranger, a man who had never seen the curious craft before, came past. Silently he surveyed the machine from this side and that. At length he spoke:

"What kind o' contraption you makin'?"

One of the brothers looked up. Wil and Orv were always glad to answer questions.

"It's a flying machine—an airplane."

The man squinted his eyes. It was a new kind of bird to him.

"You mean it goes up in the air? You ain't really goin' to fly in it?"

"Just what we think we're going to do," laughed the other, "if we get a suitable wind tomorrow."

The stranger stared. He stroked his chin, swept his glance over the maze of wing and wire, and gulped.

"Wal," he commenced, "looks to me 's if she oughta fly, er somethin'—if she gits a—a suitable wind."

Then shaking his head he went on. And Wil and Orv stopped work to chuckle.

"When he said 'suitable wind' he was thinking of that seventy-five-mile breeze!" grinned Orv. "That kind of wind would make anything fly."

The wind that rose during that night was not as "suitable" as might have been desired. It came down from the north, and the below-freezing temperature it brought with it formed shells of ice on the dozens of little puddles standing in hollows about the camp, the result of recent rains. Its velocity was higher than the brothers had wanted—twenty-two to twenty-seven miles an hour—but they felt that "it might die down before long."

So, during the early hours of the morning of December 17, they remained indoors, hugging their improvised stove. A large carbide can was the principal element in its construction. But nine o'clock, then ten, arrived, and the wind was as brisk as ever.

"We can't wait any longer!" they determined at last. "Wind or no wind, we better get the machine out and have a try at it."

So up went the signal for the men of the life-saving crew, and out into the biting wind went the Wright brothers, determined that nothing was going to keep them out of the air that day!

"We can face the machine directly into the wind, and there ought to be no trouble in getting it to rise," they reasoned. "It'll be hard to fly in so strong a breeze as this, particularly since it's a new machine and we haven't had practice in operating it. But, because of the high wind, the flyer's speed with relation to the ground will be low, and the landing velocity will be slow enough to make that part of it extra-safe."

A level spot a hundred feet north of the hangar was chosen as the place to lay the track, and Wil and Orv set to work at

the job. Soon four men—Dough and Daniels, who had watched the abortive attempt the preceding Monday, A. D. Etheridge, also of the life-saving crew, and W. C. Brinkley of Manteo—and a boy, Johnny Ward from Nag's Head, were watching and helping. These five were their only observers, although the entire countryside had been informally invited to watch the experiments. The unusually cold weather kept most of near-by North Carolina indoors.

It sent Wil, Orv, and their helpers indoors from time to time, too. The wind chilled fingers and blew through coats, and none of them cared to work out of doors long at a time. So the visits to that carbide can stove were frequent.

By 10:30 everything was ready. An anemometer showed wind velocity to be about twenty-seven miles an hour as the machine was faced into the breeze and the wire to hold it in place on the track made fast. Wil looked at Orv.

"Your turn!" he said.

And Orv climbed into the machine. The motor was started, and Orv allowed it to run for several minutes to warm it up. Then he called to his brother.

"Everything ready?"

Wil, his eyes gleaming, nodded. Orv turned to peer over the track stretching sixty feet ahead of him, and the rough sandy ground beyond it; he settled himself in place. He released the wire that held the plane back. Slowly, with Wil running along holding the end of the right wing, it started forward.

But not as it had started three days before, on that hill slope. The wind against it was strong enough so that its first movement was very slow. For forty feet it remained on the track, and Wil was able to stay with it until it actually rose into the air. The first picture ever made of a machine lifted from the level into the air by its own power (one of the life-savers snapped it just at that moment) shows Wilbur run-

ning at the end of the wing, with the plane two feet off the ground.

It picked up speed and climbed a little then, and Wil was left behind. Orv found his hands full. He did not know the idiosyncrasies of this particular machine. The air was uncommonly tricky—full of sudden currents and whirls that hampered the machine's flight, and the elevator proved to be faulty. It was balanced so near its center that, once started to turn, it continued the movement itself, and it kept going from one extreme to the other.

So the course of that first flight was far from smooth. Up and then down again, at lightning speed, the plane seemed to shoot. Ten feet off the ground one second, it would dart to within a few inches next. And at the fourth downward dart it went too far and struck the sand.

One hundred and twenty feet from its starting point the excited brothers found that descent to have occurred. Twelve seconds the plane was in the air.

Not, on the surface, a startling record. And yet it was the first time a plane had managed to lift itself from the ground and ascend, had sailed forward without reduction of its speed, and had finally landed successfully at a point as high as that from which it had started.

Man had flown. Those four men and a boy had seen the two Dayton bicycle makers make something else that day. History had been in the wings and propellers and motor of that awkward, hopping flying machine; for it was the precursor of all of the marvelously accurate and successful airplanes the succeeding decades were to bring forth.

Wil and Orv, characteristically, were not unduly excited, now that their dreams had become a reality, needing only minor touches to make it a glorious success. Their principles were right; perfect the details and they would finish their job.

They indulged in a little mathematics as they took the ma-

chine back to its starting point. Wil was to have the next try at it. The speed of the machine, they found, had been ten feet a second over the ground; the wind speed was thirty-five feet a second. Thus the machine went through the air at a rate of forty-five feet a second; and if it could have flown at this wind speed in calm air, it would have flown 540 feet in the twelve seconds it remained aloft.

"Some day," prophesied Wil, as he got ready for his trial, "somebody's going to make a plane with a motor powerful enough to raise it in still air, and then it'll make more than that speed—more than thirty miles an hour. Imagine it!"

Meanwhile experiments with a second airplane were progressing. The original plan to return to Kitty Hawk had been given up in favor of remaining in Dayton. Wil and Orv were willing to forego the advantage of continuous wind in order to be nearer their headquarters; they did not want to experience again delays such as the faulty shafts had caused them in 1903.

The first step was to find an experimental ground. Torrence Huffman, a resident of Dayton, came to the brothers with a solution of this difficulty.

"Why don't you go out on my land at Huffman Prairie, near Simms Station? It's just eight miles east of Dayton, and it ought to be about what you want."

Investigation proved it to be the exact thing—an open area far enough from town, the Wrights thought, to discourage too many curious onlookers from coming to watch. So a shed, similar to those still standing near Kill Devil Hill, was erected, and the work of assembling a second plane was commenced.

The 1904 machine differed little from the first. It was heavier and stronger, but it was operated in the same manner as its predecessor. With slightly more power, the inventors expected it to perform more satisfactorily, and presently when

it was ready, they thought it fitting to make its first flight a public ceremony.

Consequently, word was sent to the Dayton newspapers—always a little skeptical about the flying aspirations of these West Side bicycle manufacturers—that a trial was to be held, and reporters and others were asked to be present.

“Just one condition,” Wilbur warned the reporters. “We don’t want you to take any pictures of the machine or the flights, because we don’t want crowds to be attracted to the flying field. And pictures would interest ten times as many as unillustrated stories.”

On the mild spring day set for that first flight, about fifty persons traveled the eight miles out to Huffman Prairie—fifty persons who were impelled far more by curiosity than by belief in such a paradoxical thing as a machine that flew. It was much the largest assembly the Wrights, as aviators, had faced, and its size caused them to break one of their firmest rules.

For the day was so mild that they were convinced the machine would not take the air. The wind was only three or four miles an hour, and with this handicap even this more powerful machine could not lift itself from the ground on the short track constructed for it. Ordinarily Wil and Orv would have allowed their certainty of this fact to decide against an attempt; they weren’t in the habit of chancing an experiment when conditions weren’t all they desired.

“But look at that crowd!” frowned Orv, as though he were looking at a World Series mob. “Some of them have come from places a lot farther than Dayton. We ought not to disappoint them.”

“Whether we try it or not, we’ll disappoint them,” returned Wil, “so let’s try it.”

There arose an added difficulty, now. The motor was not functioning properly. Instead of crackling smoothly it sputtered and missed explosions, with a resultant diminution of

the badly needed power. But they decided to make the attempt.

So the machine was set on the end of the track, and one of the brothers took his place in it. The motor was accelerated, the wire was released, and the plane slid slowly along the track.

But the fears of the flyers were too well founded. It never lifted an inch. When it reached the end of the track it merely slid off; its two skids ground into the earth, and it stopped.

Badly disappointed, Wilbur turned to the crowd.

"No flight today. But we'll try again tomorrow."

It is easy to imagine the half-veiled grins, the facetious remarks that greeted this announcement. Nevertheless, several of the newspapermen returned the following day, still in hope that a story might develop there. Casual spectators were almost entirely missing.

And again things went badly. The motor was still misbehaving, and although it lifted the plane into the air at the end of the track, the hop was no more than a sixty-foot glide. That was enough to wreck the little confidence the newspapermen had had in such a strange contrivance.

"The reporters, in kindness, concealed their lack of belief in our work," wrote Wilbur. "But the two poor performances to which we had treated them convinced them that we weren't worthy of very much of their time."

There was so much truth in this that, later, reports of successful flights made by the two experimenters at Huffman Prairie failed to interest them.

The successful flights commenced almost at once, however. At first, after the motor had been overhauled and put into first-class condition, the machine was able to make hops of only a few seconds. But as the experience of the brothers increased, as they learned how to take advantage of wind and the power generated by the propellers, the hops lengthened.

Soon they had reached a duration of several minutes and distances of more than a mile.

The Wrights had at last made a machine that would fly at will.

But the outside world refused to believe in them. Even in Dayton they were often called cranks. Some self-appointed experts explained that the brothers must have found a method of filling their wings with gas to help the machine to rise; in no other manner was it possible to lift dead weight into the air. And others, knowing that balloons could remain in the air for hours at a time and ascend to heights measured in miles instead of feet, had no patience with this machine out in the country. They saw no essential difference between it and a big gas-filled bag.

It was not long before Wil and Orv, in their flights, were attempting a new feat—turning their plane in full flight. At first the mere straightaway flight had seemed quite difficult enough. But as the problems of balancing and of landing properly were ironed out, the brothers began to experiment with this next step.

“A machine that always has to land somewhere other than its starting place isn’t much good,” they told themselves. “To be effective, it must be able to circle easily and come down wherever the pilot desires.”

So they set to learning to circle, and ran into one of the flying problems that troubles every student-pilot—stalling on a turn. The Wrights did not call it that. Wilbur explained the difficulty this way:

“Sometimes, in making a circle, the plane would turn over sidewise despite anything the operator could do, although under the same conditions in ordinary straight flying, it could have been righted in an instant.”

A major problem, that. It meant a good many crushed wings—both right and left, for the machine was as ready to

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fall to one side as to the other—and a good many hours of repair work. It meant considerable added expense. And it meant many long evenings of puzzling over the newest problem that seemed to defy solution.

Why should a tendency to lose lateral-balance—to dip too far left or right—while the machine was turning be unaffected by wing-warping and quick change of rudder, although this same loss of balance, if the machine were proceeding straight ahead, was quickly corrected by exactly the same method? Why should not the upward warping of the two upper wing ends and the downward warping of the two lower wing ends force them, respectively, down and up and thus aid to regain balance?

It was a problem that remained unanswered all through the 1904 experiments. Meanwhile farmers in near-by fields, and passers-by on the two main highways that bordered two sides of their experimental grounds, with hourly electric cars on one of them, became accustomed to the phenomenon of Huffman Prairie—the big white bird that clattered and soared and descended and occasionally turned.

And finally, on September 20th, the machine completed a circle and came to earth exactly beside the track from which it had started. It had accomplished another of the feats the Wrights set for it.

APPENDIX

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

The order of arrangement of the book need not be followed, so long as each pair of biographies is studied as a unit. Younger pupils may prefer to begin with the persons best known to them, as Louisa May Alcott or the Wright brothers, studying each of these lives with the companion excerpt.

It is usually better to assign the two biographies of a pair at one time, allowing as many days as need be for the home reading, but holding the class discussion after both have been read. For this reason the topics suggested for discussion usually involve both excerpts together. It is in this act of comparison, involving original thought, that the chief interest of the studies will be found. If the pupils find it difficult to read with understanding and retain some details, the remedy lies in making a few sentence topics for each biography. This may be done by the teacher and given as a guide, or prepared by the pupils. Perhaps individuals who find reading especially difficult may be assigned to do this. Whenever possible, however, it is better to discard such crutches and plan instead for the preparation of thought-provoking comparative discussions such as are here indicated under "Study Topics."

A typical class program might be as follows:

1. Consideration by the class, of the subjects for discussion, with one pupil as leader for each subject.
2. Special reports.
 - a. On one or more of the suggested special topics.
 - b. On other parts of the biographies from which our excerpts are taken.
 - c. On readings from the reading lists.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

It may be found that such a program occupies two periods, but it still constitutes a unit.

The reading of a large part of one of the biographies from which these selections are made or one of those on the reading list should be assigned to each pupil at the beginning of the study of this book. The reports can then be assigned for a suitable day. As such reports should not, of course, cover the whole biography but merely the high points, the pupils whose reports come early in the term will not be burdened with an impossible task.

By this plan it ought to be possible, especially in the upper classes of high school, to put the whole project of the study of this book into the hands of a capable student chairman with a committee for each of the ten comparisons. The entire class, of course, would be responsible for taking part in the discussion led by each committee.

Some of the study topics will be found suitable for composition subjects to be written either in class or at home.

STUDY TOPICS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND ANDREW CARNEGIE

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Childhood of each.
2. Beginning life as a stranger.
3. Indications of cleverness in youth; seizing of opportunities.
4. How they helped to "build America."
5. Likable traits shown.
6. The public spirit of each, shown in benefits conferred on others.
7. Type of biography:

Here we have two men, separated by over a hundred years, each telling his own story of his upward struggle. What advantage or disadvantage has such autobiography over other biography? Which of the two interests you more? Why? Does either try to point a moral? Is this objectionable? Do you think that Carnegie's life will be read as long as Franklin's has been? Why?

B. *Special Topics*

1. My autobiography: turning points.
2. Is distinterested service in politics or on boards and committees as beneficent as distribution of wealth?
3. Some great contemporaries of Franklin.
4. The place of steel in modern industry.
5. Selections from *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

ALCIBIADES AND NAPOLEON

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Comparison of definite aims of Alcibiades and of Napoleon.

STUDY TOPICS

2. Helps and hindrances afforded by their education or home training.
3. Special opportunities afforded by the time in which each lived.
4. Illustration of the personal attraction of each; the difference in the form of attraction.
5. Things to admire and to disapprove in each.
6. Type of biography:

Both these authors have made history the background for personality. While facts are not contradicted, they are supplemented by the author's idea of *what the hero was thinking*, so that we may call these imaginative biographies. Find illustrations.

B. *Special Topics*

1. Chief events of the French Revolution.
2. The kingdoms set up by Napoleon.
3. The retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow.
4. Spartan customs compared with those of Athens (see any textbook of ancient history).
5. Another conqueror who I think might be compared with Alcibiades or Napoleon.

JOAN OF ARC AND FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. The kind of crisis which called each to service: similarity and difference.
2. The kind of service that each rendered; success attained.
3. Power of organization how shown by each.
4. Difficulties met and overcome; courage required.
5. Methods of warfare pictured in the mediæval and the nineteenth-century worlds.
6. The power of personality as shown by these women.
7. Type of biography:

Both of these biographies are written long after the period described; both aim to present heroic char-

STUDY TOPICS

acter; both adhere to historic fact. Yet Mr. Paine's is distinctly romantic in effect, stirring the reader's emotions, while Mr. Strachey's is realistic, at times ironic or humorous in its treatment of Miss Nightingale's actions. Illustrate.

B. *Special Topics*

1. Florence Nightingale's childhood (see her life by Laura E. Richards).
2. Some other heroines (Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix, and others).
3. Louisa May Alcott as a nurse (see her *Hospital Sketches*).
4. Another account of Joan of Arc (Mark Twain's or another).

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND ROBERT E. PEARY

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Comparison of these two discoverers as to the time and effort spent before they achieved their goals; degree of fulfillment of expectation; emotions before, during, after achievement; way of signalizing the event.
2. Changes in modes of travel by sea and over ice fields (see accounts of more recent arctic and antarctic expeditions).
3. Types of biography:
Consider the advantages and disadvantages of biography and autobiography. Note the romantic style of Irving and the realistic method of Peary. Which do you prefer? Why? Does Peary show emotion?

B. *Special Topics*

1. An account of another modern explorer (Scott, Byrd, Amundsen, and others).
2. Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella of Spain (see any United States history textbook).

STUDY TOPICS

3. My experience in crossing the ocean compared with that of Columbus.
4. *The Snow Baby* (see book of that name by Josephine Peary).

SARAH KNIGHT AND GERTRUDE BELL

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Modes of travel in colonial America and in Palestine of the nineteenth century, as here shown.
2. The time it would take to cover the distances here described, by train or automobile.
3. Types of guides used by the two women.
4. Difficulties or dangers met.
5. Customs and costumes observed.
6. Interesting personalities met.
7. Character of the two travelers compared: powers of observation; adaptability; humor; sense of the beauties of nature; leading interest.
8. What part of each excerpt is most interesting? Which is least interesting?
9. Type of biography:
Do letters or journals seem to you more interesting as types of biographical writing? Is there any difference between these and autobiography as seen in Franklin's or Carnegie's story? Is personality more clearly revealed by Madam Knight or by Gertrude Bell? Does the period of the writing affect this matter?

B. *Special Topics*

1. What I have seen of New England (or of New York) in traveling.
2. What I know of Palestine from Bible study or from those who have been there.
3. Dutch settlers as shown in Irving's *Legend of Sleepy*

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Hollow or *Rip Van Winkle*, compared with Madam Knight's description.

4. Composition: My Journal.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND BENJAMIN DISRAELI

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. The character of each as a youth.
2. Early opportunities; reasons why each was in a sense an alien.
3. Great talents; how shown in youth, how used later.
4. Contrast in the opening of their careers.
5. Glimpses given of social life in (a) revolutionary America, (b) Victorian England.
6. Proofs or disproofs that the man sought personal glory; that he was truly patriotic.
7. Personal charm of each.
8. Type of biography:

While each of these biographers wishes to present his hero in his social environment, Maurois' method is to paint vividly colored pictures, while Hamilton's is to present the bare facts supplemented by the exact words of Hamilton or his associates. Illustrate.

B. *Special Topics*

1. Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr (see any United States history textbook, also Chapter XII of the biography by Allen McLane Hamilton quoted in this book).
2. The play—or the motion picture—*Disraeli*.
3. The characters of Gladstone and Disraeli as shown in *Queen Victoria*, by Lytton Strachey.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. The appearance and physique of the two men (pictures to illustrate).

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2. The times in which they lived: other writers and great men of those times.
3. Their physical and temperamental handicaps.
4. Proofs of affection in which they were held and reasons for such feeling.
5. Irritability of each: instances.
6. Contrasts in their personalities.
7. Possibility of our liking Johnson; Stevenson.
8. Type of biography:
Why is Boswell's the greater work? Do you like the informal tone of Osbourne's better? Should biography be written by impartial historians or by friends of the subjects?

B. *Special Topics*

1. The boyhood of Samuel Johnson (see complete *Boswell* or Macaulay's *Essay on Johnson*).
2. The childhood of Stevenson (see his life by Walter Raleigh or by Graham Balfour or any other version).
3. Amusing incidents in other portions of *Boswell*.
4. Why I find Stevenson a successful writer for boys. (Your personal experience with at least two of his books such as *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Black Arrow*.)

FRANCES BURNEY AND LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Comparison of the time, place, and family of the two.
2. What advantages literary success brought.
3. Type of book that each wrote, so far as can be judged from our excerpt.
4. Famous friends of each.
5. Emotions of each in connection with her success; readings from their own words, in illustration.
6. Type of biography:

Frances Burney's journal has been read for nearly

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two hundred years. What do you suppose makes it interesting to so many persons? Do you enjoy it as well as you do Belle Moses' life of Miss Alcott, which was written for young people? Do you find definite indications that the latter is a "juvenile" book?

B. *Special Topics*

1. *Evelina*: Its main plot; humorous situations.
2. Louisa Alcott as a nurse, seen in *Hospital Sketches*.
(The same topic is given in connection with Florence Nightingale.)
3. A writer of girls' stories today whom I prefer to Louisa Alcott (definite reasons).
4. Dr. Johnson and his circle as seen by Frances Burney (based on further reading in her journal).
5. My visit to Concord, Massachusetts.

DAVID GARRICK AND EDWIN BOOTH

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Time, place, parentage compared.
2. Difficulties met in getting a start.
3. Contrast between characters.
4. Kind of parts which each preferred.
5. Radical changes which each introduced into the acting prevalent in his day.
6. Amusing incidents.
7. Type of biography:

Do you find in Winter's treatment of Booth any pleasing qualities owing to its being a personal reminiscence? Are incidents well chosen by the biographers to display the *genius* of the two men?

B. *Special Topic*

1. My favorite actor (or actress); an attempt to define his or her genius as is done in these biographies.

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2. Garrick as seen by Johnson (consult the index of the complete "Boswell's Life of Johnson").
3. Theatre manners in the eighteenth century (see our *Garrick and His Circle* and Frances Burney's *Evilina*; Chapter 21).
4. Another actor or actress described by William Winter.

ROBERT FULTON AND THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

A. *Subjects for Discussion*

1. Relative importance in the history of transportation of Fulton's invention and that of the Wright brothers.
2. Difficulties, experiments, failures, which were preliminaries to their successes.
3. Type of mind and character shown by these inventors.
4. "Human touches" in the two stories.
5. The unbelieving public.
6. Emotions of the inventors at the time of success.
7. Type of biography:

This life of the Wright brothers is called the "Boys' Life." Do you find anything which makes it better adapted to young people's reading than are the other biographies that you have read? Has the story of Robert Fulton any points of excellence which result from its having been written by a descendant of that inventor?

B. *Special Topics*

1. Some improvements in airplanes since the first successful flight.
2. Some radical improvements in steam navigation since the *Clermont* was built.
3. Other great changes in transportation: the steam locomotive; the gasoline engine; electricity applied to locomotives.
4. Another inventor who encountered unbelief.

READING LISTS

These lists are not intended to be exhaustive nor even to give all the standard authorities on persons or movements concerned. They will, it is hoped, tempt readers along paths of special interest to them. To this end variety rather than completeness has been sought. The resources of the particular library accessible will determine one's choice of a book. If the biographies listed are not obtainable, their titles will at least suggest topics to look up in the catalogue.

Fairly recent books have frequently been given preference, because they more often speak in terms that young people understand. Sometimes the date is given, as a special recommendation. The editor acknowledges indebtedness to the *Standard Catalogue*, Biography Section (H. W. Wilson Co., Publisher), for some of its analyses, as guides in selection.

TWO BUILDERS OF AMERICA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND ANDREW CARNEGIE

LODGE, H. C., *George Washington* (1927).

An excellent one-volume life, especially for young people.

HUGHES, Rupert, *George Washington, the Rebel and the Patriot* (1927).

Another appreciative modern biography.

BRADFORD, Gamaliel

A number of volumes of excellent character studies, including *American Portraits* and *Portraits of American Women*.

GUEDALLA, Philip, *Fathers of the Revolution*.

Makes them seem real.

NICOLAY, J. G., *Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*.

One volume, condensed from the ten-volume life by Nicolay and Hay, Lincoln's secretaries.

READING LISTS

DRINKWATER, John, *Lincoln, the Emancipator*.

Will interest those who also read the play *Abraham Lincoln* by the same author.

HUMPHREY, Grace, *Women in American History*.

An excellent reminder of the fact that women as well as men have built the nation.

MEADOWCRAFT, W. H., *Boy's Life of Edison*.

Represents the great part one scientist has played in our history.

BOK, Edward, *Americanization of Edward Bok*.

The story of an unusual career in journalism.

WASHINGTON, Booker, *Up from Slavery*.

The service of a great teacher to his race and to the nation.

HAMILTON, J. G. de R., *Henry Ford, the Man, the Writer, the Citizen*.

Suggests the public service of an industrial magnate.

PUPIN, Michael I., *From Immigrant to Inventor*.

An inspiring story of struggle and success.

RIHBANY, Abraham M., *A Far Journey*.

Tells how a boy immigrant from Syria became an American pastor.

RIIS, Jacob, *The Making of an American*.

A Danish boy who became an American newspaper man and philanthropist.

TWO NATIONAL LEADERS

ALCIBIADES AND NAPOLEON

ROBINSON, C. E., *The Days of Alcibiades*.

Narrative and descriptive sketches that make the fifth century B.C. seem almost as real as today.

BROWN, Ashley, *Greece Old and New* (1927).

A book of modern travel emphasizing the historical interest of the scenes portrayed. The photographs are very helpful and the pages devoted to Athens give an idea of the relation between old and new. Not likely to be read through.

ATHERTON, Gertrude, *Immortal Marriage*.

A novel concerning Pericles.

ATHERTON, Gertrude, *Jealous Gods*.

A novel concerning Alcibiades.

READING LISTS

ROBSON, E. Iliff, *Alexander the Great* (1929).

A brief account of another great conqueror, of which the first three chapters are the most interesting.

CHURCH, Alfred J., *A Young Macedonian*.

An imaginative story in which the hero accompanies Alexander on his expeditions.

FROUDE, J. A., *Cæsar, a Sketch*.

Gives some idea of the personality of the great Roman conqueror.

FOWLER, W. W., *Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System*.

Readable and enlightening.

FISHER, H. A. L., *Napoleon*.

A clear, concise account.

HUDSON, W. H., *The Man Napoleon*.

Studies personality, with only enough general history for background.

TWO NATIONAL HEROINES

JOAN OF ARC AND FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

LANG, Andrew, *Maid of France*.

A vivid story of Joan of Arc.

CLEMENS, Samuel (Mark Twain), *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*.

Fiction based on absolute facts. Purports to be written by Joan's page.

ANDREWS, Mary Raymond Shipman, *A Lost Commander, Florence Nightingale* (1929).

The latest and certainly a very sympathetic biography.

RICHARDS, Laura E., *Florence Nightingale*.

Written especially for young people.

COOK, Sir Edward, *The Life of Florence Nightingale*.

For enthusiastic admirers these two volumes will not be too long.

BERKELEY, Reginald, *The Lady with a Lamp* (1929).

A play published by Victor Gollancz, London. Not great drama but a picturesque setting of the events of Florence Nightingale's life.

EPLER, Percy, *Life of Clara Barton*.

A very readable story of the life of our American Red Cross heroine, who has been called the greatest American philanthropist.

BARTON, Clara, *The Story of My Childhood*.

Brings one into personal touch with a great woman.

READING LISTS

HYDE, Mary Kendall, *Girls' Book of the Red Cross*.

An interesting brief history of this great organization. Members of the Junior Red Cross should find it specially interesting.

HOWE, M. A. De Wolfe, *Causes and Their Champions*.

An interesting group of biographical studies including those of Booker Washington, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony, and others, besides that of Clara Barton.

FRAZER, Elizabeth, *Old Glory and Verdun*.

True stories of women's work during the World War.

TWO DISCOVERERS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND ROBERT E. PEARY

BOLTON, Sarah Knowles, *Famous Voyagers and Explorers*.

Includes, among others, Columbus, Marco Polo, Raleigh.

JOHNSON, William Henry, *The World's Discoverers*.

A miscellany of adventure including the explorations of Columbus and Henry Hudson.

GREEN, Fitzhugh, *Peary, the Man Who Refused to Fail*.

Shows clearly the heroic character of the man.

PEARY, Josephine, *The Snow Baby and Children of the Arctic*.

Although these two books by Commander Peary's wife are prepared in a form to attract children, they cannot fail to interest other people in the story of the explorer's little daughter, who was born in the Arctic region and spent a part of her childhood there.

FINGER, Charles J., *Heroes from Hakluyt* (1928).

The editor of the book has selected some of the most interesting of the chronicles of English explorers as told by the Sixteenth Century Hakluyt.

NEWBOLT, Henry, *The Book of the Long Trail*.

A book every boy will love—the stories of eight great English explorers, including Robert Scott.

EVANS, Edward, *South with Scott*.

The tragic story of the Antarctic expedition in which the heroic Scott lost his life.

AMUNDSEN, Roald, and ELLSWORTH, Lincoln, *The First Flight Across the Polar Sea*.

The story of Arctic exploration by air.

GREEN, Fitzhugh, *Dick Byrd* (1928).

Acquaints us with a much admired hero of exploration by air.

READING LISTS

BYRD, Richard, *Skyward* (1928).

Tells of other aviators' explorations as well as his own.

TWO WOMEN TRAVELERS

SARAH KNIGHT AND GERTRUDE BELL

EARLE, Alice Morse, *Stage Coach and Tavern Days*.

Gives further light on ways of travel in Madam Knight's day.

EARLE, Alice Morse, *Home Life in Colonial Days*.

Dwells especially on industries and utensils.

CLARK, Imogen, *Old Days and Old Ways* (1928).

Entertainingly written especially for young people.

THOMAS, Lowell Jackson, *With Lawrence in Arabia*.

A detailed account of a traveler who knew Arabia as well as did Gertrude Bell.

STANLEY, Henry M., *How I Found Livingston and In Darkest Africa*.

Two books of adventure in Africa by one of the greatest English explorers.

JOHNSTON, Charles H. L., *Famous Scouts*.

Deals with exploration of western America.

LAUT, Agnes, *Pathfinders of the West*.

Adventures that served a great end.

CODY, William F., *Buffalo Bill's Life Story*.

Autobiography by a great scout.

FRANCK, Harry A.,

A long series of travel books of a more or less adventurous sort, including *Vagabond Journey around the World*.

HALLIBURTON, Richard, *The Glorious Adventure and Royal Road to Romance*.

Highly popular in style.

TWO STATESMEN

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND BENJAMIN DISRAELI

NICOLAY, Helen, *Boy's Life of Alexander Hamilton*.

A clear, interesting account of his whole career.

READING LISTS

VANDENBURG, A. H., *Greatest American, Alexander Hamilton.*

The biography of a great admirer.

ATHERTON, Gertrude, *The Conqueror.*

"Dramatized biography," as the author calls it, sure to interest.

BOWERS, Claude G., *Jefferson and Hamilton: The Struggle for Democracy in America.*

An excellent experiment in comparative biography, showing up a struggle between two opposing leaders, each of whom contributed much to the nation.

CLARKE, Sir Edward, *Benjamin Disraeli, the Romance of a Great Career.*

The first five chapters cover some of the material of our excerpts.

MEYNELL, Wilfrid, *Man Disraeli.*

Anecdotes and letters; gossip.

SOMERVELL, D. C., *Disraeli and Gladstone.*

Another comparison between political opponents. The last chapter is the most interesting.

JERROLD, Walter, *W. E. Gladstone, England's Great Commoner.*

Further light on Disraeli's opponent.

STRACHEY, Lytton, *Queen Victoria.*

Shows both Disraeli and Gladstone in connection with the queen.

STRACHEY, Lytton, *Eminent Victorians.*

Gives vivid impressions of some other contemporaries of Disraeli.

MAUROIS, André, *Byron.*

The author of *Disraeli* writes entertainingly of a poet whom Disraeli admired.

TWO MEN OF LETTERS

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PIOZZI, Hester Lynch, *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson.*

These are Mrs. Thrale's personal reminiscences of Johnson. After Mr. Thrale's death she married the Italian musician, Piozzi.

IRVING, Washington, *Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

The Johnsonian circle is reflected with Goldsmith as the special object of interest.

DOBSON, Austin, *Oliver Goldsmith.*

Chapter VI contains an account of the origin of Johnson's famous Club. Chapter XI gives a good characterization of Johnson.

READING LISTS

THOMAS, Augustus, *Oliver Goldsmith, a Comedy in Three Acts*.
Pleasing. Involves most of the circle.

MOORE, F. Frankfort, *The Jessamy Bride*.
A novel centering in Goldsmith.

STEVENSON, Robert Louis, *Vailima Letters*.
Written to his intimate friend, Sidney Colvin, telling of life in Samoa, revealing his personality with vividness.

STEVENSON, Robert Louis, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Treasure Island, Kidnapped, Black Arrow, Weir of Hermiston*.

All are fascinating stories, the last unfinished.

BALFOUR, Graham, *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*.
A fine standard work. Chapters III and IV on his childhood and boyhood, XIII, XIV, XV on South Sea life will especially appeal to readers of our excerpts.

HOWELLS, William Dean, *My Mark Twain*.
Another example of a book of reminiscences of a literary man written by an intimate.

TWO WOMEN WRITERS

FRANCES BURNEY AND LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

SEELY, L. B. (Editor), *Fanny Burney and Her Friends*.
Select passages from her letters. Delightful glimpses of her life.

MONTAGU, Elizabeth, *Mrs. Montagu, "Queen of the Blues," her Letters and Friendships from 1762 to 1800*, edited by Reginald Blunt.

Gives one a chance to know better the lady to whom Fanny Burney has introduced us.

JOHNSON, R. Brimley, *Bluestocking Letters*.
A delightful selection of letters interchanged among literary ladies of the Eighteenth Century.

ARBLAY, Frances Burney D', *Evelina*.
No girl should miss this "History of a young lady's entrance into the world."

MORROW, Honoré Willsie, *The Father of Little Women*.
Especially intended to show that Bronson Alcott was ahead of his time in his belief in using kindness more than severity in school. It also gives an attractive picture of his personality.

READING LISTS

STEARNS, Frank Preston, *Sketches from Concord and Appledore.*

Shows the Concord literary folk in everyday life as they were known by the writer in boyhood. Louisa May Alcott is included.

GOULD, Elizabeth Lincoln, *The Little Women Play.*

A two-act forty-five minute play suited to the class-room.

DIMNET, Ernest, *The Brontë Sisters.*

A family of women writers sympathetically described.

STOWE, Charles E. and Lyman B., *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Another woman writer worth knowing.

TWO ACTORS

DAVID GARRICK AND EDWIN BOOTH

KNIGHT, Joseph, *David Garrick.*

A standard work from which interesting bits should be culled.

GROSSMAN, Edwina Booth, *Edwin Booth.*

The daughter's recollections with Booth's letters to her and to friends.

WINTER, William, *Life and Art of Edwin Booth.*

The first half will prove the most interesting.

WINTER, William, *The Wallet of Time.*

For the stage-struck here are two fat volumes of reminiscences of actors and actresses.

FITZGERALD, Percy, *Sir Henry Irving.*

Readable and full of delightful pictures.

JEFFERSON, Joseph, *Autobiography.*

Reminiscences of the great impersonator of Rip Van Winkle.

WINTER, William, *Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson.*

The first chapter shows the relations between Jo Jefferson's ancestor, Thomas, and David Garrick.

SOTHERN, Edward H., *The Melancholy Tale of Me.*

Will not be found melancholy after all.

ARLISS, George, *Up the Years from Bloomsbury.*

The great impersonator of Disraeli tells his own story with the charm you would expect.

SKINNER, Otis, *Footlights and Spotlights.*

An autobiography by a notable American actor of wide experience.

BELASCO, David, *The Theatre Through Its Stage Door.*

Glimpses of a great stage-manager's experience.

READING LISTS

EATON, Walter Prichard, *The Actor's Heritage*.

A miscellany of observations on stage subjects, from the Eighteenth Century actors to "our comedy of bad manners."

THREE INVENTORS

ROBERT FULTON AND THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

GIBSON, Charles Robert, *Heroes of the Scientific World*.

Includes Newton, Franklin, Darwin and others.

ISLES, George, *Leading American Inventors*.

Includes Stevens, Fulton, Morse and others.

HODGINS, Eric and MAGOUN, F. Alexander, *Sky High, the Story of Aviation* (1929).

A fine survey with photographic illustrations. Half of it leads up to the Wright brothers.

GOLDSTROM, John, *A Narrative History of Aviation* (1930).

Almost all of this deals with developments beginning with the Wright brothers' work.

MAITLAND, Lester J., *Knights of the Air* (1929).

The story of great aviators from the Wright brothers and Curtiss down, including many "eagles that are forgotten" as the author calls them.

LINDBERGH, Charles, *We*.

Lindbergh's own story of his lone transatlantic flight.

KEYHOE, D. E., *Flying with Lindbergh*.

For all Lindbergh admirers.

HARPER, Harry, *Twenty-five Years of Flying* (1929).

Incidents of his own long experience.

BACON, Gertrude, *Memories of Land and Sky* (1928).

Delightful reminiscences of travel by an English woman whose varied experience has included astronomical work and many flights.

HALL, Norman, *High Adventure*.

Experiences of an aviator in the recent war.

NOTES ON THE AUTHORS

In the case of autobiographies and journals, information with regard to the writer is included in the introduction to each excerpt. As to the other authors, the following brief notes may be helpful to the reader. For convenience they are arranged alphabetically.

BENSON, E. F.:

Third son of the late archbishop of Canterbury, he was born in Wellington College, England, in 1867. His university training was received in Kings College, Cambridge, where he became especially interested in archæology. As a result of this interest, he has worked in Greece and in Egypt in connection with the British Archæological School and the Hellenic Society. His long list of writings includes both fiction and biography. Probably his best known novel is *Dodo. Our Family Affairs, Mother, and As We Were* give charming glimpses into the private life of his distinguished family.

BOSWELL, JAMES:

He was born in Edinburgh, October 29, 1740. He was admitted to both the Scottish and the English bar, and was a practicing lawyer. Besides his great biography of Johnson, he wrote *An Account of Corsica*, based on his visit to that island, and *A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson*. He died in London in 1795. For an appreciation of the curious combination of virtues and vices, foolishness and acumen which constituted James Boswell, it is worth while to read *Young Boswell*, by Chauncey Brewster Tinker, and *The Letters of James Boswell*, edited by the same authority.

CHARNLEY, MITCHELL V.:

Formerly a member of the editorial staff of *The American Boy*, he is now assistant professor in the Department of Tech-

nical Journalism at Iowa State College. He says that he has learned most of the things he knows about boys' books from his experience with the *American Boy*. His earlier journalistic life includes work on the *Honolulu Star Bulletin*, *Walla Walla Bulletin* and the *Detroit News*. Ambitious high-school students will be interested in his statement as to the beginning of his career: "I suspect that the thing that got me started writing was a bit I composed for the high-school paper in Goshen, Indiana. After it was published somebody came up and asked, 'Where did you copy that from?' I said to myself, 'If they don't believe I could write it, it must prove that I'm better than I think I am.' It was fatal, I never got away from the idea."

HAMILTON, ALLAN McLANE:

Grandson of Alexander Hamilton, he was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1848. He was an eminent physician, specializing in nervous diseases. He testified for the government as an expert in the trial of the assassin, Guiteau. From 1900 to 1903 he was professor of mental diseases at Cornell University Medical College. He was the author of many books and magazine articles on medicine. He died in 1919.

IRVING, WASHINGTON:

He was born in New York, April 3, 1783. He was the son of an Englishman, William Irving of Orkney. His earliest travels were undertaken partly because of ill health, but his warm interest in historical and literary European backgrounds for American life led to many later voyages to Europe. His *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, published in 1804, established his literary reputation. For some years he was attached to the United States diplomatic service and in 1842 was appointed minister to Spain. *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, published in 1828, was praised in England as well as in America. But it is as the author of "Rip Van Winkle," the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and his delightful sketches of England as seen by an enthusiastic and somewhat

NOTES ON THE AUTHORS

romantic American that he is best known to the rising generation. He died at his home in Sunnyside, near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, November 28, 1859.

LUDWIG, EMIL:

Born in 1881, he was educated at Breslau and Heidelberg. His earlier writings were dramatic, but after his thirtieth year he turned to the writing of psychological essays on noted lives. Among his famous biographies are those of Bismarck and William II. He calls himself a portrait painter, and, according to *The Bookman* (November, 1928), "He does not profess to be a historian or a biographer in the generally accepted sense of the word." To appreciate his aim one should read the introduction to his *Genius and Character*. His present home is in Tessin, Switzerland.

MAUROIS, ANDRÉ:

Born in 1885 in Elbeuf, France, he was educated at the Lycée de Rouen. He began active life as a business man in the family textile mills, but his literary tendencies found opportunity for expression during his service as liaison officer during the World War. His work brought him into close and sympathetic contact with British soldiers, and his first published work, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* (1918), was the outgrowth of this contact. At the same time he was experimenting with "novelized biography" and the result was *Ariel*, based on the life of Shelley. Since then, in *Disraeli* and *Byron* he has pursued a similar method. He holds that for such writing it is necessary to know all the facts, so far as that is possible, before the imagination proceeds to build up the author's conception of the personality involved in these facts.

MOSES, BELLE:

A native of Savannah, Georgia, she was graduated from the Home College, Montgomery, Alabama. Besides her life of Louisa May Alcott, she has written *Lewis Carroll in Wonderland and at Home*, *Charles Dickens and His Girl Heroines*, *Helen Ormesby*, and *Paul Revere*.

NOTES ON THE AUTHORS

OSBOURNE, LLOYD:

The step-son of Robert Louis Stevenson, he was born in San Francisco in 1868. In collaboration with Stevenson he wrote *The Wrong Box*, *The Wrecker*, and *The Ebb Tide*. His own writings include *The Queen vs. Billy*, *Love the Fiddler*, *Motor-maniacs*, *Wild Justice*. He was for a time vice-consul-general at Samoa.

PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW:

He was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1861, and educated at Xenia, Illinois. For ten years he was on the editorial staff of the *Saint Nicholas*. As literary executor of Mark Twain he has put forth *Mark Twain's Letters*, *The Boys' Life of Mark Twain*, and *A Short Life of Mark Twain*. He is the author of many other biographies and essays. His *Joan of Arc* is a longer version of the book from which our excerpt is taken. Mr. Paine was decorated as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in France. His present home is in West Redding, Connecticut.

PARSONS, MRS. CLEMENT:

Daughter of the late W. F. A. Wilson, M.A., F.S.A. of the Admiralty, she was born in 1864. She was educated at Queens College, London. She has been a member of the Executive Committee of the Parents' National Educational Union since 1899, and is known as a lecturer as well as an author. Among her publications are a Browning primer, *The Incomparable Siddons* (1909), and *Over the Edge* (1915). Her home is in Broadway, Worcestershire.

STRACHEY, LYTTON:

He was born in Edinburgh in 1880 and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge University. He has won an eminent place as critic and biographer. Among his writings, besides *Eminent Victorians*, from which our excerpt is taken, are *Landmarks in French Literature*, *Queen Victoria*, *Books and Characters*, *Pope*, *Elizabeth and Essex*. His residence is in London.

NOTES ON THE AUTHORS

SUTCLIFFE, ALICE CRARY:

Born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., she now resides in New York City. As a great-granddaughter of Robert Fulton, she has a special interest in and appreciation of that great inventor. Not only through the biography from which selections appear in this book, but also in other interesting ways is her name associated with his. She was invited by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission to christen the replica of the *Clermont*, July 10, 1909; she unveiled the bronze tablet placed at his birth-place by the Lancaster Historical Society; and she has lectured on his life and character under the auspices of the New York Historical Society and other learned societies. Articles by her on this subject and such matters as colonial furniture, pottery, and so on, have frequently appeared in the magazines. She married (1908) Arthur Taylor Sutcliffe, architect.

WINTER, WILLIAM:

For forty-four years dramatic critic and editor of the *New York Tribune*, he was born in 1836 in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Though he was educated for the law, he turned to literature as early as 1852. He was a regular contributor to magazines and newspapers and author of a long series of books, mainly concerned with affairs and personalities of the stage. His *Gray Days and Gold* is a charming book of travel essays. For three most interesting articles of reminiscence concerning him, written by his son, see *The Saturday Evening Post* for July 31, August 7, and September 4, 1920. He died June 30, 1917.

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

These notes are intended to give immediate enlightenment where the reader might fail to get the point of some unusual expression.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

- 4. *tithe*. Tenth.
- 4. *character*. Form of shorthand.
- 6. *chapman's books*. Pamphlets sold by peddlers.
- 6. *polemic divinity*. Arguments for religion.
- 6. *Plutarch's Lives*. Biographies of great men of Greece and Rome written by Plutarch, a Greek historian of the First Century A.D.
- 7. *Spectator*. The famous Eighteenth Century periodical composed of essays mainly by Richard Steele and Joseph Addison.
- 8. *the Kill*. A channel between Staten Island and New Jersey.
- 12. *sunk*. Recalled to the Treasury for redemption.

ALCIBIADES

- 25. *Potidaea*. Where he had been in military training.
- 26. *Socrates*. The great philosopher who had been the teacher and friend of Alcibiades.
- 31. *Pillars of Hercules*. The promontories on the shores of Africa and Europe at the outlet from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic Ocean, said to have been torn apart by Hercules.

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

- 31. *Ephebes*. Soldiers in training.
- 32. *Peiraeus*. The port of Athens.
- 34. *Virgin Goddess*. Athene, goddess of wisdom, special patroness of the city of Athens.

NAPOLEON

- 47. *Robespierre*. Brother of Maximilian Robespierre, the famous Jacobin leader who was partly responsible for the Reign of Terror.
- 52. *Habsburg ruler*. Emperor of Austria.
- 53. *Josephine*. Napoleon's wife.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

- 81. *Lasciate ogni speranza, etc.* "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." From Dante's *Inferno*, III. 9. The inscription over the portals of Hell.

ROBERT E. PEARY

- 113. *pressure ridge*. A hill of ice, caused by the wind pressure on edges of ice fields when the ice is hardening.
- 113. *lead*. "The whalers' term for a lane of open water."
- 115. *igloo*. Hut. The author explains in an earlier chapter how the igloo can be constructed of snow. "Four good men," he says, "can build one of these snow houses in an hour. The Eskimos when permanently settled during the winter live in igloos of stone and earth."

SARAH KNIGHT

- 124. *Parismus*. The hero of an old romance, who encountered many strange adventures in Bohemia and Thessaly.
- 125. *ordinary*. Inn.
- 130. *summers and joist*. Horizontal timbers supporting ceiling or floor.

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

GERTRUDE BELL

135. *Bedouin*. Bedouins are Arabs who live in tents, moving from place to place, as distinguished from town-dwelling Arabs.
135. *Mudir*. Administrator or director.
136. *Ismael*. Usually spelled Ishmael. The son of Abraham, who with his mother, Hagar, dwelt in the desert. He is regarded by the Arabs as their ancestor.
137. *Arcadia*. The term is used to mean an ideal place of happy shepherd life, since it was chosen as the name for such an imaginary country by the Italian writer, Sannazaro, and later by Sir Philip Sidney.
137. *Pisgah*. The mountain from which Moses, leading the Hebrew people out of bondage in Egypt, was permitted to look out over the Promised Land, into which he himself might not enter.
138. *dragoman*. Interpreter and guide.
138. *Effendi*. A term used as equivalent for *gentleman* or as a title, *Sir* or *Mr*.
139. *Circassian*. The Circassians come from southern Russia, just north of the Caucasus Mountains.
139. *Mecca*. The sacred city of the Mohammedans, to which every believer must make a pilgrimage.
143. *Druze*, usually spelled *Druse*. This group of people living in Syria are a religious sect. The name *Druse* originates in the name of the first apostle of the faith in Syria, Durzi.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

The author of this biography is a grandson of Alexander Hamilton.

151. *repudiation of the National debt*. Perhaps few persons really advocated the repudiation of the debt, but Hamilton had strong opponents on the matter of the amount and

manner of payment. This was one of the great battles of his life.

151. *De Paux*. A French writer who published his observations on America in 1768.
157. *Miss Schuyler*. Hamilton in 1779 became engaged to Elizabeth Schuyler, daughter of General Philip Schuyler of Albany. She was a charming girl and a devoted and capable wife. She lived to be past ninety years old.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

159. *Don Juan*. A poem by Byron, written in 1818. Its hero is a Spanish adventurer whom Byron painted in highly romantic colors.
159. *Brummell*. The famous leader of fashionable society in London, whose decrees as to dress and manners were accepted even by the nobility. He was known as Beau Brummell.
160. *Samuel Rogers*. A poet of no very lasting note, whose house was, however, at this time a literary center.
160. *Loyola*. Founder of the Catholic Society of Jesus.
161. *The Macedonian's young career*. Alexander the Great, whose conquests began in his youth.
161. *St. Helena*. The island on which the conquered Napoleon spent his last days, a prisoner.
161. *jalousies*. Venetian blinds or shutters.
161. *Figaro*. A gay and courageous Spanish character introduced in several plays by Beaumarchais, notably in *The Barber of Seville*. He has become a type of adroitness and wit.
161. *Rosina*. The heroine of *The Barber of Seville*.
161. *Alhambra*. The palace of the Moorish kings in Granada, Spain, famous for its beautiful architecture and ornament.
161. *Abencerrages*. A Moorish family famous in romance as having been destroyed in the Alhambra.
162. *rackets*. A game resembling tennis.
163. *Muezzin*. A Mohammedan crier who calls to prayer.

- 163. *Watteau*. A French painter whose dainty conventional pictures of rustic scenes have a charm of unreality.
- 164. *Mayfair*. A fashionable part of London, east of Hyde Park.
- 164. *Sarah*. His sister.
- 169. *Mary Anne*. Disraeli's wife.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

- 178. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*. The great painter who was another of Johnson's intimates.
- 179. *Garrick*. As fellow townsmen, Johnson and Garrick were old acquaintances, but their friendship was unsteady, owing to their widely different temperaments.
- 179. *Miss Williams*. One of the protégées of Dr. Johnson to whom he gave a home.
- 182. *Foot*. A well-known actor, playwright and mimic.
- 184. *Lord Chesterfield*. Best known today through his "Letters to his Son," which present the code of manners of the day in vivid form. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield after he had been snubbed by that nobleman is justly famous. It is given in the earlier pages of Boswell.
- 188. *Frank*. Johnson's negro servant. Johnson had the highest regard for him, providing for his schooling and advising him as to his reading.

FRANCES BURNEY

- 206. *Charlotte*. Her sister.
- 206. *Mother*. Her step-mother.
- 206. *Sally*. Her half-sister.
- 206. *Mr. Crisp*. An eccentric old gentleman, a great friend of all the Burneys.
- 210. *Streatham*. The suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, where many literary folk were frequent guests and where Samuel Johnson was especially at home.

214. *De Mullin*. Mrs. Desmoulins, who also had her home with Dr. Johnson. She was a daughter of his godfather.
 214. *Macbean*. Sometimes assisted Dr. Johnson as his secretary.
 214. *Levat*. Robert Levett, another dependent of Dr. Johnson.
 215. *Poll*. Miss Carmichael.

DAVID GARRICK

238. *cothurni*. High shoes worn by the tragic actors of Rome.
 238. *Saga ist*. The story goes.
 238. *Colley Cibber*. A popular actor and famous stage manager of the Eighteenth Century. His autobiography is a mine of information.
 239. *Whitefield*. One of the reform preachers who founded the Methodist sect.
 239. *mot*. Word, that is, a clever saying.
 239. *Racine passera* etc. Racine will pass—like coffee.
 239. *Bayes*. A character in Buckingham's farce, *The Rehearsal*.
 239. *Ranger*. A character in Wycherley's comedy, *Love in a Wood*.
 239. *Kitely*. A character in Ben Jonson's famous *Every Man in His Humor*.
 239. *Don Felix*. From Mrs. Centlivre's play, popular in Garrick's day.
 239. *Jaffier*. A conspirator in Otway's *Venice Preserved*.
 240. *Close*. Cathedral precincts.
 240. *Eques Romanus Lare* etc. Though I went out from my house a Roman knight, I shall return a mummer.—Macrobius, *Saturnalia*.
 242. *Mrs. Centlivre*. A popular writer of sentimental comedies.
 242. *Saint Ben*. Ben Jonson, of the time of Shakespeare.
 242. *Roscius*. The name of a famous Roman actor here applied to Garrick.
 246. *Fanny Burney*. Note how the lives of Johnson, Garrick and Fanny Burney interlace.
 246. *Cha—ney oranges*. The popular brand of orange at that

- time was called the China orange, mispronounced Cha—ney by the orange girls in the theatres.
246. *Tom Sheridan*. Father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who wrote *The School for Scandal*.
247. *mohocks*. A name assumed by the wild young men of the day. See Addison's *Spectator* No. 335.
247. *Foote*. A playwright of considerable satiric gift and a very clever mimic.

EDWIN BOOTH

252. *Richelieu*. Cardinal and duke and principal minister under Louis XIII of France. The play which centers in his character was written by Bulwer-Lytton.
252. *Don César de Bazan*. The chief character in the play of the same name, from the French of Dumanoir and Denery. He is a ruined count of gay, nonchalant personality.
252. *Petruchio*. From Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. A droll, witty fellow.
252. *Sir Edward Mortimer*. A remorseful murderer in a play called *The Iron Chest* by George Colman the younger.
252. *Sir Giles Overreach*. Principal character in Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. A proud and cruel extortioner.
252. *Pescara*. The governor of Grenada in *The Apostate* by Richard Sheil.
252. *Bertuccio*. The deformed court jester in *The Fool's Revenge* by Tom Taylor, a tragic character.
253. *Claude Melnotte*. A character in Bulwer-Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*. He is a romantic lover.
253. *Jack Cade*. An historic character who appears in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. He was leader of a rebellion in England in 1450.
254. *Benedick*. From Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.
254. *Lucius Brutus*. From the play *Brutus or the Fall of the*

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

Tarquin, by John H. Payne. The part had been played by Kean.

255. *Edmund Kean*. Celebrated English actor between the time of Garrick and that of Booth.

ROBERT FULTON

266. *their cousin William Livingston*. This was the William Livingston who befriended Alexander Hamilton.

